



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

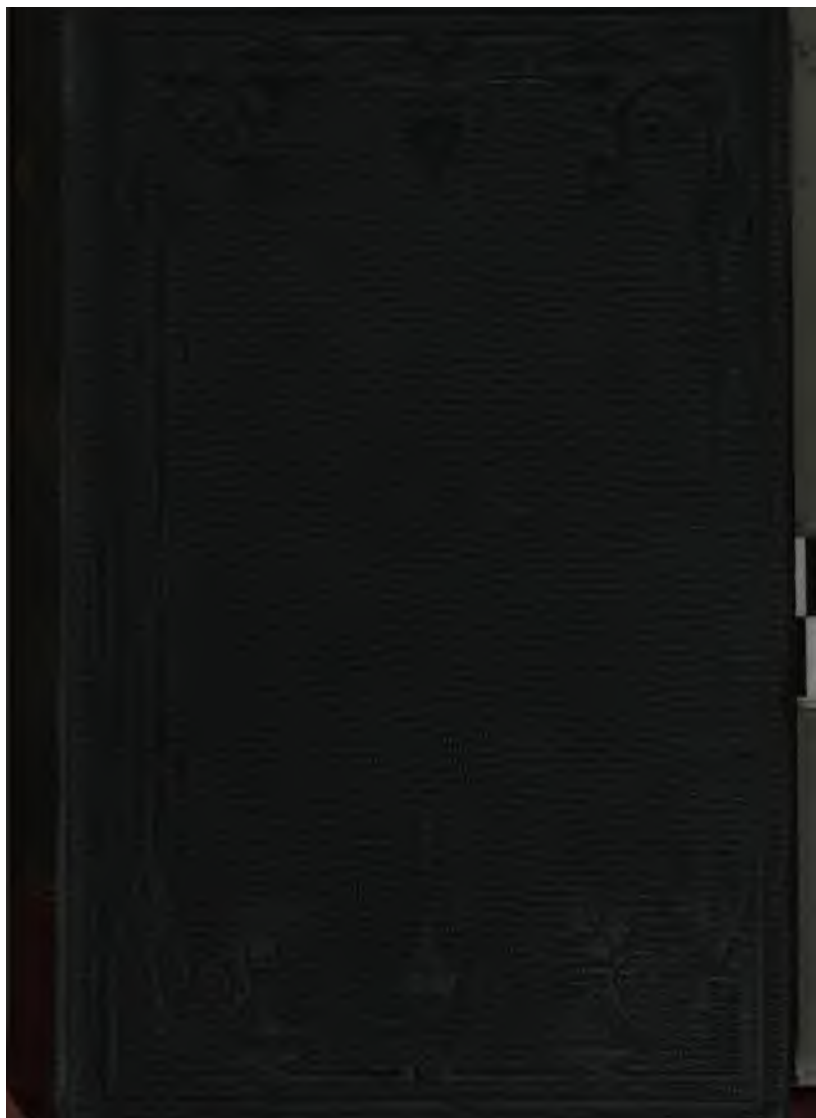
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





6000241830







OUR NATIVE LAND,
OR
SCENES AND SKETCHES
FROM BRITISH HISTORY,
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"SCRIPTURAL INSTRUCTION FOR THE LEAST AND THE LOWEST,"
"LESSONS ON THE METALS OF THE BIBLE," &c.

VOLUME II.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET;
AND B. SEELEY, HANOVER STREET;
LONDON: MDCCCLV.

226. c. 83.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

CHAP.	PAGE
XXIV. THE ROSES UNITED	1
XXV. THE DAYS OF THE REFORMATION	20
XXVI. HOPES BLIGHTED	57
XXVII. A CHAPTER ON MARTYRDOM ...	80
XXVIII. PROSPEROUS TIMES	100
XXIX. GUNPOWDER, TREASON, AND PLOT	142
XXX. A SAD PAGE IN ENGLISH HISTORY	167
XXXI. ENGLAND WITHOUT A SOVEREIGN	191
XXXII. SCENES IN THE PLAGUE AND FIRE	211
XXXIII. A TIME OF OPPRESSION ...	229
XXXIV. THE ERA OF CIVIL AND RELI- GIOUS LIBERTY	270
XXXV. A CHAPTER ON GREAT MEN ...	292
XXXVI. A STRUGGLE IN THE NORTH ...	317
XXXVII. TIMES OF WAR	343
XXXVIII. THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT ...	377
XXXIX. MODERN TIMES	401



CONTENT OF VOLUME II

CHAP.

- XXIV. THE RAILS UNITE
- XXV. THE DAYS OF THE RED BY THE
- XXVI. HOPE LINGERED
- XXVII. A CHAPTER OF SUFFERING
- XXVIII. FROM PLEASANT TO PAIN
- XXIX. GUNPOWDER TILES AND SMOKE
- XXX. A SAD PAGE IN ENGLISH HISTORY
- XXXI. ENGLAND WITHOUT A SOVEREIGN
- XXXII. SCENES IN THE PLAGUE AND FIRE
- XXXIII. A TIME OF OPPRESSION
- XXXIV. THE LEA OF CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY
- XXXV. A CHAPTER OF GREAT MEN
- XXXVI. A STRUGGLE IN THE NORTH
- XXXVII. TIMES OF WAR
- XXXVIII. THE NEGLECTED PLAIN
- XXXIX. MODERN TIMES

10,
of;
2,

SHAKESPEARE.

and Prince
Richard
children;
years of
young to
and Duke
protector.
already
prove a



ED.

ED.

men,—
s,
i
uch,

me,
roof;
see,

SHAKESPEARE.

ard Prince
nd Richard
children;
ve years of
young to
ard Duke
protector.
ave already
to prove a

OUR NATIVE LAND.

XXIV. THE ROSES UNITED.

A.D. 1458—1509.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,—
I must have patience to endure the load ;
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me,
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God He knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this."

SHAKESPEARE.

EDWARD IV. left two sons, Edward Prince of Wales, now king Edward V., and Richard Duke of York. They were both children ; the eldest was not more than twelve years of age. Edward V. was of course too young to govern alone ; and his uncle, Richard Duke of Gloucester, was therefore chosen protector. You may suppose, from what you have already heard, that Richard was not likely to prove a

very kind friend or protector to his little nephew. His only desire was to forward his own ambitious views—not to support Edward. He wished to be king ; but as not merely the two young princes, but also the children of his eldest brother Clarence stood in his way to the throne, it was only through injustice and blood-shed that the Duke of Gloucester could expect to attain the object of his ambition. We have already met with many instances of the crown being gained by such means ; and Richard will add one more to the list of those who were so wicked, and so foolish too, as to sacrifice their peace of conscience, their true happiness here, and, awful thought ! their eternal happiness hereafter, for the accomplishment of their vain schemes of ambition.

Richard began by ordering the arrest and execution of several persons who might have been dangerous to his interests ; and in these acts he was advised and assisted by two noblemen, by name, Lord Hastings and the Duke of Buckingham. But there were others who must be removed, in some way or other, for the accomplishment of his purposes ; particularly the young king himself, and his little brother ; and it was needful, for Richard's success, to find out whether Hastings and Buckingham would sanction him in this matter also. There was some doubt about Lord

Hastings ; and on enquiry, Richard discovered that he was still a firm supporter of the interests of the two princes. Richard therefore determined upon the death of Hastings ; and without bringing him to trial, upon any well-founded accusation against him, he laid his plan, appointed the executioners, and caused the unfortunate nobleman to be seized while sitting in council in the tower, carried away into the court, and then immediately beheaded upon a log of wood. The excuse which he made to the people for this unjust proceeding was, that Lord Hastings had been suddenly discovered guilty of certain crimes, and that his instant execution was necessary.

And now that another impediment was removed, Richard thought his way to the throne was almost clear. Buckingham was on his side ; he was aware of Richard's aim and intentions, and quite disposed to assist him ; not indeed from true friendship,—that could not be between two such men and for such a purpose,—but for the furtherance of selfish views of his own. So it was arranged, that, in an assembly of the citizens of London, Buckingham should make a speech, and declare Richard's title to the crown, and talk of his virtues, and his powers, and his talents, and so work upon the feelings of the multitude as to induce them to accept him as their king. All this

was done ; and though the people in general were not so easily deluded into a belief of the just claims of the Duke of Gloucester as he had expected, yet a few voices were heard in the crowd crying, " God save king Richard." This Buckingham thought quite sufficient ; so he hastened to the Duke to tell him of the success of their scheme thus far, and to prepare for the next act of it,—the offer of the crown.

At first, Richard pretended modestly to refuse this offer ; he spoke of young Edward as the rightful heir ; and exhorted the people to obey *him*. But then Buckingham declared, that if the Duke of Gloucester would not accept the crown, another king, and not Edward, would be chosen ; and so at last after a great deal of hesitation and persuasion, which had all been planned before-hand by himself and the Duke of Buckingham, Richard was prevailed upon to be king ; and he accepted the honour, much in the hypocritical way represented in that supposed speech of his which you read at the head of this chapter. So now Richard had his will;—he was king. But could he enjoy the honour with any thing like peace of mind ? No ; not while his little nephews were living ; for they might rise up in his way, and oppose him even now ; and therefore he determined to do—what ? Actually to kill them :—young and innocent as those

children were, they must be sacrificed to the cruel ambition of this wicked man.

The little princes were at this time in the Tower; and Richard at first attempted to bribe the keeper, Sir Robert Brakenbury, to put them to death; but this plan did not succeed, for Brakenbury would not commit such a crime. The matter therefore was entrusted to another person of different feelings, — Sir James Tyrrell; and the keeper was ordered to deliver up the keys of the Tower to him for one night. In that very night the fearful deed was done. Sir James Tyrrell found some cruel hard-hearted men, accustomed to shed blood, and well prepared for this dreadful work. And then, when the children were fast asleep, locked in each other's arms, and lying peacefully on their pillows, never dreaming of death or danger, — then the cruel murderers entered the room. They gazed upon the slumbering boys, and perhaps for a moment they almost shrunk in pity from the work they had undertaken. But that feeling soon passed away; and so, taking the pillows and the bolsters, they covered the faces of the sleeping children in such a manner as to prevent their breathing, and to suffocate them; and then, when they were quite dead, the savage men took the bodies from the bed, dug a deep hole beneath the stairs, and buried

them there, where no eye, but God's, could see them, and where it was hoped, they never would be discovered. And it was not till many years after, that the bones were found, then crumbling into dust, in that secret burial-place !

And now that Richard had attained, by all these dark ways, to the height of his ambition, and saw his different rivals removed or dead, fresh troubles and anxieties, such as wicked men never fail to meet with, began to arise. The Duke of Buckingham, the very man who had helped him to the throne, became his greatest enemy, and contrived his fall ; just as, you remember, the Earl of Northumberland, many years before, raised a rebellion against Henry IV. whom he had been the means of assisting in *his* efforts to obtain the crown. Buckingham grew displeased with the king, expecting more from him than Richard was either able or willing to grant ; and then taking advantage of the people's natural dislike to the king, and of their wish for a change of government, the Duke began, in conjunction with some others, to plan a scheme for the deliverance of the country from the usurped power under which it suffered.

There was one person to whom the nation might look as having some right to the throne, on the Lancastrian side. This was Henry Tudor,

Earl of Richmond, who was descended from Catherine, the widow of Henry V., who afterwards married a Welsh gentleman, named Sir Owen Tudor. Buckingham and his friends planned a marriage between the Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth the daughter of the late Edward IV., that thus the two families of Lancaster and York might be united, and the sad wars of the Roses terminate. All this was proposed to Henry Tudor ; he approved of the scheme, and prepared to come over to England accordingly, and assert his right to the crown, and he had a strong party to aid his cause. But in the meantime, Richard received intelligence that a conspiracy had been formed against him, headed by the Duke of Buckingham ; and raising troops immediately in his defence, he commanded the Duke to appear before him. Buckingham did not obey the summons, but took up arms in Wales, and gave the signal of rebellion to his associates in other parts of the country. And he was about to join them, but just then it happened that the river Severn was so swelled by the violent rains which had fallen, that he was unable to cross it. The Welsh soldiers soon became distressed from famine, and deserted him ; and Buckingham was then obliged to disguise himself, and seek for shelter and safety *in the house of a servant of his family.*

There he was at last discovered, and brought before the king, who commanded him instantly to be led to execution. Such was the end of the Duke of Buckingham, at first the unprincipled servant and assistant of an unprincipled master, and then his subtle and designing enemy. His fall preceded only a few months that of the unjust and cruel Richard ; so true it is, that "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished."

It was in the month of August, 1485, that Henry, Earl of Richmond sailed from Normandy, and landed at Milford Haven, in order to assert his right to the English throne. Richard was soon prepared to meet and resist him ; and a battle was fought between them at Bosworth in Leicestershire. On the side of Richard, the loss in this battle was very great, and he himself was among the slain. His body was found lying dead on the field ; it was thrown across a horse, carried to Leicester, and there interred. None lamented his death ; and the Earl of Richmond was generally and gladly acknowledged king, under the title of Henry VII. You will understand, that in him were united the two rival families of Lancaster and York ; and as Tudor was his family name, the line of sovereigns, of whom he was the first, is called the line of Tudor. I am sure we shall rejoice that we have now ended the sad

history of the civil wars, which had so long disturbed this country. In the reign of Henry VII. we shall have to talk not so much of fighting and bloodshed, as of the progress which now began to be made in civilization, and arts, and science.

But though Henry VII. was so well received by the people in general, and though, when he had strengthened his claim to the throne by his marriage with the late king's daughter, all seemed fair and prosperous before him, yet two rebellions took place during his reign which for a while disturbed the peace of the country. The first of these was formed by a priest called Simon. His object was to disturb and put an end to the government of the new king; and he endeavoured to accomplish this by means of a young man very much under his influence, named Lambert Simnel. He persuaded this young man to pretend to be the earl of Warwick, the son of the Duke of Clarence, Edward IV's. brother. Simnel, instructed by his master, went over to Ireland, made a party there, and was proclaimed king, under the title of Edward VI., and then, collecting an army, he returned and invaded England. However, this rebellion was ended by a battle which took place at Stoke in Nottinghamshire, in which the party of Simnel was *defeated, and himself taken prisoner.* In order

to prevent him from doing any further mischief, Henry appointed him to an office in the royal kitchen ; and afterwards he became falconer to the king.

But a few years after, a more formidable rebellion broke out, which was not so soon quelled. This was headed by a person named Perken Warbeck, who pretended that he was the Duke of York, the little prince, who, you remember, was so cruelly smothered in the Tower, with his brother young Edward V. There was sufficient evidence of the death of the Duke of York, and therefore there could be no doubt that Perkin Warbeck was nothing more than an impostor ; but yet he found means of persuading some people, that the account of the young prince's murder, which was generally believed, was untrue ; and that he himself was that unfortunate boy, now grown up to manhood. Amongst those whom Warbeck succeeded in deluding, was the Duchess of Burgundy, who was Edward IV's. sister, and aunt of the real Duke of York. He was supported too by many, both in Ireland and Scotland, so that the rebellion was of a serious character, and occasioned a great deal of disturbance in the country for a long time. At last, Warbeck was taken prisoner, and put into confinement. He soon, however, contrived to escape from his keeper, and after-


wards was retaken, compelled publicly to read an account of his origin and history, and then was again imprisoned in the Tower. But as he still contrived to form plots and conspiracies, Henry found it necessary, for his own safety, and for the preservation of the government, to order his execution, and Warbeck was accordingly hanged. Another execution took place about the same time, which was not so justifiable on Henry's part as that of the impostor Warbeck ;—the young earl of Warwick was accused of forming a design against the government, and was condemned, and put to death. Warwick had been long cruelly oppressed ; and as he had been found guilty of no actual crime, his execution gave great offence to the people, and was indeed an act of such undue severity, as to be a blemish in Henry's reign.

Henry VII. reigned more than twenty years. There is not, I think, very much that will interest you in his immediate history ; but as some very important matters which greatly benefited the world at large, took place about this time, I will say something about them before we commence another reign. It is long since we have alluded to the state of learning and of religion in this country. Our attention has been so much directed to affairs connected with *fighting and civil wars*, that there has

been little opportunity for speaking about subjects which belong usually to more peaceful times ; and yet great improvements, and a vast increase of knowledge, had taken place during the last few years, notwithstanding the disturbed state of the country.

Now there are two events which it will be important for you to remember, as belonging particularly to this period of our history,—I mean the period extending from the middle to the close of the fifteenth century. The first I will mention is the invention of printing. You have not forgotten, I am sure, the scarcity of books in early times, and the reason why they were so scarce,—the great labour and the length of time required in copying out every word with pen and ink,—which was necessary before printing was introduced. Such an occupation took up a great part of the lives of many persons ; and yet, after all, the number of books produced by their industry, was very few in comparison with the number which we are accustomed to see completed, in a much shorter time, in these modern days. This change is just owing to the invention of that very useful art of printing.

Perhaps you will be vexed when I tell you, that our own country does not deserve the honour of having invented this art. The knowledge of it was first brought into Eng-



land in the reign of Edward IV.; and the first English printer was a mercer named William Caxton, and a very clever and worthy person he was. He was assisted by a man named Milling; and together they set up a printing press at Westminster, and after a great many trials, and a great deal of trouble and difficulty, for nothing really valuable is ever accomplished without trouble and difficulty, they produced a little book, which was the first printed in England. I dare say you will like to hear the title of this little book;—it was a treatise on the Game of Chess, translated from the French by Caxton himself; so whenever you amuse yourselves by playing at that pleasant game, it will be well to remember the historical fact which is thus connected with it.

But I told you that printing was not *invented* in this country. There is some uncertainty as to the place where, and the man by whom it *was* invented. Some people have given the credit to a Dutchman named Koster; and I have heard that the manner in which he first found out the way to print was this. He happened one day, perhaps it might have been in an idle mood, to amuse himself with cutting out letters and words upon the bark of a tree; then he laid some damp paper upon the words he had cut, and he found, when he looked at the paper, that a rude impression of

VOL. II. C

them had been made upon it. From this little circumstance, he conceived the idea of that wonderful art which now has been carried out to such a degree of perfection. But you are not to suppose that the early efforts of Koster, and Caxton, and Milling, and others, were at all to be compared with the beautifully printed books which we see in the present day. Every art has been *invented* long before it has attained to *perfection*. What one commences, another improves upon; and so years and generations may pass away ere the first bright thought, the clever idea which in the beginning darted into the mind of the inventor, is worked out into all the beauty and utility of which it is capable. For this, as well as for all other improvements and advances in civilization, time, and a long time too, is required. But how thankful we should be even for the first rude efforts of those early days; for not only was the knowledge of this art favourable to the extension of science and learning in general, by the multiplication of books upon all kinds of subjects; but, more especially, it was the great means of spreading the truths of the gospel, by the circulation of that best of all books which was shortly to be sent forth to enlighten the hitherto dark places of this country, and of other countries also.

But I told you that there was another event

which we should remember in connection with this period of our English History ;—I meant the discovery of America, and the great naval expeditions which followed that discovery. You have heard of Christopher Columbus, the celebrated Genoese navigator to whom we are so much indebted for our first acquaintance with the great Western continent. As his history is connected rather with Spain than with England, I am not going to say much about him here ; only I may tell you, that the great excitement which filled the minds of men when it was once known that there was such a vast extent of land to be explored on the other side of the Atlantic ocean, led to many other voyages of discovery. One in particular I will mention, which was undertaken by a Venetian settled in Bristol, named Cabot. He was sent out at the expence of Henry VII., and discovered part of the main land of the New World, the island of Newfoundland, and other countries along the coast. He was succeeded by some other Bristol merchants, who went out in the year 1502. The king was much interested in these voyages ; and in order to encourage naval enterprize, he expended a large sum of money in building a ship which was called the Great Harry.

You may suppose that knowledge of every kind *was greatly* extended by those voyages of

discovery. Geography, history, the manners and customs of nations never before heard of, the various productions, arts, and manufactures of newly-found countries, the numerous plants and animals hitherto unknown,—all these interesting matters now became subjects of thought and conversation among intelligent people; and additional sources of interest were continually opened to them, as fresh accounts were brought home by the enterprising voyagers. There is something very delightful in the acquisition of knowledge;—you yourselves often feel this. How pleasant it is when *you* too make little discoveries, in your daily studies, in the world of science and literature, quite as new to you as America was to those bold navigators of the time of Columbus. How delightful it is to you to find out something which you had never heard of before; some fact or truth perhaps quite unknown to you, and which strikes you now with all the freshness and charm of novelty! You can enter therefore a little into the feelings of pleasure which our forefathers experienced when they listened, for the first time, to the tales of wonder, and yet of truth, brought from far distant lands. And then, you know, that as every new thing we learn opens the way for the acquisition of another and another, our information goes on extending further and

wider, and it is our own fault if every day does not find us wiser and more intelligent than the day before. Those who have once tasted how pleasant knowledge is, will wish to be always increasing it ; and they will think time and labour well bestowed in gaining what they feel to be so valuable. Only we should always remember what I told you long ago,—that it is not so much the mere knowledge of any subject which is so important, but rather the means and opportunities it gives us of becoming more useful to others.

All this that I have been saying about knowledge, is true of nations, as well as of individuals. The acquisition and the love of learning, once implanted among the people of a country, goes on increasing ; each year as it rolls away, and each generation as it passes along, adds something to the general stock ; and so you may expect to hear of a succession of learned men, and a long catalogue of inventions and improvements in art and science ; dating from the commencement of civilization of a higher kind than had hitherto been known in our country.

I have nothing particular to tell you as to the state of religion in England just at this time. In our next chapter, I shall have much to say on the subject ; because we shall then enter upon that very important period which

is called the era of the Reformation ;—a time when men in general began to see more clearly than hitherto the errors of the Popish system of religion ; and to desire and seek after truth more earnestly than during many a preceding century of darkness and ignorance. Meanwhile, God in his providence had been preparing the way for this happy change. We have just seen how knowledge was extending, and how people were beginning to think, and study and enquire for themselves, on all subjects. And then, in different countries, God was preparing one and another as instruments for the work which was soon to be undertaken. Men remarkable for talents and learning were rising up here and there, fitted by circumstances to act an important part when the time, the *right time*, should arrive.

Do you remember what I told you when we were speaking of the first introduction of Christianity into Britain? I then tried to show you how one event is linked to another in the chain of Providence ; how necessary each link is, and how exactly it is fitted into its right and proper place. Now as often as we remark this in any particular instance, we should learn to admire the wisdom and goodness of God as to what is past ; and to trust to his arrangement and direction as to what is future. In dark and stormy times, such as

those of which we have lately been talking, there is often much to dishearten and to perplex us. Sometimes religion and the knowledge of the truth appears almost lost ; every thing that was good seems to have passed away, and nothing remains, we think, but what is evil ; and so we grow sad and discouraged. But there is no occasion for such a feeling as this. No ; for through all these dark times, God has been secretly and silently working. The wonderful plan which he has laid down for the good of His creatures, for the benefit of the world he has created, has been still going on ; it has never ceased for one single moment. Like some mighty work, performed it may be in the night, and in darkness, when no eye can see, it has been progressing unnoticed and unknown, hour after hour ; and at last, the night passes away, and the morning dawns, and the sun arises ; and then that great work is seen rising up before us almost ready for completion ; and those who look at it wonder, and admire the wisdom which, unknown, unseen by them, contrived and prepared it all.

XXV. THE DAYS OF REFORMATION.

A.D. 1509—1536.

Oh ! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—SHAKESPEARE.

HENRY VII. was succeeded by his son Henry, who was not more than eighteen years of age when he began to reign. The question of succession now seemed to be quite settled ; so young Henry met with no opposition in coming to the throne ; and as he was very handsome and agreeable, he soon became a great favourite with the people. He had superior abilities too, and a good share of learning, and altogether there appeared to be every hope of a happy and prosperous reign.

In the early part of the reign of Henry VIII, some victories were gained over the French, and also over the Scotch. The king of Scot-

land at that time was James IV, and he had been married to Margaret sister of Henry VIII. James was killed at the battle of Flodden-field, while fighting against the English, and Margaret was left a widow with an infant son, of whom we shall hear again as king James V. Henry did not take any undue advantage of his victory at Flodden-field; but granted peace to the Scotch immediately, and treated his sister and his little nephew with great kindness and compassion.

There were, at this time, three young and powerful monarchs in Europe, who seemed likely to become rivals in their struggles for dominion. These were Charles V., Emperor of Germany, Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. king of England. Henry was likely to prove the most powerful of the three, and Francis thought it would be a wise scheme to get him on his side, in order that he might have the advantage of his assistance in case any dispute should arise between himself and Charles. So Francis wrote to Henry requesting an interview; and Henry consented to meet him at Calais. Never was a more splendid assemblage of persons collected together, nor a more magnificent entertainment provided than on this occasion. Henry went over to France with his whole court; and the meeting *between the two kings* took place in some

1

fields in that part of Normandy which still belonged to the English. The company and the decorations were so bright and sparkling, that the spot was named in consequence, "The field of the cloth of gold." Henry and Francis spent some days together in feasting and diversions; and then they parted, full of confidence in one another's friendship and good-will.

In a few months however, a change took place in the feelings of both parties. Henry made an alliance with Charles, and declared war against France; and Francis, having been defeated by the Emperor, was taken prisoner; and then Henry began to fear that Charles would grow too strong; so he took part again with the French king, that their united force might be able to keep down the rising power of Charles. All these plans and negotiations were formed by Henry, not from any feelings of friendship to Francis, but in order to gratify his own ambition by increasing his greatness and authority. As, however, I do not think these matters will interest you particularly, we will leave them for the present, and go to a subject of much more real importance.

You remember I told you, at the close of our last chapter, that we were just coming to the period which is called the time of the

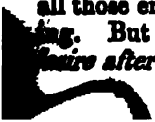
tion. Now in order that you may understand what this means, and what part-work was then accomplished, I must take a little from our native land, and tell something of what was going on, about that time, in other countries in Europe.

I have frequently heard of the Popes of that time, and of the power and authority which they claimed as the acknowledged heads of the church. This power had been greatly increasing for many centuries, and some of which we are speaking, it had risen to a very great height indeed. You are acquainted too, with some of the errors of the Romish system, as they were held and taught by the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church, such as the worship of saints and the doctrine of Transubstantiation, of the sacrifice of the mass, of purgatory,—and especially that which declares that men are saved not by simple faith in the Lord Jesus alone, as we believe in accordance with Scripture, but by a number of so called good or meritorious actions, in addition to faith; and some of the errors and false doctrines connected with the Romish system, and they were generally held in those days throughout Europe.

And as false doctrine necessarily leads to wrong practice, so it was then. *Wickedness as well as error*, abounded even among

the ministers of religion, whose duty it was to set an example of holiness in their lives, as well as to preach the truth from their pulpits. The Romish priests seldom did either. There might indeed have been, and no doubt there were, some among the people, who, notwithstanding much ignorance and error, conscientiously desired and endeavoured to do right, and gladly would they have received the knowledge of the gospel to enlighten their minds, and enable them to walk in the safe path, the path of truth and holiness. But the Bible was still a forbidden book ; and those were in danger of persecution, and even of death, who attempted to read it, or who ventured to profess those scriptural truths, which, you remember, Wickliffe in England, and others in different countries, had published, and for which some had actually suffered martyrdom. But, as I told you before, this sad state of things was soon to pass away, and preparations for the change had, in the good providence of God, already been made.

There was living at this time, in a monastery in Germany, a monk named Martin Luther. He had been brought up, like others, in ignorance of the Bible, and in the belief of all those errors of which we have been speaking. But there was in his mind an earnest desire after truth ; and this truth he sought



diligently and sincerely. Now, we know from God's own word, that those who thus seek shall find. None who ever wished, and prayed, and laboured, to obtain such knowledge as this, and to find the way to heaven, have wished, and prayed, and laboured, in vain. The Bible says, "If thou seek for wisdom as silver, and search for her as for hid treasure, then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God." And thus it was with Luther. One day, when he was in the midst of perplexity in his search after truth, he happened to go into the library of the monastery; and there he found lying on a shelf, an old book which he took down and opened. It was a Latin Bible,—the first Bible Luther had ever seen. Long, perhaps, the precious book had been lying there unread and unnoticed; but now, that God who hears and answers prayer, directed the young enquirer to the spot where it was, and led him to find, and to open, and to read it. And God gave to him the spirit of wisdom, to guide him into truth, and to enable him to understand and to believe that holy book, so that he read it not in vain. The Bible became a lamp to his feet, and a light to his paths, and it led him safely and surely into that way which ends in everlasting life.

Now it might seem a little thing, a mere
VOL. II.

accident, that Martin Luther should go into library on a certain day, and take up a book which he did not know was there, and look into it, and read it;—and yet this little thing led, as little things very often do, to a matter of very great importance,—to the everlasting benefit not only of Luther himself, but of hundreds and thousands besides. Yes; for when once that Bible had shown him the errors of the system in which he had been brought up, he was not satisfied with keeping the discovery to himself; for Martin Luther was a man of zeal, and energy, and boldness, one just fitted by God for the age in which he lived; or who would not conceal his belief, but fearlessly profess it himself, and then openly proclaim it to others. This was what he did; and thus he became, in an especial manner, the great instrument in God's hands of exposing the errors of Popery, and of bringing about the Reformation.

But there were other remarkable circumstances connected with the rise of the Reformation, which I must not forget to mention. The Pope of Rome at this time was Leo X. **very clever man he was, and as fond of power and magnificence as those three monarchs whom I told you not long ago,—Henry VII and Francis I, and the Emperor Charles V.** **They, who were all contemporaries of Le**

Pope was engaged just then in building great Church of St. Peter's at Rome. The thing cost a very large sum of money; Leo needed additional supplies to complete the work, and found some difficulty in procuring money necessary. At last, a plan was suggested to him by which it was thought he could raise a very large sum;—it was by the sale of indulgences. Perhaps you will not understand what this means, so I will endeavour to explain it.

One of the foolish errors held by the Pope, that the Church had a large stock of good works, which might be made available to her members on the payment of certain sums of money. The poor deluded people were taught that they could thus purchase pardon for their own sins, or deliverance from purgatory for their departed friends; and if they could once believe that this was actually the case, you may conceive how anxious they would be to avail themselves of the privilege, to gain Heaven for themselves and others as easily. So the sale of indulgences, as it was called, commenced; multitudes flocked to the Pope in many a city and town throughout Europe; and the money thus collected was sent to Leo, to enable him to carry on his various projects, either for building St. Peter's, or *any thing else* he might have in view. Now

we cannot imagine that a clever and sensible man like Leo, could believe in these delusions which he was so ready to impose upon the people ; and this makes the story still more sad ; for bad as it is to hold an error ourselves through ignorance, it is still worse to teach to others as truth what we ourselves know to be falsehood, for the accomplishment of selfish ends of our own. Of this sin we must fear that Leo and those whom he employed were guilty, when they proposed and carried out the plan of indulgences.

The chief person employed in this work was a monk named Tetzel. He was, as very many of the monks of those times were, unprincipled and wicked ; for there was but little of that simplicity and piety to be found among them now, which, you remember, we so much admired in the early days of the Venerable Bede. Amongst other places, Tetzel came to the town of Wittenberg, where Martin Luther resided, and where he was endeavouring to instruct the people in the truths of the Bible, as far as he was acquainted with those truths himself. When Tetzel arrived, he began talking to the multitude who flocked to hear him, of the great benefits which he had to offer by the sale of indulgences, and the poor ignorant people actually believed what he said, and *eagerly ran to throw their contributions into*

his box, thinking that by so doing, they would save their own souls, or the souls of those dear to them. And now, Luther's spirit was roused within him, for he had learnt from the Bible, which he had diligently studied ever since the day he found it in the convent-library, that there is but one way of obtaining salvation, and one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved,—the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. And so he began to protest against the doctrines of Tetzl, and the sale of indulgences, and the decrees of the Pope, because they were all contrary to the plainly-declared truths of the word of God.

I need not tell you all that followed this bold and fearless conduct of Luther; how he declared the truth by speaking, and preaching, and writing; and how the Pope and his clergy spoke, and preached, and wrote on their side also, and how the attention of almost all Europe—of Dukes, and Princes, and Kings, and even of the Emperor Charles himself, was turned to this great question,—whether the doctrines of the Pope should be believed; or the Bible alone be received, as the sole rule of faith. The controversy went on for many a long year, and time after time was the bold champion called on to stand up for the truth in the face of his enemies. Powerful enemies *they were, and headed by the Emperor Charles*

himself ; and more than once, Luther's liberty and his very life were in danger from them ; but that God, who, in the early days of Christianity, had protected his apostles, and who, in after-times, had shielded Wickliffe and others from persecution and death, took care of Martin Luther also ; brought him safely through all his dangers ; and gave him courage and strength to do the work appointed him, even to his life's end. Often would he say, in the words of his favourite psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea ; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

But we must not forget the affairs of England in those of Germany ; so we will turn now from Martin Luther to King Henry VIII. and see what part he took in the Reformation.

The account of what had been done in Germany soon reached England, and the king himself became interested in the controversy now going on between Luther and the Pope. Henry had been educated as a papist, and he had none of that love for truth, for its own sake, which distinguished the noble reformer, and

others who, like him, earnestly desired to be guided in the right way. He took up the matter merely as one of party, and as might be expected, joined the Pope's side. He even wrote a book in opposition to Luther, and this so pleased Leo, that he bestowed upon Henry the title of "Defender of the Faith;" a title which is still given to the sovereigns of England, though with a meaning very different from that which it had as applied to Henry. The fact of a king having written a book on the doctrines of Luther, turned the attention of the people to the subject still more than before; so that Henry rather served the cause of truth than injured it, by the part he took in the controversy.

But though Luther's doctrines did not meet with much favour in Henry's court, there were some persons in England prepared to receive them, and to make them known to others. The Reformation was not to be confined to Germany, as you will see from what I am going now to tell you of one who may well be ranked amongst our English reformers.


In the town of Sodbury in Gloucestershire, there lived about this time a family much noted for their hospitality. The heads of this family were Sir John and Lady Walsh; they had several children, for whom they engaged a private tutor, a young man named Tyndale; and

it is to him chiefly that our story refers. Tyndale had been a student in the university of Cambridge; and it seems that he learnt, during his residence there, what Luther had learnt at his monastery in Germany,—to read and to love the Bible; to find out, while studying it, the errors of the Romish church, and to determine, by God's help, to renounce and oppose them. At the house of Sir John and Lady Walsh, Tyndale frequently met some of the neighbouring Roman Catholic priests,—men who knew little of the truth, and were quite opposed to the doctrines of Luther. It happened one day, that Tyndale was holding an argument on the subject now so frequently talked of, with some of these visitors; and he supported his opinions, as he was accustomed to do, by appeals to Scripture. His opponents did not at all like this; and one of them, wishing perhaps to put an end to the conversation altogether, angrily interrupted Tyndale, saying, "We had better be without God's laws than the Pope's." Tyndale could not hear such words as these without giving a reply, and entering his protest against them, and he warmly answered, "I defy the Pope and his laws; and if God spare my life, I will, in a few years, make the boy who drives the plough know more of Scripture than you do." No doubt his companion was surprised to hear

the young student talk in this way, and perhaps he might have been inclined to contradict, or to scoff at the remark just made. What further passed between them, I do not know; but certainly Tyndale had not spoken without thought, nor without intending to follow up his words by actions. He had long ago desired to make the word of God more fully known among the people, and now he determined that he actually would do so. He resolved to undertake a new translation of the Holy Scriptures, which was much wanted, and to circulate it through the country. But then where could he do this? Not in the house of Sir John Walsh; for he would meet with opposition there, and perhaps be prevented from undertaking the work at all. So he looked about for some person who would give him protection, and enable him to prosecute his labours in safety. At last he was kindly received by a citizen of London named Monmouth, and in his house he remained a year. But Tyndale found it difficult, and impossible indeed, to carry out his plans there. He soon saw that the work could not be safely performed in London, nor even in England, so he left the country, and went to the city of Cologne on the Rhine. There he laboured so diligently, that in the course of two or three years, *he had actually translated the gospels*

of Matthew and Mark, and published them, and had nearly prepared the whole of the New Testament for printing; for it was now, you remember, no longer necessary to write out with pen and ink every book that was to be read and circulated. By means of the happy art which had been invented, as I told you, in the last century, books could be put forth much more quickly, and in much larger numbers than formerly; and how nobly was that art applied, in multiplying copies of the word of God, to be sent through the length and breadth of our land!

For a while, Tyndale went on with his work in Cologne, patiently and successfully. But it always happens that, when good is attempted, the enemies of the truth are busy too, and try to do what they can to stop its progress; and so it was now. Tyndale, or rather the gospel which he was endeavouring to make known, had secret enemies in Cologne, who were watching all his movements; and when they found out the plan he had formed for translating, printing, and sending over 3000 copies of the New Testament in order to convert the people to Luther's opinions, they determined, if possible, to put a stop to it at once. So they made known the matter to the government-authorities of the place, and prevailed on them to forbid the printer to proceed with the



work any further. And what could Tyndale do now? He did not give up his plan; but seizing the printed sheets, he hastened from Cologne, and went to the city of Worms, where he engaged another printer to complete the work begun.

But meanwhile Tyndale's enemies had written letters to England, to tell the king what was going on, and to urge him to prevent these dangerous books from finding their way to this country. Henry acted upon the hint directly. The testaments were known to be large quarto books, easily recognized by their size and shape; and notice was given at all the sea-ports, that if any such books should be sent from Germany, they must on no account be suffered to proceed any farther. Poor Tyndale! Here was another disappointment. After his labours during so many years, and his caution, and diligence, and perseverance, his books were to be excluded from England altogether! But he was not to be baffled even now; a sudden and a happy thought struck him. It was this. Though the large *quarto* volumes would be seized, smaller *octavos* might pass unobserved; and no orders had been given about *them*. They could be more easily concealed, and the size would not excite suspicion. So Tyndale changed his plan, and *as quickly as possible* printed a large edi-

tion of his New Testament in this smaller size, and contrived to send it over to England, and in a short time it was circulated through the country. What joy must this have given to our good persevering reformer !

But it was not long before the matter became known. The king heard of it, and commanded that a search should be made for all the prohibited books in London, and in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

There was one person in London who had excited particular suspicion as a receiver and distributor of these volumes. This was a man named Garret, the curate of a parish in the city. The officers accordingly went to his house, with the intention of apprehending him. But Garret happened at that time to be in Oxford. He had gone there in order to take and distribute among the students a number of Tyndale's Testaments ; and the books had already been received and read with great eagerness and delight. But the young men, and their kind friend and instructor Garret also, were soon aware of the danger they were in. The king's officers were on their way, they would speedily reach Oxford, and then would begin a search for the valued books ; *they* would be seized, and the possessors of them could not hope to escape. So Garret hastily changed his dress, that he might not be recog-

nized, bade a sad farewell to his friends, and fled. Many, however, were left behind, who were almost in equal danger. One of these was a young man named Delaber. As soon as Garret had departed, Delaber retired to his study, locked the door, and then, taking his beloved Testament which his friend had given him, he knelt down, and read the tenth chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew. You know what that chapter contains ;—the account of the sending forth of the first ministers of the gospel, and the exhortations and encouragements which Christ himself gave them. There he read, “Ye shall be hated of all men for my name’s sake ; but he that endureth to the end shall be saved. Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.—He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.” Ah ! what a comfort those words were to the young student in the moment of distress and danger ! And he had, too, another source of comfort. Though separated from his dear friend Garret, he could yet pray to their mutual God and Father, and commend both himself and his christian brother to His providential care. This he did ; and then, putting his testament in what he hoped might prove a place of safety, he prepared to meet the enemies of the truth whom he expected soon to appear.

There was indeed no hope of escape. The

officers came ; Delaber and eighteen others were apprehended ; and Garret, too, was overtaken, detected, and seized. They were all convicted of heresy, condemned to walk in procession, carrying with them bundles of faggots ; and each was compelled to cast his book into a large furnace prepared for the occasion. When this was done, they were all imprisoned in a cellar, where four of them died in a few hours from suffocation and want of air. And they were not the only sufferers. Many others met with treatment as severe as this, and some were even burnt to death, for their zeal and earnestness in the good cause.

The people of England in general, were most anxious for the word of God ; but those in authority exercised all their power to prevent its circulation, by making laws, writing books, enacting penalties, and by every other means that enmity to the truth could suggest. Amongst these opposers were two of whom I shall have more to tell you by and bye. Their names were Cardinal Wolsey, and Sir Thomas More. For the present we will leave them, and go on with the history of William Tyndale and his Testament.

It happened, just about the time of this violent prohibition of the Bible, that a very fatal sickness visited England, and when that ceased, famine followed, in consequence of a

failure in the harvest. Now, whatever people in general might think of these calamities, there must have been some who could see especial reasons for such judgments at that time. They considered them as sent by God to lead men to reflect ; and perhaps to punish, by the loss of food for the body, those iniquitous efforts which had lately been made to exclude the still more necessary food of the soul. But God, in the midst of judgment, always remembers mercy ; and He so ordered it, that the famine of bread actually occasioned a large supply of His holy word to be sent over for the spiritual nourishment of the poor people who were so anxious to obtain it. I will tell you how this happened.

When no corn could be procured in England, supplies were gladly received from other countries, and large quantities were exported from several towns in Holland, and amongst others from Antwerp. Tyndale was now in that city, working as before, though somewhat cast down, on account of all the disappointments he had met with in the circulation of his Testaments. For a time, there seemed to be no hope of getting access for the books into England ; but when the famine appeared, and when vessels of corn were seen passing to the English shores, it occurred to Tyndale that it might be possible to conceal a number of the

Testaments amongst the wheat, and to send them over secretly to this country. The plan was tried; and it was found that as many as five hundred could be secreted in one ship, and in this way a large number were soon conveyed, and were shortly in circulation.

The Bishop of London, whose name was Tunstall, and who had all along been one of Tyndale's most violent opposers, was exceedingly vexed and angry, when he found that with all his endeavours, he could not keep the word of God out of the country. He determined, however, to make one trial more, and his scheme was now to collect all the books together, and to burn them to ashes! There was a merchant named Packington who happened at this time to be in Antwerp, and to meet there Bishop Tunstall. Packington was a friend of Tyndale, and a warm supporter of his cause, and he determined to further that cause by the very means through which Tunstall intended to destroy it.

So he went to the Bishop, and offered to procure for him all Tyndale's Testaments, if he would engage to purchase them. Tunstall did not regard any expense, provided he could accomplish his wish; so he willingly accepted the proposal; and then Packington went to Tyndale, and told the plan to him. When Tyndale heard it, he exclaimed, "I am the

gladder of it, for I shall now get money to bring myself out of debt; and the whole world will cry out against the burning of God's word; and with the money that remains, I will reprint the whole of the New Testament, and I trust the second will better please you than the first." So the books were collected, brought to Tunstall, and paid for by him; and then the money was given to Tyndale, who set to work again immediately, to prepare a new edition.

But what became of the Testaments which thus unexpectedly fell into the hands of this enemy of God's word? He had his wish;—in the presence of a number of his friends, and of a large assembly of persons, they were all committed to the flames, at St. Paul's Cross, in London! It is dreadful to think of such awful wickedness, committed too by those who had means and opportunities of knowing the truth, and who therefore could not plead ignorance as an excuse for their actions. The story may remind us of the account given of Jehoiakim, king of Judah, who, you remember, cut, in pieces with his pen-knife, and cast into the fire, the roll on which were written the words which God had spoken to Jeremiah. But, you know, that though the first roll was destroyed, another was written *immediately after; and thus Jehoiakim's wicked*

attempt to destroy God's message was of no avail. And so it happened now; for the new copies of the Testament of Tyndale soon appeared, having had the advantage of his improvements and corrections; and it was now a much more perfect and valuable performance than it had been before.

Great indeed was the vexation of Bishop Tunstall and others, when they saw the gospel which they had vainly thought to destroy altogether, once more spreading through the land with greater rapidity than ever, and eagerly read by the people notwithstanding all prohibitions. The Archbishop of Canterbury was now entreated to interfere for the suppression of these new doctrines, and he accordingly drew up a document denouncing the New Testament by his own authority. "You that have the New Testament in English," he wrote, "of the translation that is now printed, and such other books in English, detest them, abhor them, keep them not in your hands; deliver them to the superiors such as call for them. And if, by reading them heretofore, any thing remains in your heart of that teaching, either forget it, or by information of truth, expel it. This you ought to do; and being obstinate, the prelates of the church ought to compel you; and your prince to *punish and correct* you, not doing the same.

Finally, it appeareth, that having of the whole Scriptures is not necessary to Christian men ; and like as the having of the Scripture in the vulgar tongue and in common people's hands, hath been by the holy fathers in the church in some times thought meet and convenient, so at another time, it had been thought not expedient to be communicate amongst them."

You may clearly see from this, what the principles of the Romish church were then, and what they are still, in regard to the reading of God's word. You remember Christ's command is,—“ Search the Scriptures,”—and that command is for all people, and for all times. But we cannot wonder at those holding doctrines so opposed to the Bible as very many of the Roman Catholic doctrines are, should do all in their power to prevent the people from discovering and giving up the errors of that false system of religion. It was not only the Archbishop of Canterbury who wrote against the circulation of the Scriptures. Sir Thomas More did the same; and so ignorant was he on this matter, though he was very learned in most other things, that he actually conceived that the devil was at work among the people, tempting them to read the scriptures to their everlasting destruction ! But let us go back once more to Antwerp, and see how Tyndale was engaged.

There he was labouring on still, though in the midst of difficulty and persecution. But he had now the comfort of a christian friend and companion who laboured with him, and shared his joys and his sorrows. This was Fryth, one of those who, with Delaber and others, had been confined in the close cellar, after their apprehension at Oxford some years before. It must have consoled Tyndale not a little to have such a man for his companion. But after a time, it was thought right for Fryth to go to London, and to carry on the work there if possible; so he took leave of his beloved friend, and left Antwerp. After his departure, Tyndale wrote him a letter of advice and exhortation, some part of which I think you will like to read.—“The grace of our Saviour Jesus, his patience, meekness, humbleness, circumspection, and wisdom, be with your heart! Amen. Dearly beloved brother, my heart’s desire in our Saviour Jesus is, that you arm yourself with patience, and be cool, sober, wise, and circumspect. But expound the law truly, to condemn all flesh, and prove all men sinners, and all deeds under the law, before mercy have taken away the condemnation thereof, to be sin. And then, as a faithful minister, set forth the mercy of our Lord Jesus. Then shall your preaching be with power.”—Such was the way in which

these two holy men preached the truth, and exhorted each other to preach it; and Fryth had indeed need of exhortation, and advice, and comfort too, at such a time as this.

The enemies of the truth, for so we must call them, were constantly on the watch for those who held doctrines such as Tyndale and Fryth preached. Sir Thomas More soon heard of Fryth's arrival in London, and it was not long before that zealous reformer was seized, and thrown into the Tower. While there, he received another letter of encouragement from his friend and brother. "However the matter be," wrote Tyndale, "commit yourself wholly unto your most loving Father, and most kind Lord, and fear not men that threat, nor trust men that speak fair; but trust Him that is true of promise, and able to make His word good. If ye yield yourself wholly to your loving Father, then shall His power be in you, and make you strong; and His Spirit shall speak in you, and teach you what to answer, according to His promise."

But the course both of Fryth and Tyndale was well nigh finished; their work was almost done; and soon they were to die the martyr's death, and to receive the martyr's reward. Fryth was the first to suffer. He was taken from prison, and examined by three of the bishops, on the principles he was accused of

holding. He answered boldly and faithfully to the questions asked him, though he well knew that life itself depended upon his answers. He had "yielded himself unto his loving Father," and the Spirit did indeed speak in him, and teach him what to say. And so Fryth confessed his opinions, was charged with heresy, condemned, and led away to martyrdom in the flames.

Tyndale did not long survive him. For about two years more, he laboured on, and then came the time of his departure also. He fell at last into his enemies' hands. Long had they been watching for him, and planning his destruction. More than once they had endeavoured to entice him to England, that they might seize him there. But hitherto Tyndale had been preserved ;—he was safe till his work was done. Now that work *was* done, nothing more remained but for him to seal his testimony, as many others had done before him, with his blood.

When the scheme of alluring him to England failed, his enemies tried another,—a cruel one it was, and base and dishonest as it was cruel. They resolved to betray him by means of a pretended friend, who first won his confidence, and then, at a moment when Tyndale least suspected any danger, delivered him up to the

officers by whom he was committed to prison. The time of his imprisonment was spent still in the same work,—in teaching those who were about him the truth of the gospel, for the sake of which he was suffering; and thus he laboured on to the last, and finally was put to death at Vilvorde, near Brussels, in the year 1536. His dying words were, “Lord! open the eyes of the king of England.” Tyndale had not lived in vain; and he was permitted, in some degree, to see the fruit of his labours, in the rising prosperity in England of that cause which he had so long and so faithfully served; for about a year before his death, Henry VIII. had given permission for the printing and circulation of the Bible,—the whole Bible,—a translation of which had been prepared by a person named Miles Coverdale; and it had been actually published under the support and sanction of the king himself.

But you will wonder what had occasioned this great change in the opinions of Henry, who, a few years before, had done all in his power to oppose the Bible, and the cause of the Reformation. I will now tell you how this was brought about, and how wonderfully again every little event,—every link in the chain of Providence,—was fitted into its right place for the accomplishment of the great work now going

on. We must, however, retrace our steps a little, as I have anticipated the order of time a few years, that the story of Tyndale might not be interrupted.

Many years before, Henry had married a Spanish princess, Catherine of Arragon, the widow of his elder brother Arthur; and now, after a long space of time, he declared that he felt in his mind certain doubts as to the lawfulness of this marriage; so he referred the matter to the Pope, and asked from him permission to divorce Catherine, and send her away. Now Henry's real reason for wishing to take this step, seems to have been that he was tired of the poor queen, though she had been a kind and affectionate wife to him for many years; and that he preferred to her a young lady whom he had lately seen, and whom he very much admired, named Anne Boleyn. At first the Pope was inclined to favour Henry's views; but afterwards, when the matter was brought to trial, and when Catherine urged the injustice of the king's conduct, and appealed to Rome, and especially when the Emperor Charles V, who was a relation of Catherine, began to interfere in her favour, the Pope altered his decree, declared the marriage to have been lawful, and refused to sanction the divorce.

This matter led to some very important

results. Henry was a man of strong will, and one who did not choose to submit to authority which would thwart his own wishes. So when the Pope opposed his desire, he determined to consult others, and if he could not obtain sanction from Rome to seek it elsewhere. The king's marriage was for a long time the subject of discussion, not only in England but abroad also. It will not be necessary for me to tell you all that passed, and what was said on one side and on the other respecting it ; but this much you must know,—the end of it was, that Catherine was dismissed, and that Henry was married to Anne Boleyn, notwithstanding the Pope's opposing decision.

But I said that very important results followed. You will hardly expect to hear that the self-will of Henry on this occasion furthered the cause of the Reformation ; and yet it actually did so. For the contention between him and the Pope led to an act being passed in Parliament, condemning all appeals to Rome ; asserting that the crown was imperial, and that the king should maintain the liberties of his kingdom against the usurpation of the papal see. Now you will easily understand, that as this act took away from the Pope's power and authority, so it helped on the good cause of the Reformation, which was so opposed to the doctrines which the Pope held,

VOL. II.

and which he had so long forced upon those countries that owned him as their head. The king was now acknowledged to be the head of the church of England; and as Henry was willing to do any thing to show his independence of the Pope, he was persuaded, without much difficulty, to consent shortly afterwards to the publication and circulation of the Bible, which, as I said, had been just translated by Miles Coverdale.

But I must not pass over this part of the history, without telling you something about a very remarkable man who was one of the most distinguished persons of Henry's reign, and whose fall and death were in some measure connected with the events of which we have just been speaking. This man was Cardinal Wolsey. He was born in rather humble life, but being talented, very diligent, and very persevering, he rose, as people of that kind frequently do, to a high position in the world. He received a learned education, entered the church, passed from one office to another, till at last he became Cardinal. Wolsey was for a long time a great favourite of king Henry VIII. He was pleasant and agreeable in his conversation, and very magnificent and expensive in his manner of living; and this suited the fancy of the King; so the Cardinal became his constant companion, and he consulted

tives, and with no higher
of pleasure or convenience.
only instance of this instability
the story of Cardinal Wolsey.
concerned in the negotiations
the affair of Henry's divorce
; and in his management of it
ceed in such a way as to please
ster. And then, besides this,
and affections were very uncer-
tious. He often grew tired of
we have seen he had already
seen Catherine, and as he soon
Anne Boleyn, and of three other
he successively married. No
I hope long to enjoy the friend-
a man; and Wolsey was at last
and vexation of disappointed
in Henry's



with smiles, he frequently frowned upon him, or spoke to him with angry words ; and though no particular accusation had yet been made, it was evident to Wolsey that he had lost the king's esteem, and that consequently his fall was near at hand. And there were those about Henry, who were quite ready to cherish any unkindly feelings that he might have towards the Cardinal. Some had long been jealous of the favour shown him, and now they took a cruel pleasure in promoting his disgrace and ruin. At last, Wolsey received a letter from the king, depriving him of the office of Lord Chancellor, which Henry had bestowed upon him, and which was now transferred to Sir Thomas More. Then he was commanded to leave the splendid palace which he had built for himself in London. This was seized upon by Henry ; it afterwards became a residence of the kings of England, and was called Whitehall. Wolsey's magnificent furniture,—his plate, and the gold and silver with which his house was ornamented,—all were taken away ; the men who had courted his acquaintance, in his days of prosperity, forsook him, and he found himself deserted by almost all the world. He was allowed to retire to a place he yet possessed in Yorkshire, and there he lived for a while, far away from the king, and from the scenes

of his former grandeur. But his enemies would not suffer him to remain even here in peace. They had succeeded in exciting Henry still more against him, and at last the Earl of Northumberland received orders to arrest him for high treason, and to convey him to London for his trial.

Perhaps Wolsey was more distressed than surprised when he heard of this fatal news. He well knew what Henry was, and the consequences of incurring his displeasure. Wolsey could not indeed accuse himself of having deserved such treatment. He had many faults; he was ambitious, and proud, and extravagant; he had been a man quite taken up with the things of this world, never giving a thought to those of another; and the time was fast approaching when he would bitterly feel and lament this his folly and sin. But though Wolsey had not served his God, yet he had long served his king, and he knew that he merited not such treatment at his hands. But there was no resisting the commands of Henry; so Wolsey left his house in Yorkshire, and, guarded by officers, commenced his journey to London.

Now just picture to yourselves that sad journey. The grey-haired courtier, not long ago the envied favourite of one of the greatest

kings in Europe, the richest and most magnificent of all his subjects, now old, care-worn, borne down by disappointment and sorrow; a prisoner watched and guarded, about to be tried for his life, and soon, perhaps, to be condemned, sentenced, and executed! Ah what a change was there! Who that looked upon Wolsey, as he set out on that journey, would have envied his past glory, his lost riches and magnificence *then*?

Thoughts like these, and anxiety, and sorrow, so affected the unhappy cardinal that, long before he reached London, he became ill, and was taken to Leicester Abbey, as it was found impossible for him to proceed on his journey. When the abbot and the monks came out, as they did, to meet him with reverence and respect, Wolsey humbly begged a resting-place; and told them that he was come to lay his bones among them; for he felt that death was near, and that he should leave that spot no more. The poet represents him as saying,—

O father abbot,
An old man broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

And so the abbot and the monks received him kindly. They laid him in bed, and gave

him whatever they hoped might restore or revive him. But it was too late ; sorrow had done its work ;—Wolsey was dying. As he lay there, thinking on the changes, so many and so great, of his past life, he addressed those who stood around his bed, and said, “ If I had served my God but half as diligently as I have served my king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs.” These were some of the last words of Cardinal Wolsey ;—what a lesson of instruction do they convey !

And now, I will conclude this chapter with some beautiful lines from Shakespeare, which affectingly describe, in part, what I have just been relating. The words are supposed to be addressed by Wolsey to his servant and friend Cromwell, afterwards Earl of Essex.

Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard of—say, I taught thee :
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depth and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's
Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to my enemies !

XXVI. HOPES BLIGHTED.

A.D. 1536—1553.

Ah, when did wisdom covet length of days,
Or seek its bliss in pleasure, wealth, or praise ?
No,—wisdom views, with an indifferent eye,
All finite joys, all blessings born to die.
The soul on earth is an immortal guest,
Compell'd to starve at an unreal feast ;
A spark, which upward tends by nature's force ;
A stream, diverted from its parent source ;
A drop, dissever'd from the boundless sea ;
A moment, parted from eternity ;
A pilgrim, panting for the rest to come ;
An exile, anxious for his native home.

HANNAH MORE.

You have already heard more than once the name of Sir Thomas More ; and as I have a good deal to tell you about him, we will begin this chapter with his history,—that part of it, at least, which will most interest you,—and a mournful story I fear it must be. You remember that Sir Thomas More was very active in opposing the Reformation, and that the death of the martyrs Fryth and Tyndale was, in a great measure, owing to him ; and so you are

probably expecting to hear the history of a cruel and hard-hearted man. You were surprised then when I tell you, that More was a very different character from what you suppose. He was kind and gentle in his disposition ; beloved by his family and friends for his amiability, and for his truthfulness and sincerity ; and so pleasant and agreeable to every body who knew him loved him and desired his society. He was a talented and a good man too ; and his acquaintance was courted by many of the learned people of those times. He frequently visited him at his house in Clerkenwell in order to enjoy his clever conversation. Yet, notwithstanding all these good and praiseworthy points of character in Sir Thomas More, he was, as we have seen, a bitter opposer of the Reformation, and a stern persecutor of those who held its doctrines. How can we understand this ? How could a man so wise and so good in many things, fail here, and be so foolish enough to oppose God's truth, and be so cruel enough to put to death those who possessed it ?

Now I think we cannot doubt that More opposed the Reformation *conscientiously*

find proofs of this in the course of his history. But here comes in another difficulty. Perhaps you are inclined to ask, Is a person to be blamed,—is he really wrong,—when he acts according to his principles, and the dictates of his own conscience? This is an important matter to decide, and one which it will be well to settle at this part of our history, that we may be saved from future difficulty when we come to other characters of a similar kind. Let us consider it then for a moment, before we go on with the story of Sir Thomas More.

You remember I have before remarked, that ignorance is no excuse for doing wrong; because, when there are means and opportunities of knowing better, ignorance is itself a sin. Now it is much the same in regard to conscience. Some people do that which is contrary to the word and will of God, and then try to justify themselves, by saying that they acted according to their consciences. But this does not free them from guilt; because it is their duty to form their principles in accordance with the law which is laid down in the Bible, and then to act accordingly. The conscience, as well as every other faculty of the mind, has felt the effects of the fall; and only when it is enlightened by the Spirit of God, can it become a safe guide for our conduct and actions. The natural conscience of

situation in which his opinion respecting it would continually be asked, without either saying what he did not feel, or else displeasing the king by speaking his mind. More was, as I said before, a very sincere and truthful man ; and so he deemed it best to resign the office of chancellor altogether. But even this did not secure him. There was another point of disagreement,—the act of supremacy. More would not allow the king to be supreme head of the church,—it was contrary to his principles to do so ; and this it was that led to his disgrace, his imprisonment, and, at last, his execution.

After a year's confinement, More was brought out to take his trial ; he was found guilty, and condemned to suffer as a traitor. As he was re-conducted to the Tower, after this unjust and cruel sentence had been pronounced, strongly guarded, and the axe, by which he was to suffer, carried before him,—his beloved daughter, Margaret Roper, rushed through the crowd, amongst whom she had long been waiting to see him pass, and ran to embrace her father. She could only cry, "O my father, my father !" More, much affected, gave her his blessing, and then the mournful procession moved on.

More was visited in prison by his family

see how composed and even cheerful he was to the very day of his execution. That fatal day came at last ; he was conducted to Tower Hill, where the scaffold was erected, and after a few moments spent in prayer, he bade the executioner do his office without fear ; and then, saying he had committed no treason, he calmly submitted to the fatal blow. For fourteen days, his head remained exposed to public view on London Bridge, and then Margaret Roper contrived to have it conveyed secretly away. She carefully preserved it in a leaden box during her life ; and when she died, it was placed, as she had desired, in her arms, and buried with her in St. Dunstan's Church, in Canterbury. This celebrated lady was esteemed as a dutiful and affectionate daughter, and a kind and devoted wife ; and she was distinguished also for her literary talent and acquirements ; she wrote several learned books, and corresponded with some of the most clever and remarkable men of the time in which she lived.

Sir Thomas More was not the only person who suffered for denying the king's supremacy. Fisher, bishop of Rochester, had been beheaded for the same cause only a short time before. Many indeed were the executions which took place during this reign, in consequence of *the king's caprice* and violent pas-

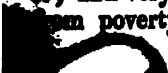
sions. I have already told you, that his queens felt the force of his tyrannical disposition. He was married no fewer than six times. You have already heard of his heartless conduct towards poor Catherine of Arragon;—second wife, Anne Boleyn, met with a still more dreadful. After two years, she accused of crimes of which she was probably never guilty, condemned, and beheaded. She left one daughter named Elizabeth, of whom we shall hear a great deal hereafter. He had another older daughter called Mary, child of the unfortunate Catherine of Arragon, and of her too we shall have much to say and bye. The third queen was Jane Seymour, who died soon after the birth of her son Edward, Henry's successor. Then came Anne of Cleves, whom Henry divorced; and next, Catherine Howard, who, like Anne Boleyn, ended her life upon the scaffold. His sixth and last wife was Catherine Parr, an amiable and excellent woman, who survived the king. She was much attached to the doctrines of the Reformation, and once solicited Henry's displeasure on that account, to be in danger of falling a sacrifice to her opinions, and to his passion; but she happily contrived, by her cleverness and good humour, to turn away his anger, and to regain

favour; and in that favour she continued to the end of his life.

Another cruel execution was that of Cromwell. You will remember him as the attendant to whom the unfortunate Wolsey is supposed, by our great poet, to address the advice contained in those beautiful lines you read in our last chapter. You will therefore feel interested in him, and no doubt wish to know whether he found "a way to rise in," and whether that way was "a sure and safe one."

He *did* rise certainly, for, like his master, from being at first in humble circumstances, he became a very great man,—he was made Earl of Essex. Cromwell was clever and industrious; and his abilities and diligence were of much service in raising him in the world. He was a friend to the Reformation; and he appears to have been a worthy and amiable man; though perhaps we cannot say of him, that he followed out the advice of the dying Cardinal so far as to let all the ends he aimed at "be God's and truth's;" or that he died, in the highest sense of the words, "a blessed martyr." There is one little incident related concerning him which I will tell you, because it is a pleasing instance of a grateful disposition, and shows us that he did not, in prosperity, forget those who had been useful to him in humbler circumstances.

In the earlier part of his life, Cromwell had served in the Italian wars, and received some kindness from a rich merchant with whom he had become acquainted. Years passed on ; and in the course of those changes which we so often see, Cromwell rose from poverty to grandeur, and the merchant sunk from grandeur to poverty. They had not met for a long time ; and neither perhaps was aware of the state and circumstances of the other. But one day, while passing through London in all his magnificence, the Earl of Essex, for so Cromwell had now become, happened to cast his eye upon a face he had once known and still remembered,—it was that of his kind Italian friend. The merchant indeed had forgotten the poor young soldier whom he had once befriended,—the whole circumstance had passed from his mind,—but it had *not* passed from the mind of Cromwell. He sent for the merchant, heard his tale of sorrow, reminded him of their former acquaintance, and thanked him for the benefits he had received from his kindness ; and then he ended all by restoring his fallen friend to riches and prosperity. Such a story is worthy of record ; for seldom, when a benefit is bestowed, is it forgotten by him who gave it, or remembered by him who received it ; and very seldom indeed do those who rise from poverty to riches, make so good a use




of their money, as to succour and relieve with it kind friends of early and humbler days. How much more would they promote their own happiness, as well as the good of others, if they followed the example of Cromwell, Earl of Essex.

Poor Cromwell ! he did not find indeed that the way in which he had risen, or the honour to which he had attained, was at all more "sure and safe," than the way his master had trodden, and the honour *he* had experienced. He was accused of heresy and treason, and condemned to death without, as it appears, any just cause. He wrote an affecting letter to Henry petitioning for his life ; but though the king could not read it without feeling a momentary sorrow, it produced no further effect ; and Cromwell was led to execution.

There were many other celebrated men who lived in the reign of Henry VIII., but I will mention only two more of them ; and I shall tell you merely the names of those two, because we shall have to speak of them another time. One was Dr. Latimer ; the other Archbishop Cranmer, who first came into Henry's favour by agreeing with him on the subject of the divorce of Catherine of Arragon ; and he retained his place in the king's esteem, notwithstanding the opinions he held on the doctrines of the Reformation.

It is almost time that we should conclude our history of this reign, which has already occupied us so long. It is indeed a most important and eventful one, and I hope you will carefully bear in mind some of the remarkable facts I have told you connected with its chief event,—the rise of the Reformation. I might indeed tell you many more; and in particular I might mention the deaths of other martyrs who, like Fryth and Tyndale, suffered for their zeal for the truth. But as there will be many a sad tale of martyrdom to relate in another reign, at which we shall soon arrive, I will say no more on the subject at present.

The health of the king had for some time been in a declining state, but it was long before any one dared to tell him how very ill he was; for his temper was so irritable that it was dangerous to mention any thing to him which he did not like to hear; and some persons had even been executed as traitors, for venturing to predict his death. At last, however, the fatal news was communicated to him;—he was told that he must soon die. This is solemn news for any one to hear, even for one prepared for that great change, and able to look forward to death and the grave with feelings very different from those with which Henry must have thought of them. He received the intelligence however with more calmness than was expected;



expressed his resignation, and desired that Archbishop Cranmer might be sent for immediately. But death was fast approaching, and before Cranmer arrived, the king had become speechless. Cranmer asked him to give some sign that he died in the faith of Christ ;—Henry pressed the Archbishop's hand, and expired.

And now, before we take our leave of this king, let us pause, and talk a little about his character. You have heard enough to be able to judge, in some measure, what that character was; and I fear we must all agree that, in many respects, it was a very awful one. Henry lived in a time when the light of truth was beginning to shine around him, and when those great doctrines which teach us the most important of all knowledge, the knowledge of God and the way to heaven, were beginning to be understood and professed. He had studied the doctrines of the Reformation; he had about him those who loved and acted upon them; and he had shown some respect for the Bible, by giving his sanction to the printing and circulation of it in the language which the people understood. And yet, notwithstanding all this, there is every reason to fear that Henry was not really a religious man. The truths which he knew never reached his heart, and they had therefore no influence upon his tem-

per and conduct. He opposed the Pope, but he persecuted and put to death those who held the reformed doctrines. He consented to the distribution of the Bible, but he felt no love for scriptural truth. He studied religion as a theory, but he never endeavoured to bring it into his daily life as a matter of practice. And though, at Cranmer's request, he gave a sign of dying in the faith of Christ, yet this was but an unsatisfactory evidence that all was right with him at death, when he had given so little proof of any real change effected upon his heart and conduct during life.

And now we turn to the reign of another and a very different king,—that of young Edward VI, Henry's only son, and his successor on the throne. Edward was not more than nine years of age when his father died, and a number of executors had been appointed by Henry to take charge of the Government during his son's minority. One of these was Archbishop Cranmer, who, you already know, was one of the great promoters of the Reformation. The young king's uncle, the Duke of Somerset, afterwards became Protector, and had the chief management of affairs. He too was a friend of the Reformation, and he took care that all those who had any thing to do with Edward's education should hold the same *views that he did*. The young king indeed,

already showed that he himself loved those truths which were now, in the good Providence of God, gaining ground so rapidly in the country. He had early learnt to read and to value the Bible, and he was preparing to rule his kingdom in accordance with the precepts of that sacred book.

Edward showed his love for the Bible at a very early age. It is said that, one day, he wished to take something from a shelf above his reach, and an attendant offered him a large Bible to stand upon. But Edward refused it, saying that it was not right to trample under foot, that which ought to be cherished in the heart. When he became king, he showed this love for God's word still more decidedly.—At the time of his coronation, three swords were borne before him, according to the custom on such occasions. The little king, turning to those about him, said that he wished for a *fourth* sword,—one that was better and far more necessary than all the rest ; and when he was asked to explain himself, he replied, that he meant, “ The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God ; ” and desired that the Bible might be brought to him. This was indeed a good beginning of the reign of the young king. He reminds us of the youthful Josiah king of Judah, of whom, you know, it was said, that “ *his heart was tender,* ” and that “ *he did*

that which was right in the sight of the Lord. These two young kings acted upon the same principle; they were actuated by the same motives; and they may be said to have performed almost the same work in their respective kingdoms,—the work of promoting the cause of true religion in the land, and of abolishing idolatry,—the idolatry of heathenism which had crept into Judah, and the idolatry of Popery, which had, for so many years, sprung up over England.

The cause of the Reformation now went prosperously. The superstitious practices of Popery were put down; the Bible was published and generally read; a new liturgy was compiled; the morning and evening prayers, so much in their present form, were read in the churches in the English language; and sermons were preached by good men, setting forth the truth so plainly that the common people were able to understand it. Oh, what happy days those were for England, and how thankful we should feel, as we read of this blessed change, to that God who had ordered all things so wisely and mercifully for the introduction of the truth into our land! Opposition was not yet at an end; the struggle was not yet over; and, as we shall soon see, martyrs were again to suffer and to die, *the glorious work* could be fully accomplished.

In the beginning of Edward's reign, a war was carried on against Scotland. The king of Scotland, James V, was dead, and he had left as his successor, a daughter named Mary, who was as yet too young to govern alone. A plan was formed by the Protector Somerset, which, it was thought, would prove a good one for both England and Scotland;—it was that Mary should be married to the young English king, and that the two countries should thus be united, and have one form of government and one religion. But the Scotch objected to this union; and as Mary's relations were papists, they wished the young queen to be brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, and to marry a prince professing that faith, instead of the king of England. War followed these disputes; the Scotch were defeated in a battle which took place at Pinky, and a great number of them were killed. It was afterwards arranged that Mary should be sent to France for education, and that she should marry the French prince, Francis. You must not forget this young queen, as we shall hear more of her history at some future time.

Another painful event in this reign was the execution of the Protector Somerset. He was, in the main, an amiable and well-intentioned man; *but some of his acts gave offence, and*

a party led on by the Duke of Northumberland was formed against him. He was accused of treason, condemned, without sufficient evidence, and then beheaded, to the great grief of the people, by whom he was much beloved.

A few years had passed away since Henry's death. Young Edward was daily advancing in piety, and learning, and wisdom; and there was every reason to hope that, if spared, he would one day become a bright ornament to his country, and a great blessing to the people whom he ruled. But the ways of God are not as our ways. He often sees fit to blight our hopes, and to take away the best men, the most useful, and those who seem to us the most necessary, at the very time when *we* are inclined to think they can least be spared. We cannot always tell *why* it is so. It may be to teach us our dependence upon God,—to show us that it is not to man, nor to any son of man, that we are to look for guidance; but to Him, and to Him alone. At all events, we know that He acts wisely and rightly in all He does; and it is our duty in such cases, however painful and mysterious they may appear, to submit calmly to His will, and say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

we will be prepared, from what I have just

said, to hear of the early death of our young king Edward VI. Yes, just when he was approaching manhood,—just when he was giving so much promise for the future,—just then he sickened. He did not die suddenly ; but every day he grew weaker, and those who anxiously watched him, saw, with deep, deep sorrow, that their beloved sovereign was gradually sinking into the grave, and that his crown and his kingdom would shortly pass into other, perhaps into very different hands. Edward had no fear with regard to himself. He had long learnt to look forward to death as a far happier event for him, than any that he could expect in this world ; and so there was no need, as in his poor father's case, to keep from him the solemn truth—that soon he must die. And yet, as young Edward lay musing on his sick-bed, there was one thought connected with his death, which was painful and distressing to him ; for it had to do not with himself, but with his country ; this was the recollection, that the next heir to the throne was his elder sister Mary, who was a rigid Roman Catholic, and would think it right, in her mistaken zeal, to persecute those who differed from her in religion, and to set up Popery once again in the land. No wonder that a thought like this should sadden the mind of the dying Edward.

One day, when the young king had been expressing his feelings on this subject to the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke who was a designing man, and one who acted only upon self-interested and ambitious principles, proposed a plan which might, he said, prevent the consequences which Edward so much dreaded. This plan was, to settle the crown upon Lady Jane Grey, a cousin of the king, who was as much attached to the doctrines of the Reformation as himself, and who would carry out with all her heart what he had so well begun. Lady Jane Grey had lately married Lord Guildford Dudley, a son of the Duke of Northumberland; and so the ambition of the Duke would be gratified, if he could only succeed in persuading Edward to acquiesce in this scheme. There were however some difficulties in the way, as Mary was the acknowledged heir to the throne, and her sister Elizabeth was living also. But then the Duke reminded Edward, that Mary was not eligible on account of the divorce of her mother, Catherine of Arragon; and that though her younger sister Elizabeth was a friend of the Reformation, yet the same objection might be made to her, because *her* mother, Anne Boleyn, had been disgraced likewise.

Edward was perhaps too ill to see through Northumberland's selfish motives, or accu-

rately to weigh the difficulties of the case. His heart was set upon one thing,—the progress of the truth,—and he eagerly caught at an idea which seemed to favour the grand object he had in view ; it was therefore no difficult matter to persuade him to act upon the arguments of the Duke of Northumberland, and to settle the crown upon Lady Jane Grey. So a paper, containing this alteration in the succession, was drawn up ; and then Edward required his councillors to sign it. Only Cranmer hesitated ; but the king entreated him so earnestly to add his name to those of the others, that the Archbishop was at last induced to comply.

During his illness, Edward often listened with great pleasure to the preaching of Dr. Ridley, an excellent man of whom we shall hear more by and bye. It happened one day that the good doctor said a great deal in his sermon about works of charity, and the necessity of them as the fruits and evidences of faith. The young king listened to this exhortation very attentively ; his conscience was as tender as his zeal was earnest ; it struck him that he had not been so active in the cause of charity as he ought to have been, so he desired, before he died, to do something which should be for the glory of God and the good of man. *He called Ridley therefore, and*

begged him to direct and advise him as to what he should do. Ridley considered the matter a little, and then talked it over with the Lord Mayor and the aldermen of London ; and at last he proposed to the king three charitable objects,—an institution for the sick, another for the idle, and a third for the education of children. Edward was pleased with the proposal ; and he left accordingly a large sum of money to endow these three charities, —Bartholomew's Hospital, Bridewell Prison, and Christ's Hospital, or School, all which remain to this day in London,—useful and abiding memorials of the zeal and piety of this young king.

And now the time came for Edward to die. That time had been long expected, and earnestly desired by him ; and he was often heard praying that God would take him from this world of sin and misery, committing his happy soul into the hands of his heavenly Father. But he did not pray for himself only. No, Edward remembered his country, his kingdom, his subjects ; and especially he prayed that God would be pleased to maintain His true religion among the people. His dying prayer was, " O Lord, save England from Papistry, and maintain thy true religion."

Thus died this young king, when not quite *sixteen* years of age. May you learn from his

example, early and zealously to serve the God whom he served, and to labour for the good of others, as he laboured, both by his deeds, and words, and prayers ; and then you will not have read in vain the story of our beloved, and ever-to-be-remembered, Edward VI !

XXVII. A CHAPTER ON MARTYRDOM.

A.D. 1553—1558.

The Son of God is gone to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train ?—
—Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who boldest bears his cross below,—
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save :
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong :—
—Who follows in his train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd ;
They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !—**HEBER.**

IMMEDIATELY after Edward's death, the Duke

of Northumberland hastened to carry his scheme into execution. He went to the residence of Lady Jane Grey with her father, the Duke of Suffolk, told her of the event which had just taken place, and then saluted her as queen. Lady Jane had heard little or nothing of what had previously passed, so she was, as you may suppose, very much astonished, and could hardly understand what all this meant. She had never had ambitious expectations herself, and the idea of being queen was so far from being pleasant to her, that she was quite grieved to hear the proposal of her father and of the Duke of Northumberland. She felt too, that it would be neither right nor safe to accept the crown, to which the Princess Mary had so much greater claim than herself; and she earnestly begged to be allowed to decline the honour offered her. But the two ambitious Dukes would hear of no refusals; and so Lady Jane was at last unwillingly prevailed upon to yield to their judgment in the matter, instead of acting according to her own feelings and wishes.

Orders were now given by the council, for Lady Jane Grey to be proclaimed; but these orders were obeyed only in London and the neighbourhood. The people knew that she could not be considered as the rightful successor of Edward, and therefore they expressed no joy

on the occasion ; and though the friends of the Reformation would gladly have received her as their queen, had her title to the throne been more satisfactory, they would still have dreaded the influence of the Dukes of Northumberland and Suffolk under such circumstances. While all these things were going on in London, those who favoured the cause of the Princess Mary, were exerting themselves for her in other parts of the country. She was now in Suffolk, and prepared to make her escape to Flanders, should Lady Jane Grey be established as queen. But this was not necessary, for there was a much stronger party on the side of Mary, than on that of the Duke of Northumberland ; and so in a few days she was conducted to London in triumph, and received with the general approbation of the people.


It was no disappointment to Lady Jane to retire to her quiet mode of life again, after wearing the crown for ten days. She was rejoiced that her reign was so soon over ; —but unhappily, the matter did not end here. The Duke of Northumberland was seized, tried for treason, condemned, and executed. Dreadful as his end was, we cannot but feel that it was the just punishment of his crime ; and he gives us an instructive, *though a very sad example of the fatal effects*

of selfish and unprincipled ambition. The Duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane, and Lord Guildford Dudley, were imprisoned also ; Suffolk soon obtained his liberty, but his daughter, who, to gratify his pride, had been induced to act against her own better judgment, remained a prisoner in the Tower, and so also did her husband.

A few months after this, an insurrection broke out, headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt. This rebellion was occasioned by the proposed marriage of Queen Mary with Philip of Spain, a determined Roman Catholic, which was very displeasing to the people. The rebellion however was put down, Wyatt was executed, and several of his party suffered death also. One of these was the Duke of Suffolk himself. Lady Jane and her husband were quite innocent, but being so nearly related to Suffolk, they were unjustly considered as sharers in his guilt ; and orders were accordingly issued for their execution. Lady Jane was not surprised when this fatal news reached her. She had long expected it, and she could listen to the mournful intelligence with calmness and composure. She began to arrange her affairs, and to take leave of her friends. She wrote a farewell letter to her sister in Greek, and this she sent, with a Greek Testament, as a dying token of her love. The Bible had long been

Lady Jane's best guide and teacher ; she found it her support and comfort in the approach of death, and her last wish was that it should be, to her beloved sister, the friend and companion which it had been to herself.

When the sad day of execution arrived, Lady Jane sent a message to her husband,—a very mournful one it was, and yet the only message that could give any comfort to either of them at such a moment. She could not see him to say farewell ; she knew what a meeting *that* would be, and she determined to prevent such a trial to their feelings. So she sent him word, that though they would never meet again in this world, they would soon be together “in a better place and more happy estate.” But notwithstanding this care, Lady Jane had to witness that morning a sight which might indeed have overcome all the composure which she was trying so much to preserve. As she stood at the window of the room in which she was confined, awaiting her own summons, she saw her beloved husband carried by on his way to execution. She knew too well where he was going ; and why. He raised his eyes to the window, and gave her one sad look,—the last she could ever receive from him till, as she said, they should meet “in a better place, and a more happy estate.”




dreadful hour passed away, and then

another sight was seen from the same window—his headless body being conveyed in a cart from the place of execution! *That* was more than his tender affectionate wife could bear in silence. She spoke *now*, for her words could no longer affect him whom she loved so well;—"O Guildford, Guildford," she cried, "the antepast is not so bitter that thou hast tasted, and which I shall soon taste, as to make my flesh tremble; it is nothing compared to the feast of which we shall partake this day in Heaven."

And now the time was come for her own death. She was soon composed again. She shed no tears; she uttered no word of sorrow, no word about the injustice of her death. No; her thoughts were fixed upon better, and holier, and brighter things. The few remaining moments were spent in prayer; and when she reached the scaffold, she spoke calmly to those who stood around,—not to accuse her enemies, not to defend herself,—but to acknowledge that she had erred and deserved punishment, for allowing others to persuade her to do that which her own conscience declared to be wrong. Lady Jane had learnt, from the religion of the Bible, to be humble, and to feel her own sinfulness and weakness; and so she was more ready to blame herself, than to speak harshly of those *who had treated her with so much*

injustice and cruelty. When all was ready, she bound a handkerchief round her eyes, and then being led to the block, she quietly laid down her head, repeated those beautiful words of David, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit,"—and so died. Her father was executed soon after. Ah, how different his feelings must have been when he too came to die; and when, before his own death, he heard of this last scene in the life of his child, what agony, what remorse of conscience, must he have experienced at the thought of the sad consequences of his own ambition!

Lady Jane Grey was not more than seventeen years of age at the time of her death, and yet how much maturity there was in her character. She was learned and accomplished, for she not only had a great deal of natural ability, but she had received an excellent education. She was so fond of study, that she devoted almost all her time to reading; and was often found busy over her books when other young people were idling or amusing themselves. This was one reason why she was so unambitious, and so fond of quiet and retirement. With such a variety of resources in herself, she had little temptation to care for the vanities and follies of the world. But the best of all her studies, was the study of God's word. *That* it was, ~~which~~, more than any thing else, made her




happy and contented. It taught her how to live, and how to die. It was, as we have just seen, her comfort in death ; and the last words she ever uttered were words of Scripture.

And now I must tell you how it fared with the Protestants and their cause in the reign of Queen Mary. This word Protestant is perhaps new to you ; it was the name by which the friends of the Reformation were distinguished, because they protested against the erroneous doctrines of Rome. Mary, as you heard before, was a zealous Papist, and all the fears of her brother Edward were more than realized when she came to the throne. she soon began to consider in what way Protestantism could be put down, and Popery restored ; and her counsellors in this matter were Cardinal Pole, Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, and Bonner, Bishop of London,—all rigid Papists. The Cardinal, however, was a kind and amiable man ; and therefore, though he was desirous of carrying out the Queen's wishes, he advised that mild measures only should be employed,—not cruelty and persecution. But the other two thought differently. They were naturally harsh and severe men ; and it was their opinion that, in order to destroy Protestantism altogether from England, those who professed it must be put to death, and burnt as heretics in the flames. Mary

agreed with Gardiner and Bonner, and the work of persecution began accordingly. The laws which Edward VI. had made respecting religion, were all done away, and others of a contrary kind were instituted. Those of the Bishops and clergy who adhered to the Roman Catholic doctrines were favoured, and those who belonged to the Protestant party were watched, sought out, and brought to trial for their opinions. The questions usually asked persons accused of heresy, were respecting the *real presence* in the sacrament: that is, whether the bread were actually changed into the real body of Christ, according to the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation. The denial of this was generally followed by a sentence of condemnation, and then the faithful advocates for the truth were committed to the flames. You may form some idea of the fierceness of this persecution, when I tell you that, in the course of three years, about 270 persons were burnt to death as heretics; and a large number also were punished in other ways. Among the martyrs were five bishops, and twenty-one clergymen,—faithful ministers of God's word. Even women and children were not spared; and rich and poor were alike in danger, if they were but convicted of holding Protestant opinions.

And now I will give you a few of these sad



stories of martyrdom ; for painful as it is to dwell upon such a subject, it will yet be useful and instructive for us to do so, if we learn, on one hand, from the example of these holy men, to be zealous for the truth, and ready, if need be, to suffer for its sake ; and, on the other hand, to be thankful that the fires of persecution are now extinguished, and that we live in a time when we are at liberty to read and to hear God's word, none making us afraid.


The first who suffered under this persecution was Rogers, a clergyman in London, a learned as well as a truly good man. When danger approached, he was advised for the sake of his family, if not for his own, to escape into Germany. But Rogers refused ; no doubt he thought that duty required him to remain where he was ; and so he left the matter in the hands of God, and prepared to meet the worst, even death itself, if it should be His will.—He was soon brought before Gardiner and Bonner, and condemned. But the prospect of death did not deprive him of his calmness and serenity ; and the very night previous to his execution, he was found sleeping when his jailors came to summon him.

You remember how the Apostle Peter once slept in prison, when *he* was expecting to suffer death for the truth's sake. Cruel men cannot take from the people of God, that

peace which He only is able to bestow ;—peace of mind, and very frequently, peace of body too. Peter was delivered from prison by a miracle ; but it was not so in the case we are now talking of. Rogers was taken from prison only to be carried to the stake, to suffer and to die. Before the fatal moment arrived, pardon was offered him, if he would recant his opinions ; but he refused, saying, he would gladly lay down his life in testimony of the doctrines he had preached ; and so the fire was kindled,—and Rogers perished !

Hooper, Bishop of Gloucester, suffered about the same time. His martyrdom was a particularly tedious and painful one ; but though a promise of pardon was laid before him also, he, like Rogers, was unmoved by it to recant, or to relinquish the truth. Even in his greatest agony, he was heard praying, and exhorting the people, until the flames prevented him from speaking. His last words were, “ Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ! ” and then, like holy Stephen, “ he fell asleep.”

One minister of the gospel named Saunders, was so full of hope and joy in the prospect of Heaven, that when he reached the stake, he actually embraced it, saying, “ Welcome ! the cross of Christ ! welcome ! everlasting life ; ” and another, named Taylor, sang psalms of praise, until one of the guards



struck him on the head with his halbert, and so ended his sufferings.

Gardiner hoped that these four executions, which I have just mentioned, would put a stop to heresy altogether, and that people would now be induced to give up their opinions, rather than to suffer so dreadfully on account of them. But he was mistaken ;—the number of heretics increased rather than diminished ; and, being tired of the office of finding them out, and punishing them, he referred the matter to Bonner. Bonner gladly undertook the task. He was indeed so violent and cruel a man, that he actually delighted in inflicting suffering upon his prisoners with his own hands. It is said that he once tore out the beard of a weaver who refused to renounce his religion, and then held his hand in a candle, that he might understand, as he told him, something of the pain of burning.

You have not forgotten, I hope, the name of Latimer, whom I mentioned as a man of learning, as well as of piety, in the reign of Henry VIII ; nor that of Ridley, Bishop of London, the counsellor of young Edward VI. on his dying bed. These two men were now called upon to end their course by laying down their lives for the truth's sake. They suffered together at Oxford, bound to the same stake. When the fire was just about to be kindled, Latimer, who was an aged man, standing up—

ful were the consequences of such neglect both to herself and others.

And now there are one or two lessons I wish you to learn from this part of our history. In the first place, we see from it how very dangerous is the tendency of the Romish religion. What a dreadful amount of suffering and death did it occasion in the course of one short reign ! And it is important for you to notice that this is, in fact, the *natural* tendency of the Popish system. The great end the church of Rome has in view, is the extension of her own power and authority, by bringing people into her communion ; and if this cannot be effected by mild means,—by persuasions and allurements,—she considers it quite lawful to employ severity,—persecution, and even death itself,—to accomplish her purposes, when it is possible and expedient to do so. Now you know enough of the doctrines of this church, to see that it contains a great deal of most dangerous error ; and so indeed must every system of religion which does not draw the rule of its faith from the word of God alone, and order its practice in accordance with Scripture truth. Oh, then, be thankful for that pure religion which you have learnt from the Bible ; love and study that Bible more and more, and strive really to

understand its sacred doctrines, and to live in obedience to its commands.

But then I must not forget to give you a necessary caution here, while we are talking on the subject of Popery. When we read of such a reign as Mary's, and the account of the sufferings of so many good and holy men, we are apt sometimes to feel angry, and to express a great deal of indignation against those who persecuted and killed them. Now this is not a right feeling. We should always carefully distinguish between principles and persons,—between error, and those who hold error. We cannot be too strongly opposed to sin and error, of all kinds ;—it is well that we should be so. But then, we should cherish very different feelings towards the *persons* who are under their influence. For *them* we should show pity, not anger. We may blame their *conduct* indeed, but we should mourn over and pray for *them*. This is the spirit of the gospel ; and if we act and feel differently, we act and feel unworthily of that religion of love which it is our privilege and happiness to profess. Let us always bear in mind the exhortation of Christ Himself ;—“ Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.”

XXVIII. PROSPEROUS TIMES.

A.D. 1558—1603.

This royal infant, Heaven still move about her,
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land, a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed. * * * *

* * * * * All princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubl'd on her. Truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd; her own shall bless her,
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
with her;


In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry song of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness.—SHAKESPEARE.

So it is that our great poet feigns Archbishop
Cranmer to prophesy of the future glory and
prosperity of the infant Elizabeth; and though

we must make all due allowance for poetical exaggeration, and also for the partiality of Shakespeare for his queen, (for it was in her reign that he lived and wrote) yet every English man, woman, and child, should love and revere the name of Elizabeth, as having brought "upon this land, a thousand, thousand blessings." She was not indeed so perfect a character as these lines seem to imply. She had, like other sovereigns, her faults and her weaknesses, as we shall see in the course of the history of her reign; but, notwithstanding these, she was a great queen; a woman of no common capacity, and, above all, a firm Protestant, and a zealous promoter of the cause of the Reformation. It is in this last character particularly that we owe her so much; for she was a powerful instrument, in the hands of Providence, of restoring to the country that religion which had been so grievously persecuted in the days of her predecessor.

Had Elizabeth been the immediate successor of Edward the VI, though we might still have mourned over the early death of the young king, we should not have grieved so much for the interests of Protestantism, as we are inclined to do when we look at the intermediate reign of Mary. As we think of the number of martyrs sacrificed in those few years, we are disposed to imagine, that religion must

have suffered in consequence very much indeed ; and then we begin to wonder, perhaps, why God should allow His own cause so to decline and fall. Now, had this really been the case, however dark and mysterious it might appear, it would yet be our part to submit to the wisdom of God, and to acknowledge that what He permitted must have been for the accomplishment of some wise and good purpose. But I said something to you of this kind not long ago, and therefore I do not intend to dwell upon it now ;—it is a different truth which I have to impress upon your minds to-day. But first, I must say, that all these persecutions and martyrdoms had *not* the effect we might have supposed they would have. They did *not* really injure the cause of Protestantism, nor diminish the number of those who were ready to stand up for the truth's sake. For as the martyrs fell, others, animated by their example, arose to fill their place ; and thus it happened as with the persecuted Israelites in Egypt,—“the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew.” And so the great truth that we have to learn here is this,—that persecution, and sorrow, and affliction, are frequently among the means which God uses for promoting the success of the gospel, both with individuals, and in the world at large. The cause of religion is very



generally found to thrive better in times of adversity, than in times of prosperity.

Now, perhaps, this seems strange to you ; you do not understand how it can be ; and yet there is something very similar going on in the *natural* world, which we are accustomed to see continually. The trees and herbs, and flowers and fruits,—what do *they* require to make them flourish and grow ? Not sun-shine always ; that would weaken and dry them up, and then they would soon become sickly, and die away altogether. No ; sometimes rain, and sometimes wind, and sometimes even the heavy storm is necessary to promote their growth and vigour. All these tend to freshen and purify them, and to free them from blight and disease ; and the wind when it blows so roughly, and howls so dismally in the forest, and shakes the trees as if it would tear them up by the very roots,—even that boisterous wind does good ; for it causes the roots to strike deeper and firmer into the ground, and makes the young trees stronger than they were before. Now cannot you understand that God may act sometimes in the same kind of way in the *moral* world—with the cause of religion in general, and with His own people in particular ? A long continuance of the sun-shine of prosperity is not good for any of us. It makes us too easy—

too fond of this world ; and then the things of eternity are forgotten, and religion grows weak in our hearts, and begins to sicken and fade like the plants and flowers in the scorching heat of summer. And so God, from time to time, sends the storm, and the wind, and the tempest,—sorrow, and trouble, and persecution upon His people, to force them to exercise their faith more vigorously ; that so they may become stronger and firmer,—“rooted and grounded” in Him, and may yield more of the fruits of holiness to his honour and glory.—But it is now time to return to the history.

Elizabeth was only twenty-five years of age when she came to the throne, and yet she had already seen a great deal of sorrow and trouble. When very young, her mother Anne Boleyn had, as you remember, been tried, condemned, and executed ; and the recollection of that sad event must have embittered all the young days of Elizabeth’s childhood. She was brought up a Protestant ; and though her love of the Reformation endeared her to her brother Edward, it had quite a contrary effect upon her sister, who soon began to dislike her, and to treat her unkindly upon that very account.


When Mary became Queen, Elizabeth was *exposed to the full force of her displeasure.*

She was seized upon suspicion of being concerned in Wyatt's conspiracy; and though very ill at the time, was taken prisoner, and conveyed to the Tower. There she was treated with great severity, confined in a close room, and subjected to several examinations from Bishop Gardiner and others; but she answered all their questions with so much adroitness and discretion, that though they tried various arts to entrap her, they could find nothing in her to condemn. For a whole month however, she was not suffered to breathe the fresh air; and in order to vex and annoy her, or else in the vain hope of converting her from what her enemies called heresy, mass was frequently performed in her room. At last she was allowed, as a great favour, to walk in the queen's garden; but always attended by a guard, who watched every thing she said and did. Even a little boy of only four years old, who sometimes tried to console her, by bringing offerings of flowers, was sent away, lest he should be employed as a messenger to her by some of the suspected party. But these early troubles of Elizabeth had proved very useful to her. She had learnt from them many a lesson of wisdom, and patience, and fortitude; and now, when her affairs took a different turn, and the death of Mary called her from her retirement, and

•

obscurity, and almost disgrace, to the dignities of royalty, she was the better prepared, by the trials she had endured, for the performance of her new duties

Elizabeth was residing at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, when she received the news of her sister's death, and was acknowledged Queen. She soon set off for London, and entered the city amidst shouts of joy from the people, who were quite prepared to love and honour her. Then she was conducted, according to custom, to the Tower. You may imagine what her feelings must have been when she arrived there,—when she found herself in that very place in which she had been confined as a prisoner, and treated with such cruelty, not very long before. How different everything was with her now ! What a change had taken place ! There she stood, surrounded with pomp and splendour, with all around her ready to do her homage, and to pay her every respect in their power. Elizabeth felt, as well she might, not only happy but thankful,—thankful to Him who had so wonderfully brought her through all her difficulties, to such a state of prosperity. She hastened through the various rooms and passages ; and as soon as she reached her own apartments, she fell on her knees, and humbly thanked God who had delivered her, like Daniel from the den of lions,



and permitted her to see this joyful and happy day.

And now came Elizabeth's coronation, and never before had any event been celebrated with so much joy and magnificence in the great city of London. The Queen was conveyed from her palace at Westminster, to the Tower, by water, and a splendid procession was appointed to attend her there in barges ; for the narrow roads of those days were not quite so well adapted for royal processions, as the fine broad streets of our more modern times. A day or two after this, she was attended through the city by a number of noblemen, and gentlemen, and ladies, on horseback, all splendidly attired in velvet, adorned with gold and silver. Triumphal arches were erected in the principal streets, with allegorical figures and representations, and Latin mottos and inscriptions ; and a child was stationed at each, to explain the meaning of these hieroglyphics to the Queen as she proceeded. Elizabeth was gratified with all she saw ; but there was one part of the pageant that pleased her more than any thing else ;—as she passed along, a child, who was intended to represent Truth, stepped forward, and presented her with an English Bible. Elizabeth received it with reverence, pressed it to her lips and her heart, *and declared aloud, that she considered this*

the most valuable gift that could be presented to her, and that she thanked the city more for it than for all the costly adornments that had been prepared for her gratification that day. The people expressed their love and loyalty to their sovereign with tears of joy, when they heard her say this.

Another of these pageants represented a personage in royal robes, with a sceptre in her hand, and over her head this inscription,—“Deborah, the judge and restorer of the house of Israel.” This was intended to intimate that the nation considered Elizabeth to be the restorer and upholder of the Protestant religion in this country,—the faithful guardian of truth, and the mother of her affectionate subjects, the people of England. Every body tried to show some mark of respect and regard to their Queen that day. Even the poor women had their little nosegays of flowers to present; and one, who perhaps had nothing else to bestow, offered her a branch of rosemary. Elizabeth received all their gifts with smiles and thanks, and thus she endeared herself to the people still more.

The first acts of the reign of Elizabeth, showed that she did indeed intend to be the restorer and defender of the reformed religion. All the acts and statutes of Edward VI. which had been set aside during Mary's reign, were

ow again enforced. The Liturgy was read in the churches in the English language; the Bible was freely circulated, and a new translation of it was soon commenced, and quickly completed. The Queen's supremacy was insisted upon, and no one who denied it was allowed to hold any public office. The bishops therefore who refused to take the required oath were deprived of their sees in consequence, but they were treated with mildness and respect. Bonner, who had occasioned so many deaths in the previous reign, and was very obnoxious to the people, was kept in prison during the remainder of his life; but Elizabeth refused to treat even him with greater severity. The religion of Protestantism, —of the Bible,—teaches us to exercise gentleness and forbearance, not hatred and revenge, towards those who differ from us; and though it is the duty of rulers to maintain the cause of truth by enacting righteous laws, and by enforcing the observance of those laws, yet to allow of persecution on account of religion is quite contrary to the spirit of the gospel; and whenever the friends of protestantism have been induced, in times of excitement, to act with harshness in this respect, they have done dishonour to the good cause; and their conduct is to be attributed not to religion, but

VOL. II.

rather to the natural evil and infirmity of their own hearts.

And now we must leave the affairs of the Reformation for a while, and this auspicious beginning of Elizabeth's reign, and turn to a very different subject,—to one too which will show the Queen in a less favourable light than hitherto. You may remember I told you that though Elizabeth was a great queen, and one to whom we owe much, yet she was not free from faults and weaknesses. The story before us will shew this. What I am going to tell you is connected with the affairs of Scotland; it is a long story, and the events belonging to it occupied a long series of years, but it will interest you more if I relate it all at once, and without interruption from other matters; and we can return afterwards to any thing intervening which it may be necessary to mention.

You remember, I dare say, the disputes which took place between this country and Scotland in the reign of Edward VI., and that Mary, the young Queen, was sent for education to France, where she was married to the prince, afterwards King Francis II. The education which Mary received was not likely to make her either a wise or a happy woman; and so, though there was much in

her that was naturally pleasing and promising, she grew up vain and frivolous.

Some years passed away; her husband Francis died, and the young widow prepared to return to Scotland, there to reign as queen. A sad day for Mary was that on which she left France. Her brightest years had been spent there; she loved that country far better than her native land, and as she sailed away from its shores she wept bitterly, and cried, "Farewell, beloved France, farewell; I shall never see thee more!" Poor Mary! could she then have foreseen all the trouble and sorrow that lay before her, she would have felt her departure for Scotland more bitterly still!

Great changes had taken place in Scotland during Mary's absence. The doctrines of the Reformation had found their way there, and were publicly and powerfully preached, especially by the zealous reformer of Scotland, John Knox. Mary was, as you know, a papist; and therefore, though she was welcomed with joy and affection by many on her return, yet the Protestant party felt vexed to think, that they should not receive from her that support which Elizabeth was so ready to bestow on those of similar sentiments in England.

A few years after Mary's return to Scotland, she was married to Lord Darnley, with the con-

sent, and indeed at the recommendation of her cousin Elizabeth. But it was not long before Lord Darnley was murdered, in a dreadful and somewhat mysterious manner, by order of the Earl of Bothwell, who was himself soon after married to Mary. All this occasioned a great deal of disturbance in Scotland. Mary was supposed to have been concerned in the murder of her husband; Bothwell was obliged to fly for his life, and she was made a prisoner, and confined in Lochleven Castle. Here she remained nearly a year, and then contrived to make her escape. After a great many adventures which I need not mention, a battle took place between her party and that of the Earl of Murray, who headed the opposite side. In this battle Mary was defeated, and compelled to save herself by flight. She then wrote to Elizabeth, throwing herself on her compassion, asking her assistance, and begging for a refuge in England. Elizabeth sent a kind reply. She made many fair promises to her unfortunate cousin, though not, as you will soon see, very sincere ones; and Mary accordingly hastened to England, full of hope in these assurances. When she arrived, Elizabeth had her conveyed to Carlisle, under a pretence of greater security, but really from motives of a very different kind. From the first, Elizabeth had felt jealous of the Scottish Queen. She feared

Mary might one day prove an enemy and a rival, and so she at once determined to keep her entirely in her own power, as a captive in the country, not as a guest, or a friend. She refused to see her ; sent her from one prison to another, and at last, confined her in Fotheringay Castle, in Northamptonshire, where she remained the rest of her life.

During all this time, Mary made many struggles to obtain her liberty ; and she was, at last, supposed to have been concerned in a conspiracy against Elizabeth. Whether this accusation were true or false, it was at least made the reason for bringing Mary to a trial, and she was condemned, and sentenced to death. But it was some time before Elizabeth would give the order for her execution ; and when she did so, it was with so much hesitation and ambiguity, that those who received the order hardly knew how to act. The truth was, that Elizabeth wished, if possible, to get rid of her rival without implicating herself in any share of responsibility ; and so she adopted this insincere and uncertain line of conduct. And thus it is that people are often induced to act, when they try to do something which is in accordance with their wishes, but contrary to the dictates of their conscience. The whole behaviour of Elizabeth towards her unhappy cousin was full of duplicity, and quite unworthy of a great queen,

an amiable woman, or a kind relative. Mary was indeed to blame for many parts of *her* conduct; but this cannot justify the artifice of Elizabeth in first inviting her to England in a friendly manner, and then, when in her power, treating her with so much harshness; and at last permitting her to be executed as a criminal, without sufficient evidence of her guilt. There was much cruelty, and injustice too, in all this.

But you will be interested in hearing something of the death of this unhappy queen, for whom we cannot but feel pity, notwithstanding all her faults and follies. When Mary was told that she was to die the next day, she received the sad news calmly, and began to arrange her affairs with great composure, and to make her will, and to distribute presents as remembrances among her attendants and friends. On the morning of the fatal day, she arose early, and spent some hours in prayer. A great part of Mary's life had been given up to vain and frivolous pursuits; but now, at its close, she found, as all people must find, that it is only religion that can give peace in the prospect of death. But alas, the religion to which Mary still clung, was not one able to afford her real and solid comfort. She did not, like Lady Jane Grey when preparing for *her* execution, seek for support only in the word

and promises of God. Mary had been taught to place her confidence in other things besides these,—in Romish superstitions—which could not profit, nor do her any real good.

At last came the summons for the execution. Mary arose, and walked calmly forward, holding, in one hand, a book of prayers, and in the other, a crucifix, which she kissed with reverence and affection. When she came to the scaffold, she bade a tender farewell to those around, and desired her friends not to weep, because she was going to leave this world of sin and vanity, which was full of trouble and misery. She declared that she had never sought the life of Elizabeth, and asked God to forgive those who had determined to take *her's*. Then she repeated in Latin some of the penitential psalms; and having affectionately embraced her weeping female attendants, and still holding the crucifix in her hand, she prepared to receive the fatal blow of the executioner, saying, "My God, I have hoped in Thee, I commit myself to Thy hands."

So died the beautiful and unhappy Mary Queen of Scotland. Her story is a very sad one,—one upon which we cannot dwell with any satisfaction. But as we may learn something from every person's history, of whatever nature that history may be, let us try to find something to instruct us here.

I think we may trace a good deal of Mary's misery to her early life,—to her education and pursuits when very young. She was beautiful and accomplished ; and, on these accounts, much flattered during her residence in the French court, where such things were more highly valued than solid worth and acquirements. All this was very pleasing to the young queen at the time, but it was a great injury to her afterwards. She grew so vain, so accustomed to be admired, and to think highly of herself, that her mind became completely engrossed with the trifles of life, and acquired no strength to enable her to act well when the time came for encountering trials or performing duties. You remember how different it was in the case of Elizabeth. Early troubles and difficulties were as beneficial to her, in the formation of a strong and powerful character, as early flattery and prosperity were hurtful to Mary, in producing in *her* a frivolous and undisciplined turn of mind. And then, when we remember that no sound religious principles were ever implanted in the youthful Queen of Scotland, and that she went forth into the world with no better guide than her own wayward heart and ill-directed affections, we cannot wonder that she fell into so many subsequent evils and sins. All this shows us how very important it is to form and cultivate

good principles in early life, and to endeavour so to regulate the mind, and the affections, and the feelings, as to enable us rightly and wisely to go through those duties which may be before us. It is for parents and teachers to inculcate right habits in those under their care ; but then there is work for the young themselves also. They must be willing to listen, to attend, to obey, and to use their own efforts towards the formation of a really good and noble character, or the endeavours of their most anxious friends will be of little avail. The wise man says, "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain." Mary found the truth of these words. Happy would it have been for her, had she known from her own experience the truth of the latter part of the verse also, "The woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

When Elizabeth heard of Mary's death, she gave way to the greatest appearances of sorrow, and of anger also,—blaming those who had received from herself the order for the execution of the unhappy Queen, because they had acted upon it so speedily. For some time she would allow none of her ministers to come near her; she drove them all away, saying, that they had been guilty of a grievous crime, in putting to death her dear sister and kinswoman, contrary to her own fixed purpose, as they themselves very well knew. Then she wrote

a letter of condolence to James, the son of the unfortunate Mary, now king of Scotland, and told him that her grief was excessive, when she heard of his mother's death : that though Mary deserved the sentence which had been passed, yet it was never intended to carry it into execution ; and she ended, by assuring James how much she loved him, and how sincerely she desired his welfare. And then, in order to assure the young king of Scotland, that these things were her real feelings and sentiments in the matter, she most ungenerously caused Davison, the Secretary to whom the order for Mary's execution had been entrusted, to be brought to trial for the crime she affirmed he had committed in acting according to that order. Davison was afraid of displeasing the Queen still more, and of involving himself in further difficulties, if he resisted, or asserted his innocence. He thought it best, therefore, to acknowledge that he had done wrong, and to express his penitence ; but notwithstanding this, he was confined in prison for a long time, and then sentenced to pay a very heavy fine which reduced him almost to beggary. All this duplicity, for such it was, on Elizabeth's part, did not deceive James. At first he was exceedingly angry, and could by no means forgive or forget the cruelty and injustice which his mother had experienced ; by degrees

however, he became appeased, and the two countries, and the two sovereigns, were once more restored to a state of peace. But we can hardly suppose that Elizabeth could, from that time, have enjoyed much tranquillity of conscience, when she reflected upon her own conduct towards Mary, and upon the deceitful manner in which she had endeavoured to disguise it. The whole story is indeed a blot upon Elizabeth's fame; it cannot be excused, nor concealed; and so it must remain, to teach us another humbling lesson of the weakness and sinfulness of human nature; to show us the necessity of seeking help from a higher power than our own, and of asking God to cleanse us "from secret faults," and also to keep us back from "presumptuous sins."

But let us now turn to a more pleasing part of Elizabeth's history. I told you that it is to her protestant character, which led her to take such a decided part in the spread of the reformed religion, that we owe so much; and the principles which she held made her a blessing, not to England only, but to other countries also. Many parts of Europe were at this time suffering from persecution, as violent as that which had raged in our own land during the reign of Mary. In the course of the years which we have just glanced over, civil war had broken out in France, in conse-

quence of the difference of religion in the two parties ; and the Protestants in the Netherlands were feeling the cruelty of Philip II, under whose dominion they had fallen at the abdication of his father, the Emperor Charles V. In this time of trouble, the persecuted protestants looked to the great Queen Elizabeth for protection, and this she was quite ready and willing to bestow. She gave assistance to the reformed party in France ; and charitably received the afflicted fugitives from Flanders, offering them a place of refuge on her English shores. An act of kindness is never lost to those who perform it, and so it proved now. Elizabeth, and her country too, gained considerable benefit from this benevolent treatment of the French and Flemish refugees ; for they brought with them several arts and manufactures, hitherto imperfectly known in England, and so became the means of effecting great improvements in various branches of trade and commerce.

Philip II, king of Spain, whom I just now mentioned, had been the husband of Queen Mary, and, like her, he was a most determined Papist. He disliked Elizabeth on many accounts ;—he was jealous of her power, and he hated her religion ; and he now determined to send a very large naval force to England, *with the intention of invading and conquer-*

ing the country. This great fleet consisted of 130 vessels, many of which were larger than any that had ever before been used in Europe. On board these ships, were 19,295 soldiers, and 8,456 mariners; they were well furnished with arms, and had provisions enough for several months' subsistence. The expedition received the especial blessing of the Pope, at whose suggestion it was in a great measure undertaken, and it sailed from the coast of Spain, with the most confident hope of success, and bearing the title of "The Invincible Armada."

And now, what was queen Elizabeth to do to avoid this threatening danger? She heard of the formidable preparations of the king of Spain without dismay, and then prepared to meet them with great coolness and wisdom. Her naval forces were indeed fewer in number than her enemy's; but she had very brave sailors, and very skilful commanders; so she had not much cause for fear on that account. Her soldiers were more numerous, though they were inferior in point of discipline to those of Spain. However, Elizabeth assembled them, and stationed different bodies of troops around the southern coast, that they might be in readiness to oppose the landing of the Spaniards. The command of the navy was given to Lord Howard of Effingham, and

VOL. II. M

under him served Drake, Hawkins, and Fro-bisher,—all very brave and gallant seamen.

When her forces were assembled, and due preparations had been made for the expected invasion, Elizabeth determined to animate the minds of the soldiers by her own presence and example ; so she went to the camp at Tilbury, in Essex, where the main body of the troops were collected together, and then, mounted on horseback, she rode through the lines, speaking so cheerfully to the men that they all felt inspired with courage and ardour at the sight of their brave queen. I am sure you will like to hear part of the speech which she addressed to the soldiers, as they all stood before her on that celebrated occasion.

“ My loving people,” she began, “ we have been persuaded by some that are careful for our safety, to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery ; but, I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the good will and loyal hearts of my subjects ; and I am come among you at this time, resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or die amongst you all ; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood,

even in the dust. I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman ; but I have the heart of a king,—and a king of England too ; —and think scorn that any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realms, to which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms ; I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already, by your forwardness, that you have deserved rewards and crowns ; and assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my lieutenant-general shall be in my stead ; not doubting, by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdom, and of my people.”—Can you not imagine what effect such a speech must have had upon the minds of the soldiers, and how ardently they must now have desired to obey the commands, and deserve the praise of their noble queen ?

And now let us travel as far as Spain, and see what is going on there all this time. The preparations were made, and the day fixed for the departure of the fleet, when the admiral to whom the command of the expedition had been entrusted, was taken ill, and died. It was necessary therefore to appoint another to take

his place, and Philip fixed upon the Duke of Medina, who was not, however, equal in skill to the one whom he had just lost. This circumstance occasioned some delay, and it was several days after the time at first fixed, when the ships sailed from Lisbon. Another disaster soon occurred. A heavy storm burst upon them before they had proceeded far; and this injured some of the vessels so much as to occasion another delay, that they might be repaired, and made fit for the voyage. Meantime the English were watching attentively for the first sight of the enemy; and when the Spanish fleet appeared in the Channel, Lord Howard was quite prepared with his plans of attack. Several encounters took place; and as the English sailors were far more skilful on the sea than the Spanish were, they contrived to do much injury to the enemy's vessels, without receiving any themselves. The Armada now moved on nearer to the English coast, and had arrived near Dunkirk, when a sudden calm prevented the ships from proceeding any farther. So the three fleets,—those of the Spanish, the English, and the Dutch, who were united with the English on this occasion, remained quietly, side by side, without attempting to attack one another for a whole day. But when night came, a breeze sprang up, and then Lord Howard determined to try

a new expedient for annoying his Spanish foes. He filled some vessels with sulphur and pitch, set them on fire, and then let the wind drive them among the ships of the Spanish fleet. This occasioned, as you may suppose, a great deal of alarm and confusion in the Armada ; and when morning dawned, it was found that several of the vessels had been so much injured as to be unfit for further use. That day, a fierce battle took place, which lasted from four o'clock in the morning until six at night. Both parties fought with great bravery, but the Spanish suffered so much loss, that the Duke of Medina began to despair of success, and to think of giving up the attempt upon England, and returning as he best could to Spain. He took a northerly direction, intending to sail round the British Isles, but while still near the coast, another storm arose, and a most tremendous one it was. The English returned home without much injury, but the Spaniards fared very differently. Many of their ships were dashed to pieces on the rocks of Norway ; some were sunk in the ocean, and others were lost on the Scotch coast. A second storm overtook them from the west, and drove several more of their vessels on the shores of Ireland. Numbers of the sailors and soldiers were drowned or shipwrecked, and only a small remnant of vessels and men reached Spain, of

all that mighty armament which had been so boastingly called "the Invincible Armada." The return of the surviving mariners and their shattered vessels, formed a melancholy contrast to the splendour and pride of their departure. The whole country of Spain was now in a state of mourning; for almost every family of rank had lost some relative in that disastrous expedition; and Philip found it necessary to restrain and limit this general mourning, lest the universal sorrow should have an injurious effect upon the minds of his people.

But all this time, general joy and thankfulness prevailed throughout England and Holland;—joy, not indeed on account of the ruin of their enemies, but because of their own deliverance; and thankfulness for the success which had crowned their efforts for safety and preservation. Both countries testified their gratitude in the way in which Christian countries should do;—they appointed days for public thanksgiving to God for their deliverance. Elizabeth herself rode to St. Paul's Cathedral in a triumphal chariot, surrounded by her nobles and ministers, and amidst the flags and colours that had been taken from the enemy; and on each side the streets were arranged multitudes of happy citizens, who saluted her with shouts of joy and thankfulness as she passed along. In Holland, medals were

struck in remembrance of the event, on which the destruction of the Spanish fleet was represented, with this inscription, "Jehovah blew, and they were scattered."—And these feelings of joy and gratitude were not confined to England and Holland. All Europe,—all the *protestant* part of Europe at least,—shared in the general rejoicing; for it was well known that, had Philip succeeded in his enterprize against England, he would have attacked other Protestant states also, and endeavoured to destroy the reformed religion from every country of Europe.

Such is the story,—the wonderful story we may call it,—of the Spanish expedition, which so alarmed every heart in the summer of 1588; and we will not leave it without pausing for a moment, to remember the goodness of God in interfering, in such a remarkable manner, for the deliverance of our beloved country. Many long years have passed away since that memorable time; but we ought not, even in these days, to forget the mercy which our nation then received. We must bear in mind, that it was a mercy which affected not only the temporal prosperity of England, but the more important concerns of religion also; and that the deliverance was owing, in a very great measure, to providential occurrences over which Elizabeth, with all her prudence, and foresight, and courage, could have no control. I mean the

circumstance of those violent storms taking place, which first delayed the departure of the Spanish fleet, and afterwards so completely destroyed it, as to render any further attack upon England quite impossible. Elizabeth acted nobly and rightly throughout this matter; and she did so in two ways; first, by making every preparation for the defence of her country which she judged necessary, and which God was pleased to bless as the means, the human instrumentality, used for preservation; and secondly, by ascribing the final success and deliverance, not to herself, nor to her soldiers and her sailors, but to Him who had blown with His winds, and scattered the enemy; thus publicly testifying her gratitude for such a great and signal national mercy.

We have not for a long time heard any thing of the affairs of Ireland. That country had, as you know, been in the possession of England for more than four hundred years,—from the time of its conquest by Henry II. But the Irish were still very far from being considered a part of this nation, and were treated rather as enemies, than as friends and fellow-subjects. Little had been done, either intellectually or morally, to bring them out of their state of ignorance and barbarism. They received no benefit from the English laws, and the improvements which had reached other

countries, had not yet been permitted to extend to them. It was no wonder, therefore, that frequent rebellions broke out in Ireland, and that the governors who were sent there from time to time, should have much difficulty in reducing the people to order and obedience.

At the period of which we are now speaking, a very dangerous rebellion had taken place in Ireland, headed by Hugh O'Neile, Earl of Tyrone, and it was necessary to send over an army to quell it. The charge of the undertaking was committed to the Earl of Essex, a young nobleman who was a great favourite with the Queen; and she gave him full power to carry on or to terminate the war as he himself pleased. But Essex did not conduct the business in a way to satisfy Elizabeth. He made peace with Tyrone upon very disadvantageous terms; and was even suspected of holding correspondence with, and improperly favouring the enemy. This made Elizabeth exceedingly angry, for she was naturally warm and impetuous in her temper. She soon let Essex know how much displeased she was; but, at the same time, she commanded him to remain in Ireland till he received further orders. Instead of doing this, however, he returned home immediately, rushed into the presence of the Queen, and threw himself on his knees before her. Elizabeth received

him better than he had feared ; but she had not forgotten his offence ; and she ordered him to be kept in custody for a time, and had him examined by the council. This treatment lessened the feeling of respect and affection which Essex had for his Queen ; and he began to act towards her in a very disloyal manner, and even to join in a conspiracy against her government. For this crime, he was brought to trial, and condemned. But the Queen, notwithstanding all her displeasure, still felt a great regard for Essex. After she had signed the warrant for his execution, she countermanded the order ; then again, she determined on his death, and once more relented. At last the command was finally given, and the unhappy earl perished on the scaffold. When he was actually dead, the Queen bitterly regretted what she had done ; and a circumstance which occurred when it was too late to be of any use, distressed her so much that she never recovered from the effects of her grief. I must now tell you what this circumstance was.

At the time that the Earl of Essex was in the greatest favour with the Queen, she had given him a ring, and desired him, if ever he should be in distress, or if ever he wished to ask any thing of her, to send her that ring, and then his request should be immediately granted. After his condemnation, Elizabeth had fully

expected that Essex would avail himself of this permission; and she had hoped, hour after hour, to see this ring brought to her, with a petition for his life, which she would very gladly have granted. But nothing of the kind appeared; and so, as I told you, the fatal day came, and the execution took place. No petition for pardon had been received, and therefore no mitigation of the sentence had been bestowed.

Some time had passed since the death of Essex, when Elizabeth one day received a message from the Countess of Nottingham, saying that she was dying, and that she had something on her conscience which she desired to confess to the Queen. No doubt Elizabeth was surprised at the message, but she hastened to attend the summons. The Countess was lying very ill on her bed, when the Queen entered the room. She entreated her to approach; and then producing a ring, she placed it in Elizabeth's hand. It was the well-known ring which the Queen had herself given to the earl of Essex! The Countess confessed, that Essex had sent it to her after his condemnation, with an earnest desire that she would deliver it to the Queen, as a sign that he implored forgiveness. But this the Countess had neglected to do; for, knowing that her husband was an enemy of Essex, she was afraid of acting in

any way that might induce the Queen to pardon him. Thus the commission had been left unfulfilled, and the unhappy earl had in consequence suffered execution. But now that the Countess of Nottingham was herself dying, her conscience reproached her for this act of cruelty. She felt that she had, in some degree at least, occasioned the death of Essex, and she could not die in peace until she had confessed her guilt to the Queen, and entreated forgiveness.

Dreadful indeed was the scene which took place in the chamber of the unhappy Countess that day. There she lay, dying, stung with the reproaches of conscience, at a time when she would feel them most keenly; and there stood Elizabeth,—examining the ring, recognizing it as that which she had given to her poor lost favourite, which she had so confidently expected he would send to her in his distress, and had so wondered never to receive. Now, that strange mystery was explained; but explained too late;—Essex was dead,—fallen a victim to the hard-heartedness and treachery of the woman who now lay dying before her. Elizabeth's anger was roused. She reproached the Countess most bitterly, and even shook her in her rage; and then, declaring that she never could, and never would forgive her, she rushed out of the room.

Elizabeth never recovered from the shock




which she received that day. She retired to her room ; and there she remained in deep grief, her eyes fixed, her hands on her lips ; and when asked a question, she replied only by groans and sighs. She refused food and medicine, and sought to be alone, and to be undisturbed by earthly things. It was soon evident that the Queen was dying ; and when those around hinted this to her, and the Bishops who were in attendance, advised her to direct her thoughts to God, she told them that she had already done so. Then she was questioned about her successor ; for she had no nearer relation to inherit her crown than James of Scotland ; and her short answer was, " No base person, but a king ; " which was understood to signify the king of Scotland. She was again asked to assure her ministers that it was he whom she intended, by raising her hand, if she could not speak ; and this she did. Her few remaining hours were spent in silent devotion ; she then fell asleep, and awoke only to breathe her last. She was nearly seventy years of age when she died, and had reigned forty-four.

I think you will agree with me, that there is something very melancholy in this death of Queen Elizabeth. As we stand, as it were, beside her, and see her lying upon her couch, looking so sad, and answering the questions

VOL. II. N

addressed to her only by a sigh or a groan,—we feel that this is not the end we should have expected to read of a great and a good queen.

Now, if we look back at the life and character of Elizabeth, we may be able, perhaps, to account, in some measure at least, for all this. She was, as we have seen, a great queen. She was a firm protestant ; she was a zealous promoter of the reformed faith among her own people, and she was ever ready to support the cause of truth in other nations also ; and so she was an instrument of effecting much and general good. And yet, if we look at her *private* life, we shall find reason to fear that Elizabeth was not, after all, a truly religious woman. We do not see in her those good fruits, by which alone we can form a judgment respecting the real character and principles. We have had many instances of her jealousy, and pride, and passion ; we have found them getting the better of her other and nobler feelings, and leading her to the commission even of dreadful crimes ; and to the very last she appears to have been under the influence of these unchristian tempers. Now, as death approached, we may imagine such remembrances to have rushed into her mind ; and then she must have felt that, with much knowledge of what was right, much respect for true religion,




and much effort to promote its cause by her public acts, her own heart and life had been little indeed under the influence of real Christianity. These are awful thoughts for a death-bed,—sad reflections for a dying person, whether that person be high or low, rich or poor, the great Queen Elizabeth, or one of the meanest and most ignorant of her subjects. Thoughts like these were enough to cloud her brow, and to sadden her heart. But it is not possible for us to know what passed in her mind in the solemn, quiet hours of sickness and sorrow. Let us hope, that when, in answer to the advice given her to direct her thoughts to God and heavenly things, she replied that she had already done so, she spoke truly and sincerely; and that, whatever her past life might have been, however inconsistent with the religion she professed, yet, ere death took her away from her earthly kingdom, she had been taught to seek and to find a title to that inheritance which is “incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.”

Queen Elizabeth was the last of the line of Tudor, which commenced, as you know, with her grandfather, Henry VII. It will therefore be well, perhaps, in this place, to say a little about the manners and customs which prevailed in England at the close of the sixteenth

century, just as we have done before at some other stated periods.

The country was still in a state of semi-barbarism in many respects,—that is, compared with the refinement of modern days ; though considerable improvements of all kinds had taken place since the times of the civil wars of York and Lancaster. The people, for instance, were still fond of wild and cruel sports, such as bear-baiting, and bull-baiting ; they loved noise and excitement ; and even their music was of a loud and inharmonious description. The Queen herself used to listen, during her meals, with much satisfaction, to the sound of twelve trumpets, and two kettle-drums, and an indefinite number of fifes and cornets which made the great hall ring for an hour together. And then, the meals of those days were very different from ours, in other respects, besides the music which enlivened them. Breakfast was seldom thought of, or, if it were, it consisted only of a slice of bread, and a glass of ale ; for the luxuries of tea and coffee were as yet unknown. However, as eleven was the hour for dinner, the morning meal was certainly not so essential for the good folks of Elizabeth's time as it is for ourselves. Supper was served at about five o'clock ; and most people went to bed at nine or ten, and rose very early in the morning.




The style of dress too, was not at all like ours. Ladies began now to appear in very fine clothes and ornaments. They wore large showy velvet bonnets, stiff petticoats, and long-waisted bodices, such as we see in old fashioned pictures of the beauties of those days ; pocket handkerchiefs adorned with gold and silver, and a variety of chains and bracelets. Woollen and silk stockings were first introduced in Elizabeth's reign. A pair of black knitted silk ones were presented to the Queen, and she liked them so much, that she would never afterwards wear the cloth stockings to which she had been accustomed before. Needles were now in common use ; and pins added very much to the neatness of the ladies' appearance, and formed a good substitute for the clasps and skewers of wood and brass, gold or silver, which had hitherto been employed to fasten the various parts of the dresses. Young men also, studied finery and ornament. They adorned their ears with jewels and ribbons ; and the curious high-pointed hats which were worn, were sometimes decorated with gold and silver, or precious stones. Beards were not suffered to be so long as formerly ; and the hair was cut close and short on the top of the head, and allowed to grow long at the sides. So much for dress and fashion. As to luxuries, and conveniences for moving about, they

were not much employed. Coaches however had just been introduced ; and Elizabeth used to appear in one on public occasions, instead of riding on horse-back behind her chamberlain, as had been the former custom.


Literature and learning were held in very great honour in Elizabeth's reign. The queen herself was learned ; she was well acquainted with Greek and Latin, and sometimes would deliver a Latin speech on public occasions, without difficulty or previous preparation. Great and clever men abounded in her time. They were so numerous that I cannot tell you of one half of them ; but you should be acquainted with a few, at least, of the most distinguished names.

As naval commanders, you have already heard of Lord Howard, and of those who served under him in the expedition against the Spanish Armada. One of these was Sir Francis Drake, who sailed more than once round the world, and wrote an entertaining account of his voyages. Then there was Sir Walter Raleigh, who discovered Virginia, in America, and so named it in honour of the Maiden Queen. Raleigh was a great favourite of Elizabeth, and he had obtained her favour in a very singular manner. It happened, one day, that she was about to cross a street which was covered with mud, and Sir Walter Raleigh,




who was standing by, dressed in a handsome cloak, instantly threw it off, and spread it before his sovereign, for her to walk upon, that she might not wet nor soil her robes. Such an act of politeness was not likely to pass by unnoticed and unrewarded by Queen Elizabeth. We shall have more to say about Sir Walter Raleigh in the next reign.

The great statesmen were Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the Queen's prime minister; the Earl of Leicester; and Sir Francis Walsingham. Among the *learned* men, I must mention Sir Roger Ascham, who was the tutor of both Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey; and Sir Philip Sidney, who is much celebrated for his writings. There were also many good as well as learned divines in Elizabeth's reign; and of these we should particularly remember Bishop Jewell and Richard Hooker, to whose works religion in general, and the Church of England in particular, owes a great deal. And then, not to weary you with many more names, I will only add that two celebrated poets adorned the times of this Queen,—the great Shakespeare, with whom you are already in some degree acquainted; and Spenser, whose works are less generally known and read. Perhaps you may remember, however, that a quotation from him headed one of our early chapters; and no doubt you were amused, if not



puzzled, at the quaint spelling and peculiar modes of expression in those lines. Spenser was a native of Ireland, and a sufferer in that rebellion which, you recollect, occasioned the ruin of the unfortunate Earl of Essex. The poet was obliged to escape from his house, in consequence of the expected attack of a party of the rebels. But though he secured the greater part of his family, he was unable, in the hurry of the flight, to rescue one of his children, who lay unconsciously sleeping in its cradle;—the rebels set fire to the house, and the poor little infant perished in the flames. The grief which Spenser suffered from these calamitous events so preyed upon his mind, that he died a few months after, while still in the prime of his life and genius. Spenser's chief poem is called the "Faery Queene." There are passages in it of great beauty; but from the obscurity of the story, as well as from the peculiarity of the language, you would perhaps find it rather difficult to comprehend at present. He was a thoughtful, we may hope a religious man; and his verses are often filled with reflections on the changes and vanity of this passing world, and the blessedness and security of Heaven. We will close our present chapter with an extract of this kind; and let us hope that, as this great poet experienced much of the mutability of



ife which is expressed in those lines, so he
lso experienced the peace of that state in
which "all shall rest eternally.

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more change shall be ;
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly staid
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutability.
For all that moveth doth in change delight ;
But henceforth all shall rest eternally ;
With Him that is the God of Sabbath hight ;
Oh, that great Sabbaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's
sight.

XXIX. "GUNPOWDER, TREASON, AND PLOT."

A.D. 1603—1625.

The azure vault, the crystall circles bright,
The gleaming fiery torches powder'd there ;
The changing round, the shining beamie light,
The sad and branded fyres, the monsters fair ;
The prodigies appearing in the aire ;
The rending thunder, and the blustering winds,
The foules in hue, and shape, and nature rare,
The pretty notes the wing'd musician finds ;
In earth, the savourie flowres, the metall'd mines,
The wholsum herbs, the hautie pleasant trees ;
The silver streams, the beasts of sundrie kinds,
The bounded waves, and fishes of the seas,—
All these, for teaching man, the Lord did frame,
To do His will, whose glory shines in thame.

KING JAMES I.


ELIZABETH was succeeded by James, son of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland. He was the next heir to the throne, being great-grandson of Henry VII. ; and, as you will remember, Elizabeth had, on her death-bed, named him as her successor. He was king of Scotland, as well as of England ; so *that, from this time, the two countries were*

united under one sovereign. James had been brought up a Protestant, and was sincerely attached to the reformed religion; he was a studious and a learned man too, and a poet moreover, as you will have observed;—but he had not that capacity for government, and that political wisdom, for which Queen Elizabeth was so distinguished.

But though James was received with great approbation by the people in general, there was one party so strongly opposed to him, as to form a conspiracy against his life and government in the very commencement of his reign;—this was the Romish party. The story of the Gunpowder Plot is so well known, and so associated with our earliest recollections of the 5th of November, that you will guess directly that it is to that conspiracy to which I am now referring. You are, I dare say, already acquainted with the story; but I must, nevertheless, give you a little sketch of the principal facts connected with it.

The first suggester of the plot, in this country, was a gentleman of the name of Catesby. With him were joined Sir Henry Percy, Sir Everard Digby, and several others; and the principal person employed to execute the plan formed, was the celebrated Guy Fawkes. The object of the plot was to destroy *at once the king*, his sons, and the two

houses of Parliament ; and to place upon the throne the little Princess Elizabeth, whom they intended to educate as a Roman Catholic. The means by which the conspirators planned to accomplish all this, were most barbarous and cruel. They hired a cellar, partly filled with coals, just beneath the Parliament-house, and concealed within it several barrels of gunpowder. Then they arranged, that on the day of the meeting of Parliament, this gunpowder should be set on fire ; and they designed, in the tremendous explosion, to destroy not only the Lords and Commons, but also the king, the queen, and the prince of Wales, all of whom were expected to be present on that occasion ; the younger prince was to be seized and assassinated ; and the princess Elizabeth declared Queen. All this was duly decided upon ; every preparation for its accomplishment was made ; and the day, the fifth day of November, fixed for the purpose, was close at hand, when, by a remarkable interposition of Providence, the whole scheme was discovered and frustrated.

About twenty persons were in the secret, and for nearly a year and a half, not one of them suffered that secret to transpire ; but as the day approached, one of the conspirators began to feel exceedingly uneasy as to the fate of *a friend* of his, Lord Montea-
gle, who would, in

all probability, be in the Parliament-house on the day of its meeting, and so share in the general ruin. It was natural for him to wish to save his friend; but how could he do so without implicating his fellow-conspirators, or discovering the plot contrary to the promise of secrecy? This was a difficult and painful point to decide, and when decided, a still more difficult matter to accomplish. However, about ten days before the meeting of Parliament, Lord Monteagle received a letter from a person unknown; it was brought to him by a stranger, who disappeared as soon as he had delivered it, and from whom therefore, no information could be obtained. Lord Monteagle hastily opened the mysterious communication, and read as follows:—


“MY LORD.—Stay away from this Parliament, for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of these times. And think not slightly of this advertisement, but retire into the country, where you may expect the event in safety. For though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they will receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they will not see who hurts them. This counsel is not to be contemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt this letter.”

You will not wonder that Lord Monteagle felt puzzled at the contents of this epistle. He read it to himself again and again to little purpose, and then took it to the Secretary of state, Lord Salisbury. He too, was unable to understand the hidden meaning of the expressions ; but he thought it right to lay it before the king and his council. They all read it, and were all alarmed at the threatened danger, though for a long time none of them could guess what that danger might be. At last, James himself began to comprehend something of the dark meaning of the mysterious communication. He suspected, that some danger was to be apprehended from gunpowder, and advised that, at all events, the vaults beneath the Parliament House should be inspected. The charge of this investigation was entrusted to the Duke of Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain ; but he judged it best not to attempt a search until the very night before the meeting of Parliament. On that evening, he went, with suitable attendants, to the vaults, and there discovered a man dressed in a cloak and boots, with a dark lantern in his hand. This man was none other than Guy Fawkes, who was just making the final preparations for the explosion of the train of gunpowder on the following day. He was immediately seized ; and though at first he tried to evade the ques-

tions asked him, his guilt was too manifest for him long to attempt concealment ; for matches, and other combustibles, were found in his pockets. The whole design was soon discovered, and Fawkes was brought before the council. Instead of showing any sense of fear or shame, however, he boldly told the officers of justice that, had he succeeded in blowing up them and himself too, he should have been happy, and that all he lamented was the failure of the enterprize,—not his own danger and punishment. He made known the names of his accomplices, and search was accordingly commenced for them. Catesby, Percy, and Digby, had fled into Warwickshire ; but they were pursued there, and soon discovered. The inhabitants of the country around were ready to take part against them, and the conspirators therefore fled to Holbeach House, determined to defend themselves as long as they could, and to fight for their lives. But it so happened, that a spark fell upon some gunpowder laid out to dry near the spot ; an explosion ensued, which so injured some of the conspirators, that the remainder of them thought it best to open the gates, and encounter the multitude assembled around the house. A dreadful slaughter followed ; several were killed immediately ; others fell fighting, covered with wounds ; the survivors *were taken prisoners, conveyed to*

London, tried, condemned, and hanged. Guy Fawkes too was executed ; only a few of the least guilty experienced mercy from the king.

Thus remarkably was this dangerous conspiracy discovered, and put down. We may be reminded here, of that other signal deliverance, in the reign of Elizabeth, from the attempt of the king of Spain ; and as we add one and another mercy to the long catalogue of national blessings which we have from time to time received, fresh reason is afforded us for offering thanks and praise to Him who was the Great Preserver in them all. And you know, that we are, in an especial manner, invited to do this in reference to the event we commemorate on the fifth of November. As often as that morning dawns upon us, we are summoned to the house of God, there to recal to mind our past mercies ; and in the beautiful service appointed for the day, publicly to “yield our unfeigned thanks and praise for the wonderful and mighty deliverance of our most gracious sovereign King James I., the Queen, the Prince, and all the Royal Branches ; with the Nobility, Clergy, and Commons of England then assembled in Parliament.” And then, we are taught to acknowledge, that from this unnatural conspiracy, not our merit, but God’s mercy ; not our foresight, but his providence delivered us ; and therefore, we add, “ Not unto us, O Lord, not



unto us, but unto thy name be ascribed all honour and glory, in all churches of the saints, from generation to generation."

This is the right, the best way of celebrating the fifth of November. Old custom has indeed established many other ways of remembering it, by holiday festivities, and bon-fires, and fire-works, and noisy games and merriment; but though mirth, under due restrictions, is far from prohibited on such an occasion, it should never shut out or supersede those serious reflections which belong so properly to a day like this. And there is another thing to be guarded against on the fifth of November, besides forgetfulness of past mercies. Some people are inclined to cherish unkindly feelings at that time,—feelings of revenge and bitterness towards those misguided conspirators particularly, and towards all Papists universally,—forgetting that distinction of which I was speaking the other day—the distinction between principles and persons—which we should always be careful to preserve. Let us bear in mind, that while we remember the danger, and are thankful for the deliverance, we must not give way to any expressions of hatred towards those deluded men who formed that dreadful plot under the sad influence of a religion of superstition and cruelty. *We are reminded, in the Gospel for the fifth of*

November, that the spirit of Christianity is one of love; and that instead of calling for vengeance on the heads of our enemies, we should imitate the example of Him who came "not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Whenever, then, we are warned, by past events, of the fearful evils with which the Romish system is associated, let us pray for those who are still unhappily under its influence, and beseech God to bring them out of darkness and error, into the light and truth of a pure and scriptural faith.

And now, James, being safe from danger, began to attend to his subjects, and to the affairs of his kingdom. I told you that he was not a very skilful governor; but some of his measures were good, and he was particularly successful in his negotiations for the hitherto neglected country of Ireland. Elizabeth had put down insurrection, and reduced the rebels to obedience; but James did more,—he endeavoured to improve the people by milder measures. He established English laws among them, and caused them to be instructed in useful arts and manufactures; and thus they were brought into a state of greater comfort and civilization than they had yet enjoyed. Colonies from England and Scotland were sent into the province of Ulster, which had, since the rebellion, fallen under the power of the

A

English crown; and by them the land was divided into shares, cultivated, built upon, and inhabited; so that the north of Ireland, which had formerly been the most barbarous, now became the most civilized portion of the whole country.

But here let us leave, for the present, the general affairs of the country, and say something of the history of an individual who was one of the most celebrated men in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I,—I mean, Sir Walter Raleigh. You have already heard his name, and you will remember how he first gained the favour of Elizabeth by a well-timed act of courtesy and politeness. He experienced treatment of a very different kind in the subsequent part of his life. In the beginning of James's reign, he was accused of forming a conspiracy to subvert the government, the particulars of which are not very distinctly known. For this conspiracy however, Raleigh was tried, and sentenced to death, without, as it appears, sufficient ground for condemnation. His sentence was not followed by immediate execution, but he was confined as a prisoner in the Tower, and there he remained for the long period of fifteen years. Raleigh was not idle during that time. He did not give way to the indolence of hopeless grief, but resolutely employed *himself* in a work which, he believed,

would be pleasant and useful to future generations. This work was a History of the World, a book full of research and learning of all kinds. The occupation of Raleigh was useful to himself at the time, as well as to his fellow-countrymen in after years. It not only beguiled his long solitary hours, and gave a pleasant turn to his thoughts, but it interested others in his behalf, and people in general felt pity for a man who, with such talents, and genius, and industry, was condemned to pass year after year of his life within the walls of a prison.

James himself began at last to think that it would be advantageous to employ his prisoner in an expedition, for which he was well fitted, to the gold mines of Guiana in South America. Raleigh had already made a voyage round the world, and was therefore likely to accomplish the undertaking according to the king's wishes; and the prospect of obtaining wealth was an inducement, a selfish one certainly, to set him free for a while, and permit him to go on this expedition. James did not, however, grant Raleigh a pardon; and he gave him a strict charge to make no hostile attempts upon the settlements of the Spaniards, who had possessed themselves of large territories in America; for a marriage had been planned between the Prince of Wales and the

Infanta, and therefore it was deemed necessary to continue on good terms with the king of Spain.

Raleigh accordingly commenced his voyage, and, in due time, reached the place of destination. But when there, a dispute unhappily arose, between Raleigh's party and the Spaniards, in which his own son was slain, and also the Spanish governor, who was related to Gondomar, at that time an ambassador resident in the court of London. As soon as Raleigh returned to England, he was arrested, and again committed to the Tower. Gondomar violently demanded vengeance, and James offered to deliver up the unfortunate Raleigh to the mercy of the king of Spain. This was declined; but it was determined that the former sentence pronounced against Raleigh should be carried into effect, and that he should suffer execution in London.

After sentence of death had been pronounced, Raleigh returned to his prison, and while there, awaiting the day of execution, he still continued engaged with his History. He had brought it down nearly to the time of the Christian Era, when its completion was prevented by the sad termination of the life of its illustrious author. The last lines written when he was in the immediate prospect of death, contain *much beauty*, and I am sure you will

read them with melancholy pleasure and interest. They are these:—"It is death alone that can suddenly make man know himself: he tells the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it. O eloquent, just, and mighty death! Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou alone hast cast out of the world, and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words,—*Hic jacet.*"

The day of execution arrived, and Raleigh was conducted to the scaffold. His calmness never forsook him; and when he had made all the last sad preparations with perfect composure, he asked to see the axe which was so soon to end his life. He took it in his hand, passed his fingers along the keen edge, and then, returning it to the executioner, he remarked with a


smile, "This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases." The executioner offered to bind a handkerchief around his eyes, but he refused, saying, "Think you I fear the shadow of the axe, when I fear not the axe itself?" Then laying his head on the block, he stretched out his hands as the fatal signal, and with two strokes his head was severed from his body.

The people were much displeased with the execution of this great and talented man; they justly thought, that it was a base and cruel act first to confine Raleigh for a period of fifteen years, and then to execute on him a sentence which had been pronounced so long before, for the sole purpose of satisfying and conciliating the King of Spain. We will end this sad story, with some affecting lines which Raleigh wrote on the blank leaf of his Bible the night before his death. They will show you that he was a poet as well as a fine prose writer.

Ev'n such is Time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days.
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

And now I must tell you a little about the family of James, and his domestic history. His wife was the Princess Anne of Denmark;

they had several children, but only three lived to grow up. Henry, the eldest, was an amiable, high-spirited prince; he was much beloved by the people, and gave fair promise, by his early talents and acquirements, of one day becoming a great and a good king. But it proved otherwise. Prince Henry died before his father, and thus his younger brother, Charles, became the heir of the English throne. Charles was a mild and gentle boy, meek and timid; and he seemed far more fitted for private life than for the government of a great kingdom. The Princess Elizabeth was married to Frederick, the Count Palatine, and James had been for some time negotiating, as I said before, for an alliance between his son Charles and the Infanta of Spain. There was much that was faulty in the manner in which James conducted the education of this young prince. Mild and yielding as Charles was by nature, it was especially necessary, for the formation and strengthening of his character, that he should be guided by wise and good companions,—such as might give a right bias to his opinions and dispositions. But his father was not sufficiently careful on this point. The chief friend of the Prince, at this time, was the Duke of Buckingham, a man in no way calculated to improve or benefit him. But Buckingham was a great favourite with



the king, and exercised considerable influence over him, as well as over the Prince of Wales.

Buckingham and Charles formed a scheme of going over together to Spain, in order to pay a visit to the court of Madrid, and to bring back the young Infanta ; and, with some difficulty, they gained the king's leave to undertake the journey. James consented to the plan ; then he threw objections and difficulties in the way, and wished to withdraw his permission. But the persuasions and self-will of Buckingham finally prevailed, and he and the young prince set out accordingly. They travelled through France in disguise, and under feigned names ; spent a short time in Paris, where Charles saw the Princess Henrietta, the daughter of the French king, and then proceeded to the Spanish court. This singular expedition, however, ended in a manner very different from that which had been expected. The behaviour of Buckingham gave great offence at Madrid ; and he determined, in consequence of the dislike expressed to him there, to do all in his power to break off the proposed match with the Infanta ; and such was the influence he had obtained, that this favourite scheme, which James had been planning so long, was actually given up, and proposals of marriage with the Prince of Wales were made to *Henrietta* of France. This

lady was a Roman Catholic; and the union which took place between her and Charles, soon after his accession to the throne, proved a source of much trouble to the nation in after years.

James did not long survive the rupture with the court of Spain. He died, after a short illness, in the year 1625. In his last words to his son, he exhorted him to be tenderly affectionate to his wife, but to preserve consistency in religion, and protect the interests of the Church of England.

Before we leave James I, I must mention to you an important *event*, and give you some account of a celebrated *person*,—both connected with the reign of this king. The event is the publication of the Bible,—the English Bible—as it now appears among us in this country. I am sure you will agree with me that such an event was an *important* one.

From time to time, we have heard of translations of parts or of the whole of the Scriptures, which were, at various periods, undertaken in England. You remember the early labours of the venerable Bede, and of King Alfred; the later efforts of Wickliffe; the remarkable story of Tyndale's Testament; and the subsequent completion of the Bible of Miles Coverdale, under the sanction and approval of Henry VIII. And you will under-

stand too, from the occasional specimens you have seen of the English language in different ages, that these fresh translations became necessary as time passed on ;—because, when knowledge and literature extended, new words and expressions were introduced, and old words and expressions grew obsolete, and were no longer clearly understood by the people. By the reign of James I, however, the English language had become very much what it is at present ; and we find that the version of the Scriptures which we now read, contains but few words which are not perfectly familiar to modern ears.

If you turn to the Preface of your Bible, you will see that it was at the desire and by the order of James, that this great work of re-translating the Scriptures was undertaken and accomplished. The labour was divided among several learned and able men, in order that each part might have due time and attention bestowed upon it ; the whole was then carefully revised, that it might be rendered as far as possible in accordance with the original Hebrew and Greek ; and at last it issued forth, as perfect perhaps as any work can be, in which the hand of man has been concerned. And while those who have leisure and opportunity, still continue to study the word of God in the inspired originals, for their own

benefit, and for the instruction of others, thankful should we be for this faithful, though uninspired, translation of the sacred oracles, which all in the land may now read in their native tongue ; and which, if read aright, will guide them safely through this world, and conduct them to that better and happier state, in which even the Bible itself will be needed no more.

And as, day by day, you take this book in your hand, and study its pages, think of all the labour and all the suffering which have been expended, to procure such a privilege for you. Think of the days of persecution, when to read or to possess the Bible was considered a crime, and when the flames were kindled in London to consume the sacred book itself. And then surely you will be thankful for the blessing you possess, and will be able to enter into the feelings of the pious translators, when they said, in the preface to which I before alluded, " Among all our joys, there was no one that more filled our hearts, than the blessed continuance of the preaching of God's sacred word among us, which is that inestimable treasure which excelleth all the riches of the earth ; because the fruit thereof extendeth itself, not only to the time spent in this transitory world, but directeth and disposeth men unto that eternal happiness which is alone in heaven."

But I told you there was a celebrated *person* to be mentioned in connection with James's reign, as well as an important *event*. That person was Francis Bacon. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper in the reign of Elizabeth, and when quite a boy, he displayed so much genius and maturity of mind, that the Queen was accustomed to call him her young lord keeper. Children often show very soon the bent of their characters, and give indications of what may be expected of them in after-life. Young Bacon certainly did. It is related of him, that, when playing with his companions near his father's house, in St. James's Park, his attention was far more attracted by a singular echo which he noticed there, than by his boyish diversions, and he set his mind to work to investigate the cause. Before he was twelve years old, he became interested in philosophical and metaphysical subjects.—Such was the beginning of the man who was afterwards considered one of the fathers of modern science.

Bacon rose to the office of Lord Chancellor, in the reign of James I, and subsequently he was created Baron Verulam, and Viscount St. Albans. He was distinguished both as a statesman and as a philosopher, and was the author of several learned and scientific books. His writings are remarkable for their beauty of

language, as well as for their ideas, and as you may like to have in your recollection a memorial of this great man, I will give you an extract or two from some of his Essays.—The following are his remarks on the subject of truth.

“The knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it ; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense ; the last was the light of reason ; and his sabbath work, ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos ; then he breathed light into the face of man ; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet saith excellently well, ‘It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea ; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventures of it below ; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth, and to see the errors and wanderings, and mists and tempests, in the vale below ;’ so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man’s mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.”

Another extract I will give you is on "Wisdom for a man's self;"—that is, that kind of wisdom which is treasured up for selfish purposes, not for the good of others. Bacon says, "It is a poor centre of a man's actions,—himself. It is right earth; for that only stands fast upon his own centre; whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens, move upon the centre of another which they benefit.


"Wisdom for a man's self, is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house sometime before it fall. It is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger, who digged and made room for him. It is the wisdom of crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour."

Bacon was accustomed to remark, "that the kingdom of science, like the kingdom of God, could only be entered in the character of a child;" and that "a blind man in the right road, would outstrip a swift runner in a wrong one." In his studies, it was his habit to seek direction from One wiser than himself, and the following prayer, which he wrote for students, showed the spirit of humility in which he carried on those pursuits in which he was so successful.

"To God the Father, God the Word, God the Spirit, we pour forth most humble and

heartly supplications; that he, remembering the calamities of mankind, and the pilgrimage of this our life, in which we wear out days bad and evil, would please to open to us new refreshments, out of the fountains of his goodness, for the alleviating our miseries. This also we humbly and earnestly beg,—that human things may not prejudice such as are divine; neither, that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity, or intellectual night, may arise in our minds towards divine mysteries. But rather, that by our minds thoroughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the divine oracles, there may be given unto faith, the things that are faith's."

It would be pleasant indeed, if we could look back upon the memory of this distinguished man, who wrote so well and so rightly, without any reflection of a painful kind,—any remembrance which must take away from our admiration of his character. But there are, unhappily, associated with the name of Bacon, certain things which must lead us to fear that his practice was not always consistent with his principles. He was convicted of having acted in a manner unworthy of a great man, and especially of a Christian, by taking bribes to a very large amount in his judicial capacity.



In consequence of the charges brought against him, he was sentenced to a heavy fine, to be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, and to be for ever disqualified from holding any public office or employment. Bacon indeed denied the truth of the accusations with which he was charged ; and declared that he never had a bribe or a reward in his eye, or in his thoughts. It had long been the custom, a wrong one certainly, for presents to be offered to the Lord Chancellor ; and it was urged in Bacon's defence, that he had only acted as others had done ; that the gifts he received had been given openly, and in the presence of witnesses ; and that "though gifts rendered him suspected for injustice, yet never any decree made by him was reversed as unjust." All this may in some measure palliate his guilt, but it cannot wholly excuse him. We know that the Bible, which Bacon studied, not only commands us to "abhor that which is evil," but even to "abstain from all *appearance* of evil." Had this celebrated man been more careful to attend to that injunction, his enemies would not have ventured to accuse him as they did ; and his friends would not have had to lament his humiliating fall from his former high position.

Bacon was however liberated after three days' imprisonment in the Tower ; he was also

released from the fine which the House of Lords had imposed ; and some months after, he received pardon from the king. The remainder of his life was devoted to literary and philosophical pursuits, and it is remarkable that his death at last was the consequence of his zeal in the cause of science.

While travelling one day in spring, when the ground was covered with snow, the thought struck him, that perhaps flesh might be preserved in snow as well as in salt ; and he determined to try the experiment immediately. Accordingly he alighted from the carriage, and having purchased a fowl of a poor woman, he proceeded to stuff the body of the bird with snow. The chill which this operation occasioned, produced an illness which, in a few days, terminated the philosopher's life. He died in the year 1626, when about 65 years old.

XXX. A SAD PAGE IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

A.D. 1625—1649.

We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them ; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free ;
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still.
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant.

He is ours,
To administer, to guard, t' adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his,
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.

COWPER.

FROM what you have already heard of Charles,
and of his early training, you may suppose
that, amiable and gentle as he was, he was
hardly likely to become a wise and firm king.
He was still under the influence of the unprin-
ciple Duke of Buckingham, who soon brought

him into a great deal of trouble and vexation. One of the first acts of Buckingham, was to involve the country in a war with France. This occasioned considerable expense to the nation, without producing any good effects; he naturally became disliked by the people, as the occasion of the evils from which they suffered, and remonstrances on his ill-conduct were made by the Commons in Parliament.

Soon after this, Buckingham had occasion to go to Portsmouth, upon some matters connected with the fleet and the army. While there, and engaged in conversation with one of the colonels, he felt a sudden blow, and perceived that he had been stabbed by some unknown hand among the crowd that surrounded him. He cried out that he was killed, drew the knife from the fatal wound, and almost immediately expired. A general confusion followed; and for some time, no one knew how or by whom the murder had been committed; but, at last, a hat was discovered, to which was sewn a paper containing the remonstrance of the Commons against Buckingham, and declaring him to be the enemy of the country. It was concluded therefore, that this hat belonged to the assassin. Presently a man was seen quietly walking before the door, without a hat. Some one called out, "There is the man who killed the Duke." "Where?—

which is he ? ” cried the people. The stranger turned round, and calmly replied, “ I am he.” Several, in the heat of the moment, rushed upon him with drawn swords ; he made no effort to defend himself ; and when they asked him who he was, and who had sent him to commit that dreadful murder, he replied, that he acted by himself alone, to satisfy the impulse of his conscience. This singular person was found to be a man named Felton, who had served in the army under the command of the Duke of Buckingham. He was of a peculiar temperament of mind, and having heard the general complaints of the nation against Buckingham, he had worked himself up to imagine that he was appointed by Heaven to deliver his country from so wicked a man, and to fall a sacrifice in the attempt.

But the death of Buckingham did not produce much effect in turning the minds of the Commons towards the king. Charles had indeed been doing exceedingly wrong, in illegally levying certain taxes without the consent of his Parliament. This act gave great offence, and was one cause, amongst many, of the subsequent evils of which we shall soon hear. The Commons complained of the illegality of the proceeding, and then Charles sent immediately to dissolve Parliament ; and he did not call *another* for the space of eleven years.

There were other reasons for discontent.— You remember the marriage of Charles with the Princess Henrietta of France. She was a Roman Catholic; and when she came to this country, a number of priests and attendants, of her own religion, accompanied her. Now had the king felt and acted rightly in regard to religion,—had he really seen the importance of preserving the Protestant faith pure, both in his own family, and among his subjects,—he would never have consented to such a connection. But his yielding temper led him unhappily in this matter, as in many more, to act in accordance with the persuasions of others, instead of exercising his own judgment. No wonder that the people, who still had the evil effects of Popery fresh before their minds, should look forward with alarm to the influence of Roman Catholics residing in the court.

But this was not all. The Bishop of London at that time, was Dr. Laud, who afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury. Laud was a learned, and, in a certain sense, a religious man. He was most zealous for what he considered the welfare and interest of the Church of England; and he exercised his influence with the king, for the purpose of promoting and carrying out what he considered right. But though Laud was by profession a Protestant, his views were, in many respects, so very much

like those of the Romish Church, that fresh fears were entertained by some parties in the country on this account, as well as in regard to the more decided Popish influence of the Queen's friends and attendants at court. Laud strongly insisted upon the observance of certain rites and ceremonies in public worship, many of which were quite contrary to the simplicity of religion, and in accordance with the forms of the Church of Rome. At the celebration of the Lord's Supper, for instance, as he approached the communion table, he made many low bows, particularly when coming to that part of the table on which were placed the bread and wine. And then, after reading the prayers appointed, he would gaze for a moment on the bread, retreat a step or two, and again bow towards it ; as though, according to the Romish doctrine, he considered it to be something more than mere bread,—the emblem only of the body of Christ,—as we are taught scripturally to receive it. The same ceremony was performed too with the consecrated wine. The Communion Table was called an altar, in order to imply that a sacrifice was actually offered when the Lord's Supper was celebrated. In all this, one of the chief objects of Laud was unduly to raise his own office, and to exalt his authority even above that of the king.

Some time before, a court had been estab-

lished called the Star Chamber. Before this court, persons were brought, frequently on slight accusations, and condemned to very cruel and unjust penalties. The party opposed to all the innovations in the Church of which we have been speaking, and who were afraid of making the slightest approach to any thing like Romish rites and ceremonies, were known by the name of Puritans. This party came particularly under the severity of the Star Chamber, through the influence of Laud. One gentleman, named Prynne, who had certainly shown too much violence in the cause, though his intentions were probably right, was sentenced to lose his ears ; and others were subjected to similar or equally barbarous punishments.

The government of Charles was still more unpopular in Scotland than it was in England. Great offence was given there, by an attempt made to oblige the people to adopt our book of Common Prayer, to which they objected very strongly, as they had hitherto been unaccustomed to the use of any form in public worship. Many of the Scotch united together in a covenant to oppose the introduction of novelties in religion, and the disputes which this occasioned led to arms being taken up on both sides. That part of the kingdom, therefore, was in a state of turmoil. As to Ireland,

the management of affairs there was entrusted to the Earl of Strafford. He was a man of extraordinary ability, but as he was on the side of Charles and Laud, he was much disliked by the opposite party.

A new parliament was assembled, after an interval, as I told you, of several years. When the Commons once more came into power, they determined to exercise it ; and now they, in their turn, began to act with undue severity and harshness. It generally happens in times of excitement, when feeling overpowers judgment, that while some go wrong by acting in one direction, others go equally wrong by acting in a direction exactly contrary ; for it is by no means true, that the opposite of wrong is always right. And so it was now. The error of Charles and Laud consisted in raising the authority of the church too high, and in introducing certain rites and ceremonies which approached very nearly to Romanism. The error of the Commons, many of whom were Puritans, and of the dissenting party generally, consisted in resisting these innovations with too great violence, in condemning every thing done by the opposite side without justice or discrimination, and in rejecting all rites and forms in religion, even those which were not only harmless, but useful, proper, and scriptural, and in accordance with the precept

which bids us do all things, in the church as well as in the world, "decently and in order." The Puritans no doubt did some good for the cause of religion by their vigour and zeal, but too often, during this period, their zeal was "not according to knowledge."

One of the first acts of the Commons was to restore to liberty and favour those who had unjustly suffered for their resistance to Charles's illegal measures, especially that respecting the levying of taxes; and then they proceeded against Strafford and Archbishop Laud. Laud was committed to custody, and remained for a long time a prisoner in the Tower. Strafford was brought to trial upon a variety of charges, none of which were founded in truth and justice. He was condemned and sentenced for treason, by his unjust and cruel enemies, one of the chief of whom was Sir Henry Vane, the Secretary of the House of Commons. Charles hesitated for a time, before he could consent to the execution of a man whom he really valued. But, as usual, he was overpowered by those of stronger and more determined wills than himself; the fatal step was taken, and a messenger was sent to Strafford, to bid him prepare for death in three days! He was surprised when the intelligence was brought to him. He had supposed, that his royal master would never allow him to die so

unjustly ; and starting up, in the bitterness of feeling at the moment, he exclaimed, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in any son of man, for there is no help in them." But his calmness soon returned, and he was then able to make the necessary arrangement of his affairs with his usual composure.

On the appointed day, Strafford was led to execution. As he passed under the window of the room in which Laud was confined, he paused, and glanced upwards to take a last farewell of his old and beloved friend. The aged Archbishop came to the window, and with tears pronounced his blessing ; then, quite overpowered with the effort, he fell back into the arms of his attendants. Strafford reached the scaffold, and there he spoke gently and calmly to those who stood by. After bidding farewell to his relatives and friends, he added,—"And now, I have nigh done. One stroke will make my wife a widow, my dear children fatherless, deprive my poor servants of an indulgent master, and separate me from my affectionate brother and all my friends ! But let God be to you and them all in all." And then, having prepared himself for the block, he said, "I thank God, that I am no wise afraid of death, nor am daunted with any terrors ; but do as cheerfully lay down my head at this time, as ever I did when going to repose."

He did so ; one blow from the executioner followed, and all was over !

The next act of the Parliament was of a very different kind,—the abolition of the court of Star Chamber which had committed so many cruelties ; an act in which every friend of justice could not but rejoice. Charles then went to Scotland, to settle matters in that country, and to endeavour to conciliate the people, and bring them to better terms. But you will see, from what we have been saying, that the disputes between Charles and his Parliament and subjects were not likely to end very amicably. Indeed things were becoming worse and worse every day ; and, at last, for it is not necessary for us to enter into the particulars of this part of the history, open hostilities broke out. A civil war commenced, headed, on one side, by Charles himself, and those who still supported him ; and, on the other, by the Parliament, and by those who joined in the wish to resist kingly authority, and to establish what they considered liberty through the land.

This is a very sad page in our national annals ; and one which we can never read without lamenting that violent feelings and evil passions should have so prevailed, even among many who, no doubt, wished and intended to do right. Both parties were guilty of grievous faults. Charles was wrong, as I said before,

first, for having introduced arbitrary measures, and asserted undue power and authority; and then, for leading his subjects to hope that he would govern better, and disappointing them again and again. All these faults were owing rather to his natural indecision of character, than to a fixed determination in him to act unjustly; but faults they were nevertheless. And then, those of the Parliament were to blame for the manner in which they contended for their rights; and for the harshness and violence of many of their proceedings; and, particularly, for at last casting aside, as they did, the respect due to the office of king, forgetting the commands which the religion they professed so strongly enforces,—“Honour the king;” “Let every soul be subject to the higher powers; whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.”

And yet we must not suppose, notwithstanding all these faults and errors in the characters of the two parties, that there were no great and good men to be found in them. There were many individuals, on both sides, whom we cannot but admire, though we may disapprove of some things that they did. We should remember, in reading this part of our history, that, at that period of violence and excitement, when there was so much temptation to allow feeling to get the better of judgment, it must

have been very difficult for even truly men to act aright. We ought not to shut eyes to the faults of others ;—if we do, we lose one important benefit of history ;—but we should always endeavour to view those faults with candour and kindness ; not hastily condemning the people who committed them, considering how they were circumstanced, how likely *we* should have been to act wrongly had we occupied their position.

It is not my intention to give you an account of the many battles and sieges which took place all over the country, during the time of these civil wars. Such a detail would I think, be more tedious than interesting to you. But as you may wish to know the names of a few of those who acted a conspicuous part in the warfare of that unhappy period, I will say something about them here.

Charles had the assistance of the two princes, Rupert and Maurice, the sons of the Electress Palatine, who, you may remember, had married the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. They were both very brave men.—Then there was also, in the king's army, Sir Bevil Grenville, a man much beloved in the country, who fell at the battle of Lansdown, near Bath. Another distinguished person, on the opposite side, was Lord Falkland. He was a capable and accomplished man, and of a disposition

gentle and amiable, as to be little fitted for the stormy days in which his lot was cast. When the disputes began between Charles and the Parliament, he quite lost his natural cheerfulness, and was frequently seen sitting absorbed in sad meditations, and mourning over the future prospects of his country and his king. Sometimes he would sigh heavily, and repeat the word, "Peace;" for the desire of peace, and the dread of war, were continually on his mind. But when the conflict actually began, he distinguished himself by his courage and bravery; and he used to remark to his friends, that it was necessary for him to be more active and enterprising than other men, lest his well known love of peace should be construed into cowardice or fear. On the morning of the battle of Newbury, when he was preparing for the action, he said to those about him, "I am weary of the times, and foresee much misery to my country; but I believe that I shall be out of it ere night." His words proved too true. He was slain in that battle, to the great grief of all who knew and loved him.

Then on the side of the Parliament there were great men also. We must not forget Hampden, who had been a very active member of the House of Commons long before. He was one of those who at first opposed the illegal measures of the king, and he had suffered

imprisonment on that account. He was a clever man in council, a brave man in war, and a pleasant and amiable man in private life. But his naturally ardent temperament was too much heated by the excitement of the times; and he was led into extremes by what he considered his love of liberty. At the battle of Roundway Down, he was seen riding off the field before the conclusion of the action; his head was bent down, and his hands were leaning on his horse's neck. Those who looked at him, guessed what had happened; and on the morrow, came the sad intelligence that Hampden was dangerously wounded. He lingered some days, and then died, leaving his party to lament the loss they sustained in his removal. The king himself so honoured Hampden, that he had generously intended to send his own surgeon to him to attempt his cure.

But the two most celebrated generals in the Parliament's army were Sir Thomas Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell. Fairfax appears to have been a sincere and open character, very brave, and an excellent soldier; but inferior in other respects to Cromwell by whom he was much influenced. Cromwell was a man of wonderful ability and power of mind. He could form great projects, and execute them too; and in whatever company he might happen to be, he was sure to be uppermost, and to have the

rule over others. But there were some parts of his character which quite spoilt all these great talents. Cromwell was tyrannical and domineering, artful and designing; and though he made much profession of religion, and, as we shall see hereafter, did it some good service, yet we can hardly think, from his conduct, that he was truly a religious man; at all events he was an inconsistent upholder of the cause of truth.

You remember that we left Archbishop Laud a prisoner in the Tower. After remaining there about two years, he was condemned by the Parliament for high treason in endeavouring to subvert the laws, and was sentenced, like the Earl of Strafford, to end his life on the scaffold. He behaved, during his trial, with great presence of mind, and calmly heard the intelligence that he was to prepare for death. "No one," said he, "can be more willing to send me out of life, than I am desirous to go." This composure continued to the last. Laud had indeed done much injury to his country; and his mistaken, though no doubt sincere views, had led to a great deal of turmoil and confusion, which he little expected would result from his innovations in the church. But whatever were his faults, the accusation of treason for which he was executed was both cruel and unjust.

As the war continued, the royal ground, and Charles found himself to recover his position; he therefore to the determination of giving him the hands of the Scotch. He had many concessions to them, that he would receive him as loyal subject come his friends and allies. Accompanied to Newark, and there joined the camp. At first, he was treated with respect; but he soon found that he was considered as a prisoner rather than a guest, and after some deliberation, the Scots agreed to deliver him up to the English, on the payment of a sum of money which they considered to be their due. The king was actually sold by his Scots to his English Parliament, for forty thousand pounds! He was taken to Holdenby, in Northamptonshire, put in confinement, and treated with great severity. His relatives and friends were not allowed to see him, and his former servants were forbidden to attend him.

But Cromwell and the army were satisfied that the king should remain in confinement. One day, a number of horsemen appeared at Holdenby, under the command of a man named Joyce. Joyce immediately demanded admittance to the king, with the king's presence, armed with pistols, &c.

Charles to come with him. "Where?" asked the king. "To the army," said Joyce. "And by what warrant?" enquired Charles. Joyce pointed to the soldiers whom he had brought with him. The parliamentary commissioners then coming in, asked whether he had received any orders from the Parliament, or from the general; but no further answer could be obtained from Joyce. He insisted that the king should go with him; and Charles was accordingly conveyed to the army, at that time near Cambridge. All this had been arranged by Cromwell, under whom Joyce was acting, in order to get the king more entirely under his own power.

Charles was now carried about with the army in their various marches; but he was allowed more liberty than when at Holdenby, and was permitted once more to see his family and his friends. For a time, his prospects appeared brighter; but he was not really in a safer position than he had been in before. On the contrary, Cromwell was becoming less and less disposed to show him any favour; he began to object to the visits of his friends; and Charles at last received intimation that his life was no longer in safe custody. The unhappy king determined therefore, perhaps imprudently, to make his escape; and with a few attendants he secretly left Hampton Court,

where he had lately resided, and proceeded first to Titchfield, the seat of the Earl of Southampton, and from thence to the Isle of Wight. But this was no place of safety. It was under the government of a friend and ally of Cromwell, and Charles was soon in his hands, and became once more a prisoner.

While Charles was at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, an attempt was made to form a treaty with him by the Parliament, which was now a distinct party from that of the army. A number of proposals were made, to which Charles was to give his assent, if he would be re-established on the throne. To most of these he agreed; to some few he objected, though he was willing to make any concessions which he thought he could do consistently with his conscience. But the proposed treaty was very displeasing to the army and Cromwell. They drew up a remonstrance, and sent it to Parliament, requiring immediate dissolution, and demanding the punishment of the king, as the cause of so much blood-shed in the country; and then they dispatched a messenger to Newport, who seized Charles, and placed him in confinement. The king had previously heard of these intentions on the part of the army, and had been advised by his friends to escape; but he had promised the Parliament not to attempt to recover his liberty, during the for-

mation of the treaty, nor for some days after, and he would not break his word.

Means were now taken to exclude from Parliament any members who would be likely to oppose the measures of Cromwell and his party, for bringing the king to trial and execution. Such was their intention, and they carried it into effect. The small assembly which still bore the name of Parliament, agreed in accomplishing this cruel scheme. Charles was brought to trial; he was accused of forming a wicked design to establish unlimited and tyrannical government, and of traitorously levying war against the Parliament. He was called a traitor, a tyrant, a murderer, and an enemy of the Commonwealth; and finally, sentence was pronounced upon him for treason, and a warrant for his execution was signed by fifty-nine persons, the most distinguished name among them being that of Oliver Cromwell!

It is said, that when, during the trial, the charge was read against the king, "in the name of the people of England," a voice in the court was heard to cry out, "Not a tenth part of them." The officers looked around to ascertain who had spoken these words, and found that they had been pronounced by Lady Fairfax. Her brave husband was absent on that sad occasion. He had always been opposed to the dreadful scheme of putting the king to

death ; and had planned to rescue him, should his execution be actually determined upon ; but Cromwell heard what his intention was, and found means of preventing it from being fulfilled.

And now we come to the closing scene of the life of Charles I. Three days were allowed him between the sentence and the execution, and this time he spent chiefly in prayer and devotion. He was permitted to see his family, and to bid them a last farewell ; but only his young daughter Elizabeth, and the little Duke of Gloucester, were then in England. He talked for some time to the princess, gave her much good counsel and advice, and tried to console her in her deep sorrow. And then, taking his little boy on his knee, he began to speak to him. " My child," he said, " they will cut off thy father's head ; mark what I say ; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king ; but,—mark what I say,—thou must not be a king as long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive. They will cut off thy brothers' heads, when they can catch them, and thy head too they will cut off at last ; therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them." The child burst into tears, and exclaimed, " I will be torn in pieces first." This was the last interview that Charles had with these poor children. The young prin-

cess did not long survive her father ; grief brought her to an early grave ; and the Duke of Gloucester was sent by Cromwell to a far distant land. He afterwards returned, and died early in the reign of his brother, Charles II. The two elder sons were both kings eventually, so that Charles's sad forebodings respecting them were happily not realized.

On the morning of his execution, the king was awakened by one of his attendants, and summoned to prepare for the awful event of that day. "I fear not death," Charles remarked, as he rose ; "death is not terrible to me. I bless God, I am prepared."—The execution was to take place at Whitehall, and there he was conducted at the appointed hour. The streets were thronged with spectators ;—the scaffold was surrounded with soldiers—these were all his own subjects,—and had it not been for the dissensions which led to this dreadful result, Charles might have been ruling them in confidence and love, and they might have been obeying him with loyalty and affection.—But, ~~ah~~ah, how different was it ! There they were assembled to witness the execution of their king ; and there stood that king, as a sentenced and condemned criminal, to perish by the axe of the executioner !

Charles prepared to address the assembled multitude, but only those that stood near him

could hear his last words. He declared himself to be innocent, as regarded his people, but guilty in the eyes of his God. And there was one act of his life which had long weighed heavily on his conscience, and the remembrance of which added bitterness to this solemn hour,—it was the consent he had given to the unjust execution of the Earl of Strafford. He acknowledged, as a dying man, that an unjust sentence which he had suffered to take effect upon another, was now punished by an unjust sentence executed on himself. Then Charles exhorted those who had caused his death, to repent, and to return into the way of peace. He advised them to do three things;—to render to God his due, by settling the church according to Scripture; to restore to the crown those rights that belonged to it by law; and to teach the people this distinction between the sovereign and the subject,—that those persons could not be governors, who were to be governed; nor they rule, whose duty it was to be ruled. He freely forgave all his enemies; no unkindly, no revengeful feelings appeared in the looks or words of the king at that sad moment. And then, he prepared for the block. As he did so, Bishop Juxon, his kind and valued friend, who stood by him to the last, *said*, “There is, Sire, but one stage more; and *that, though* turbulent and troublesome, is yet

a very short one. It will soon carry you a great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven, and there you will find the prize to which you hasten,—a crown of glory.” “I go,” answered the king, “from a corruptible crown, to an incorruptible;—a good exchange.” He then laid his head on the block, and at one blow it was severed from his body by the man who acted as executioner; and another, holding it up, streaming with blood, cried, “This is the head of a traitor.” But the spectators were almost all in tears, and little disposed to respond to such a cry as that; and the greater part of the nation was overwhelmed with grief, when the news of the king’s death was made publicly known.

But it is time for us to leave this sad scene. I need add little more to what has already been said, as to the conduct both of the king and of the party who opposed him. You have seen the faults of both sides in this unhappy contest. Whatever may have been the faults of Charles, they can by no means excuse the act, the unrighteous and cruel act, of putting him to death, of which his enemies were guilty. The Bible, that unerring guide to which we should always go for direction, is quite clear on this point,—that it is the duty of subjects to reverence their sovereign as the ruler and minister whom *God has set over them*; and to obey him too,

unless indeed his commands should be contrary to the law of God. In such a case, it would of course be right to follow the scriptural rule, and to "obey God rather than man." But no circumstances can justify such a deed as that of which we have just been reading,—the execution, the murder rather, of the lawful sovereign.

You remember, no doubt, an example we have in Scripture, of honour and respect shown by David to a king who had tried to kill him, and from whom his life was in constant danger. Instead of committing any act of vengeance, when Saul was in his power, we are told that David said to his men, "The Lord forbid that I should do this thing unto my master, the Lord's anointed, to stretch forth mine hand against him, seeing he is the anointed of the Lord."—Well would it have been for those concerned in the death of Charles I, had they studied the Bible with simplicity and sincerity, instead of with a pre-determination to find in it a sanction for their deeds of violence and blood. If they had done this, we should never have mourned over the sad story which has engaged our attention to-day, nor have lamented that our national history is disgraced by such an event as the execution of Charles I.

XXXI. ENGLAND WITHOUT A SOVEREIGN.

A.D. 1649—1660.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms ;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own ;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom, when themselves are free ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart.

GOLDSMITH.

WE come now to that period of English History, which is called the time of the Commonwealth. The king being dead, the Parliament determined to carry on the government without one, and the country was for some years considered as a Republic. But perfect equality among men is unnatural and impossible. At all times, and in all places, there will be found some who seem necessarily to rise above their fellows, *and others* who sink below. Some are

fitted to command, and others are fitted to obey; and, under proper restriction, and with a due regard to law and right, this is well, and for the benefit of both parties. But it too often happens, that the strong and powerful characters which are called into action in stormy periods, exercise a tyrannical and despotic influence over those whom circumstances place under their control. So it was at the period of which we are speaking. Of all the men who had taken part in the proceedings of the late reign, there was one whom talents, and determination, and capacity for ruling, made far more conspicuous than any of the rest. This was Oliver Cromwell. At first, he was only a member of Parliament, and a general in the army; but afterwards, he assumed a higher title, and a greater share of power. He soon distinguished himself by his military skill. Ireland was at this time in a state of confusion and rebellion; and Cromwell, thinking that he should there have an opportunity of exercising his powers, contrived, without much difficulty, to obtain the office of lord lieutenant; and after making due preparation, he went over to that country, and commenced his plans of operation. Such was his skill in military achievements that, in the course of *less than a year*, he brought the greater part of *Ireland* under subjection. This he accom-

d indeed by very severe and cruel mea-

Cities were besieged and taken, and inhabitants slain, without mercy, in large numbers. Nothing was suffered to oppose the king's will, and the power of his arms; that power soon became felt and acknowledged; so that, whenever the commander appeared before a town, it was believed that success would be vain, and the gates were willingly thrown open before him.

Let us now turn to Scotland. On the death of the late king, his son Charles was banished from that country. He was then in Holland, and did not at first venture back to the land of his forefathers. The Scotch king sent commissioners to invite him, and to propose a treaty; and though there were some things in that treaty which he did not like, he thought it best to accept the proposition, and prepared to cross over to Scotland. In the meantime, he lost a friend who would probably have been a great assistance to him in fighting his way back to the throne. This was the brave Marquis of Montrose, who was strongly attached to the royal party, and who had formerly distinguished himself in battle in the cause of Charles I. Latterly, he had been residing in France; he now once more resolved to *take up arms* for the support of the young

king ; and having received help from other quarters, he raised an army with which he landed in Scotland. But there he found himself in the midst of enemies. The covenanters, who had been so strongly opposed to the late sovereign, were of course no friends to Montrose, and they determined to be revenged for the part he had formerly taken. So an army was sent against him ; he was defeated, made prisoner, and conveyed to Edinburgh, with a great deal of ignominy. There he was tried for rebellion, condemned, and sentenced to be hung like a common malefactor.

Soon after this cruel execution had taken place, Charles arrived in Scotland. He was received by the covenanters, but allowed no royal authority, and was placed under so many restrictions, that his life was far from being a pleasant or a happy one. But he did not very long remain in this position. When the English Parliament heard that the Scotch were making a treaty with Charles, they were exceedingly angry. Forces were immediately despatched to Scotland ; and Cromwell, leaving the affairs of Ireland to the management of General Ireton, soon appeared at their head. The Scotch were defeated at the battle of Dunbar ; and Charles found himself surrounded by enemies on one side, and by those whom he could not call friends on the other.

He now determined to make one bold effort to regain his kingdom, and to march at once into England. It was a hazardous step, and one which brought him into a great deal of danger, and led to a variety of wild adventures, amusing to those who read of them now, but very unpleasant to himself, and to the companions who suffered with him then.

A battle took place between the armies of Charles and Cromwell at Worcester. The royalist party was completely defeated; the soldiers were either killed, or scattered, or taken prisoners; and Charles himself was obliged to escape for his life, and to conceal himself as he best could from the pursuit of his enemies. At first, he had the company of a party of his friends, forty or fifty in number, but he soon found it would be best to dismiss them, to avoid detection; so they departed, and Charles was left alone. It was melancholy indeed for a young king, for such he was, thus to have to wander from place to place, like a fugitive and a beggar, with nothing to call his own, in a country over which his father and his grandfather had once ruled, and which of right now belonged to him! At last, following some directions which had been given him, Charles reached a place called Boscobel, on the borders of Staffordshire, and came to a lonely house in which lived a farmer named

Penderell. This farmer was a kind-hearted man, and a firm friend to the cause of royalty; for though death was threatened to any who should dare to conceal the king, and a reward was promised to any who would deliver him up, Penderell cordially received the wanderer, offered him food, and shelter, and protection, and did all in his power to conceal him safely. Charles was now dressed in peasant's clothes, a hatchet was put into his hand, and he went, with the farmer and his family, into the forest, and was there employed like them in cutting wood. So he spent his days; and at night, tired and weary, he was glad to lie down on a little straw.

But notwithstanding all this care to conceal himself, Charles was sometimes in continual danger of being discovered. One day, he heard that his enemies were actually in the neighbourhood, and in pursuit of him. He instantly hastened to the forest, climbed up into an oak-tree, and contrived to hide himself among the leaves and branches. He had not been there long, when a troop of soldiers passed by. They came so near that he could even hear what they said. They were talking about himself, wondering where he could be, and hoping they should find out the place where he was concealed, and seize him as their prisoner. What a moment that was for

Charles ! However the soldiers rode by, never dreaming that the king could be hidden in a tree, and hurried on to seek him elsewhere.

This oak was distinguished, in after years, as " the royal oak ; " it was carefully preserved, and the people of the country round always looked at it with affection, as having preserved the life and liberty of their young king. You remember, that this remarkable adventure is still commemorated by the custom of wearing oak-apples on the 29th of May, which was the day on which Charles II, after a great many more hardships and difficulties, was restored to the English throne.

At last, it became necessary for Charles to leave his hiding-place at Boscobel, and to seek for some other place of refuge. It was proposed, that he should go, with his friend Lord Wilmot, to a zealous royalist named Colonel Lane, who lived near, and that then they should proceed to Bristol, where a ship might be found to bear him safely to France, out of the reach of his enemies. So Charles set off for Colonel Lane's house, accompanied by his friends the Penderells. This journey, though not long, was a very uncomfortable one to Charles ; for the heavy countryman's boots which were provided for him to walk in, hurt his feet, and made every step painful to him. However, they reached their destination safely,

and then Charles took leave of his faithful protectors, and consigned himself to the care of Colonel Lane. But now, the tedious journey to Bristol was to be undertaken ; and how was it to be accomplished, — with so many miles to be travelled over, in constant danger of discovery ? A plan was soon contrived. Colonel Lane procured a pass (such things were necessary in those times) for his sister, that she might travel to Bristol to visit a relation, and Charles was to ride before her as her servant. This plan succeeded, and they arrived at Bristol without any particular adventures by the way, and then went to the house of a Mrs. Norton. Mrs. Lane, the good Colonel's sister, pretended that she had brought with her, as a servant, a sick lad, who must be kept quiet, and she begged that he might be indulged with a private room. This was granted ; and Charles retired to his chamber, hoping that he should be suffered to remain there undiscovered ; but he soon found, to his great terror, that he had been already recognized by the butler, a man named Pope. All that Charles could do, was earnestly to beg him to keep his secret. The butler promised he would not betray him, and happily he proved faithful.

But now a new difficulty arose. There was no vessel going from Bristol, either to France or Spain, for some weeks. No time, however,

was to be lost ;—if Charles could not sail from Bristol, it would be necessary to try his success at some other port ; and so a second long journey was undertaken into Dorsetshire. He then entrusted himself to the care of Colonel Windham, a firm and faithful friend of the royal cause. Before Windham received Charles into his house, he mentioned his intention to his wife and mother, for he knew well that he could rely on their prudence and fidelity. The old lady had lost three sons and a grandson, fighting for Charles I ; and when she heard who the expected guest was to be, she rejoiced at the thought of being, in her old age, instrumental in protecting the son of her late king, for whose sake so many of her family had sacrificed their lives. So Charles arrived at Colonel Windham's house, and was received with the greatest respect and affection. Windham had indeed another strong motive for showing kindness to the king, besides that of loyalty. In protecting Charles, he was obeying a charge which he had received many years before from his dying father. " My children," the old man had said to his five sons a few days before his death, " We have hitherto seen serene and quiet times, under our last three sovereigns, but I must now warn you to prepare for clouds and storms. Factions arise on every side, and threaten the tranquillity of your native country.

But, whatever happen, do you faithfully honour and obey your prince, and adhere to the crown. I charge you never to forsake the crown, though it should hang on a bush." The sons faithfully observed the last commands of their dying parent.

Charles remained some days in the house of Colonel Windham, for it was long before a ship could be found to convey him to France. At last, he heard of one just about to sail from Shoreham in Sussex. After further adventures, and dangers, and escapes, he reached that spot, embarked in safety, and arrived at Fescamp, in Normandy. It was a happy circumstance for him that he was enabled to leave the country at that moment. Had he been detained any longer, his detection and seizure would have probably been the consequence; for he was now known to so many persons, that further concealment was almost impossible. And here we will leave Charles for the present, and return to Cromwell, and his affairs at home.

Ireland, as you will remember, had been quieted by the force of Cromwell's arms, and so too had Scotland. The next thing of importance that took place, was a war between England and Holland. There were at that time two celebrated naval commanders; one an Englishman, named Admiral Blake; the

other a Dutchman named Tromp. Between these two there was a great deal of fighting ; and many lives and ships were lost on both sides. At first, Tromp had the advantage. He took and destroyed several of the English vessels, drove the rest into the Thames, and then appeared sailing in triumph down the Channel, with a broom at his top-mast head, to intimate that he meant to sweep the English navy from the seas. However, in the next encounter, victory was on the side of Blake, and the Dutch were defeated, after a desperate engagement which lasted three days.

The time was now come, for Cromwell to claim for himself a greater degree of power than he had yet ventured to assume. Some disputes and jealousies arose between himself and the Parliament. He wished for a dissolution, in order that he might form a new Parliament, composed of those who would be of his own views and sentiments ; and when he found that the members were determined not to dissolve themselves, he formed the bold resolution of taking the matter into his own hands, and dismissing them by his sole power and authority. So one day, having summoned a party of armed soldiers to attend him, he proceeded to the house of Parliament. He left the soldiers at the door, entered the room, and sat down. He listened quietly for a few

minutes to what was going on ; then suddenly arose, and began to speak himself. He soon grew warm and angry ; he accused the members of injustice and oppression ; he told them that their time was come ; that God had disowned them, and would find other instruments to accomplish his work. Some one ventured to interrupt, and to remonstrate. Cromwell instantly silenced him, became very much agitated, and walked to and fro in great anger, crying out, "You are no Parliament ; I say, you are no Parliament. Bring them in, bring them in." He stamped with his foot, as a signal ; instantly, the door opened, and the soldiers entered. The members were alarmed ; Cromwell again began his accusations, and then, turning to the soldiers, commanded them to clear the room. Some were removed from their seats forcibly ; others arose, and moved towards the door of their own accord. All were soon gone. Then Cromwell looked around, and saw the mace lying upon the table. "What shall we do with this fool's bauble ?" he asked ; "take it away." When the hall was emptied, he went out himself, locked the doors, and returned home. And so ended what is called the Long Parliament, which had existed twelve years.

The army was now the ruling power in the country ; and it was soon determined, by a

council of officers, to appoint Cromwell their head and chief, under the title of Protector. There was still to be an assembly bearing the name of Parliament; but the power of the Protector was almost absolute, for his council of state was composed of men entirely devoted to his service; and neither they nor the others who nominally took part in the Government, were likely to disobey him, or to dispute his authority.

And now, though there was so much of what was wrong in Cromwell's conduct and character, we must, in all fairness and justice, give him credit for effecting many good things, during the period in which he held rule in this country. You have already heard of his prowess as a military commander. He was skilful also as a governor; and this appeared by the state of prosperity which, chiefly through his means, the country enjoyed while he was Protector. He gained victories over the Dutch and Spaniards; he acquired possessions in the West Indies, particularly the important Island of Jamaica; his friendship was sought by most of the nations of Europe; he made treaties with the protestant states, and he was considered as the great head of the protestant cause. And then, at home, his government was, upon the whole, just and impartial, and in conformity with the laws he established.

But the great benefit which the nation owed to Cromwell, was the encouragement he gave to religion. Whatever his own character and conduct might have been, it was certainly his desire and effort to induce others to attend to religious duties and principles, and to make religion the foundation of their actions.

But if this was the case, you may be inclined to think, the usurpation of Cromwell was, after all, a good thing; for the nation generally, and religion particularly, seem to have flourished much more under his government than under that of Charles I. Now here we must be careful not to confound the conduct of man, with the arrangement of Providence. It is important for us to be clear upon this point, lest we should fall into mistakes while reading history; form false estimates both of persons and actions, and ascribe effects to causes to which they do not properly belong.—An action in itself wrong, does not become right, because good follows it in any particular case; it is wrong still; and the man who performed it, is not to be praised, or excused, because good succeeded what he did; for it was God who caused that good,—not he. God may, and He often does, bring good out of evil. The most dreadful calamities have frequently led to great blessings; the worst actions have turned to the benefit of the world or the church; the

most wicked men have been made instruments in working out God's purposes of mercy. But in all these circumstances, whenever we observe them, should teach us, not to justify the evil deeds of men, but to admire the wise and wonderful working of God. And so,—to apply what I have been saying to this part of the history,—we ought not to speak of the usurpation of Cromwell as a good thing, nor of those who put down Charles, and committed the Government to *him*, as having acted rightly, notwithstanding any benefit that religion itself may have received; but we ought rather to speak of the wisdom of God, in so ordering all the varied events of this stormy period, as to promote his own purposes of mercy to the church and nation of England. He could make even the wrath of man to praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He could restrain. —But to return to Cromwell.

His government lasted about seven years. But though a prosperous, Cromwell was by no means a happy man; and every year added to his anxiety, and to his fears lest that power which he had acquired in so remarkable a manner, should in the end be wrested from him, and he himself fall through the conspiracies continually formed against him by the royalist party. And though Cromwell had fought *many* a battle in former days, and felt

no fear of death *then*, yet he was constantly in terror of death *now*. He went nowhere unguarded ; he wore armour under his clothing, and always carried a sword, and a pistol. He never slept two nights together in the same room ; and no one ever knew in what room he intended to sleep ; and at night he placed sentinels at his door, and took care that there should be a way of escape in case of any sudden attack. This constant anxiety of mind, in time affected his body, and his health began to decline. Religion, which he had so long professed, appears to have given him no consolation, in this his time of weakness and sorrow. If indeed he had *only* professed it, it could not afford him any solid ground of comfort. At last, a dangerous illness seized him. His physicians soon saw that death must be its termination ; but Cromwell himself had a strong belief that he should be restored to health ; and he said to them confidently, "I tell you, I shall not die ; I am well assured that I shall recover." But in this he was deceiving himself ; he grew worse and worse, and sank into a state of insensibility. Then, his council, in alarm, sent a deputation to him to know his will with respect to his successor ; for the power of appointing a successor had been granted to him when he was first made Protector. But Cromwell's senses

had now left him, and he was unable to understand or to answer the question addressed to him. Then he was asked again, whether his son Richard should succeed him ; and some of those who stood around heard, or fancied they heard, the word "Yes," faintly uttered by the dying man. He expired shortly after, and Richard Cromwell was declared Protector in his room.

It soon became evident that a change in the form of government must take place. Richard Cromwell was a very different character from his father. He was a young man without ambition, and of little capacity for business or public affairs. He had never been entrusted by the late Protector with any matter of importance ; but had passed his time in the country, and amused himself with rural sports and pursuits. It was not likely therefore that he should be able now to carry on the government of a large country ; and in a few months he willingly resigned the Protectorship, and retired again into private life. He spent some time on the continent, and afterwards returned to England, where he lived to a great age, in comparative obscurity, but free from that anxiety which so imbibited the latter years of his more celebrated father.

And now, the country began to feel the want of a fixed and settled form of government ; for

the rule of the Parliament had become exceedingly disliked by the great body of the nation. Charles was the lawful heir of the long vacant throne; and a strong party was fully prepared to invite him back to England, and to welcome him as king. The restoration of Charles II, was planned by the royalists, and General Monk was the person who was chiefly concerned in bringing about this event.

Monk had always been attached to the king's side; but during the time of Cromwell's Protectorate, he had served in the army under the Parliament. Now, however, the period seemed to have arrived for bringing back the former mode of government; and Monk rejoiced to be once more engaged in support of the royal cause. But he arranged all his plans with great secrecy and caution, and indeed this was necessary in order to ensure his success. He then left Scotland, where he had been hitherto, and proceeded with his army to England. No one was fully acquainted with the exact object he had in view; but it was generally known that he was going to attempt some reformation of the Parliament. As he passed through the country, many of the principal inhabitants came to him with addresses, expressing a hope that he would restore to them the privileges of which they had been so long deprived, and particularly that he would adopt means for

electing a new Parliament which would govern according to law. Monk arrived in London ; he was introduced to the Parliament, and had an amicable interview with the members. He pressed upon them the necessity of taking measures to satisfy the wishes of the nation ; and though he could not bring them over to his own views, he yet negotiated so wisely that, in a very short time, a dissolution of the Parliament took place, and a new one was formed, to the great joy of the people of London ; for they now began to hope that better days, days of peace and justice, were really approaching.

The members of this new Parliament were mostly royalists, and General Monk saw that the time was come for him to carry out his plan for the restoration of the king. One day therefore, when he thought the way was clear before him, he gave directions to the president of the Council to inform the Parliament, that Sir John Granville, a servant of the king, had been sent over with a letter from his Majesty to the House of Commons, and that he was now waiting at the door. Sir John Granville was called in ; the letter was read, and orders were given that it should be published immediately. This letter contained a declaration from the king, promising a general amnesty to all parties, and liberty of conscience ; and it gave very general satisfaction. An invitation

was sent to Charles, without loss of time, entreating him to come and take the government into his own hands ; and preparations were made for welcoming him with every token of affection and respect.

Charles was soon on his way to England. He landed at Dover, and was there met by General Monk, who had been, as we have seen, the chief cause of his restoration ; and very cordial was the salutation which took place between the loyal subject and his grateful sovereign. Monk had indeed well deserved the thanks of his royal master. And there were many others to share the joyful feelings of that day. Crowds assembled to welcome back the king, and to testify their loyalty by shouts and congratulations. The mayor of Dover came forward, and presented his staff, the badge of his office. Then he offered the king a magnificent Bible, which Charles accepted, saying that he loved it above all things in the world. A splendid canopy was raised, under which he stood, and talked with General Monk and others, until the stately coach appeared which was to convey him to Canterbury. A bright and happy day was that 29th of May, 1660 ; and you know that we still commemorate its anniversary, and celebrate, as the year rolls round, the Restoration of Charles II.

I think it will please you to read a description of the public rejoicings on that occasion, as it was given by a person who himself witnessed them. So I will here copy for you an extract from the account of John Evelyn, a gentleman who wrote a very entertaining Diary of the events of those days, from which, I dare say, we shall soon have to borrow again. On this celebrated 29th of May, he wrote thus in his journal.—“ This day his majesty Charles II came to London, after a long and sad exile, and calamitous suffering both of the king and church, being seventeen years. This was also his birthday, and with a triumph of about 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords, and shouting with inexpressible joy ; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine ; the mayor, aldermen, and all their companions, in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners ; lords and nobles, clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet ; the windows and balconies all set with ladies ; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two o'clock in the afternoon till nine at night. I stood in the Strand, and beheld it, and blessed God ; and all this was done without one drop of bloodshed, and by that very army which

rebelled against him ! But it was the Lord's doing ; for such a rebellion was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity ; nor so joyful a day, or so bright, ever seen in this nation ; this happening when to expect or effect it was beyond all human policy. The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his majesty, and kiss his hands, was so great, that he had scarce leisure to eat for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation ; and the king, being as willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free access to all sorts of people."

This will give you some idea of the state of people's minds in general at that period. And here we will, for the present, leave Charles, and reserve the history of his reign for the next chapter.

XXXII. SCENES IN THE PLAGUE AND FIRE.

A.D. 1660—1666.

There is no flock, however watched or tended,
But one dead lamb is there ;
There is no household, howsoe'er defended,
But hath its vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And wailing for the dead ;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient ; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise ;
But oftentimes, celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.—LONGFELLOW.

You will, no doubt, think this a singularly inappropriate opening to the history of a reign which commenced under such bright auspices ! As you read on, however, you will find something sad in *this* reign, as you have in most of the previous reigns. A tale, not indeed of battle and bloodshed, of war and murder ; but

yet one which will induce you to think, that these pretty and affecting lines are not misplaced, even as a heading to the joyous period of the Restoration.

Charles was just thirty years of age when his reign began; for his return to England happened, as you have already heard, on his birthday, the 29th of May. He was so gay and lively, that he became at once very popular with the people; and then the recollection of his former adventures, and dangers, and sufferings, made them all the more ready to receive him with congratulations and affection, now that new and different prospects were before him.

But in the midst of the rejoicings, which followed his accession, there were some things which took place of a very grave and serious kind. Though an act of indemnity was passed in the beginning of the reign, yet some persons were excepted from it. These were the regicides, who had been chiefly concerned in the execution of the late king. Several of these misguided men were brought to trial, condemned, and executed. Sir Henry Vane was another who suffered death; not indeed for this crime, but for his conduct during the time he was member of the council of state, and Secretary of the navy. You will remember, that it was he who formerly had

taken so conspicuous a part in the unjust condemnation of the Earl of Strafford ; and it is remarkable, that as Strafford was the first, so Vane was the last who suffered execution in the contentions between the king and the Parliament.

But you will be glad to hear something of a more pleasing kind. Charles, when he was restored to the kingdom, did not forget to reward those who had shown him kindness during the time of his exile. General Monk was made Duke of Albemarle, and was always treated, as he deserved to be, with honour and respect. And those generous protectors of the king, Mr. Lane, and the family of the Penderells, were also gratefully remembered by him, and received a pension, and liberal presents.

There is not, I think, very much that will interest you in the earlier years of Charles II. I must mention, however, his marriage to Catherine of Portugal, with whom he received from the Portuguese king not only a large sum of money, but also the fortresses of Tangiers, in the North of Africa, and Bombay, in the East Indies. I may tell you too, of a negotiation between Charles and the king of France, in which the town of Dunkirk was sold to the French sovereign for £500,000. And I must not forget to say, that war broke out

again with Holland, and that the Dutch were defeated in that war, and many of their ships taken. But we will not dwell upon this now, for our stories have of late had so much to do with battles and fighting, that I think it will be well to turn from such scenes for the present, and to talk a little about other matters. There is, as I said, a mournful tale to be related, and we will proceed to it at once. What I am going to tell you occurred about five years after the commencement of Charles's reign.

You have, perhaps, heard of the plague of London:—the dreadful judgment which cut off such a large number of the inhabitants of that city,—one hundred thousand,—in the space of about six months. It was in the spring of the year, that this fearful disease made its first appearance. In the course of a week, nine deaths were reported to have occurred, and every body began to take alarm. But when, the week after, it was said that only three more had died, hope revived, and men tried to persuade themselves that there was not so much danger as they had believed, and that there was no need to be disturbed about the matter. But they were mistaken. The number of those who died of the Plague in the next week, was fourteen ; the week after, seventeen ; then it rose to forty-three, then to a

hundred and twelve, and so it went on rapidly increasing, till the number amounted to hundreds and thousands weekly. And now the people were frightened indeed. The king and the royal family hastened from London to escape the infection. So also did large numbers of the nobility, and of the principal citizens ; but there were many more who knew not where to flee, or who were compelled by circumstances to remain, and amongst these the Plague made fearful ravages.

The city was now divided into districts, and over these were appointed persons who had various offices assigned them ; some were to act as searchers and examiners, and others as watchers or nurses. As soon as it was discovered that the Plague had entered any house, orders were given for that house to be immediately closed. A large red cross, a foot long, was painted upon the door, as the sign that the Plague was there, and the words, " Lord have mercy upon us," were inscribed above. And then, for a whole month, no one was allowed to enter. Those within were to remain as they were, to help one another, or to sicken and die together. The heat of the weather at that time was intense ; and this increased the sufferings of the poor sick people. Sometimes they became quite frantic, and then they would spring from their beds, and throw themselves

VOL. II. U

from the windows ; or rush, if they could make their escape from the house, into the river. But their sufferings did not last long. The Plague did its work of destruction with fearful rapidity. In the course of only a few hours, those who had before been well, and strong, and active, sickened, died, and were buried ! Many perished in the streets, cut off in the very midst of their daily occupations. It might truly be said, that "there was not a house in which there was not one dead ;" and often many more than one. Whole families were, in many instances, swept away, without leaving a single survivor to tell the sad news to their neighbours or their friends.

When we think of London as it is now, with all its bustle, and its action, its crowded streets and shops, so full of business and of life, we can hardly imagine what its appearance must have been *then*. There were rows of houses, all empty, with the red cross still glaring on the door. The chief streets desolate and forsaken, and overgrown with grass. The shops closed ; no business going on, no joy, no merriment to be heard,—“the doors were shut in the streets.” Or if two or three persons were seen walking along here and there, they were never seen *together* ; but on opposite *sides* of the way, as far apart as possible ; for *fear* had estranged people from their nearest

neighbours, and made every one unsocial and selfish ; each thought only of his own safety, and dreaded the approach of his fellows, lest they should bring infection with them.

And then at night,—sounds were heard *then* indeed, but what sounds? There was the rumbling of the death-cart, as its wheels rolled heavily along the streets. Presently there was a pause. The cart stopped, and the tinkling of a bell was heard ; and then there was a call made at the door of each house, “Bring out your dead, bring out your dead.” And the doors opened, and the dead bodies, uncoffined as they were, were brought out, and hastily and in silence cast into the cart. Again it moved on, and again it stopped ; and the bell sounded, and the call was heard, “Bring out your dead.” And more were carried out, and thrown in ; and at last the dreadful load was complete, and the cart conveyed the bodies to some neighbouring churchyard, where a large deep pit had been dug to receive them, and they were cast in there ! No knell was tolled, no service was read, no minister was there to speak a word of comfort to the living, or to commit the dead to the grave,—“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.” No—all was done in haste, and in silence, in the gloom of night ; and those who were thus employed to-day in burying others, might, ere


to-morrow's dawn, be themselves numbered among the dead! All felt that to be a solemn time: even those who had never known what it was to feel or think before.

And now, though all the other public places were empty, the churches were filled and crowded. On the sabbath-day, and on other days too as often as there was opportunity, people came flocking to the house of God. They worshipped, and prayed, and heard then, as though they expected they should never pray nor hear again. And from Sunday to Sunday, as the weeks passed, oh, what changes, what sad changes, there were in every church and congregation! The minister looked around, and he missed one and another from their accustomed places, where, but one short week before, they had sat or stood listening to his words, and joining with him in the service. *Then* they were in full health and vigour,—but where were they *now*? He well knew. The Plague had come, and carried them away; their bodies had been cast into the deep grave-pit, and their spirits were gone to the God who gave them! But we may hope that many thoughtless people in the city of London then, were led by that fearful pestilence not only to think, and to feel, and to fear, but really to repent, and to begin to serve that God whom they had hitherto for-

gotten or despised. We are told that such was the case in some instances ; and so we see, that even in "this severe affliction" there was mercy still ; and that, "oftentimes, celestial benediction" accompanied it, though in "dark disguise" indeed.

But you may like to know whether there were any persons at that awful time who were without fear, and who could see others dying around them, and feel death coming upon themselves, and yet be calm, and peaceful, and happy. There were such ; and to show you that there were, I will now give you the history of one family, during the week in which the Plague visited their house. The account is given by an excellent man, a minister of the gospel in those days, who was himself a member of that household. The family consisted of eight persons of various ages. Some were young, some old, some in middle life ; but they all appear to have been truly religious persons ;—they were a *Christian* family. During the first months in which the Plague raged, they escaped. They continued, through God's preserving care, in their former health and strength. But though they were thankful for this mercy, they did not presume upon it ; they did not grow careless, and insensible of their danger during that time. No, they endeavoured to live each day as if it were to

be their last ; ready to die, if God in His Providence should call them away ; but actively engaged in their appointed duties until that time should come. That was the way, the best, the only way to be calm, and peaceful, and happy then. At last the time came. One day, the good minister whom I mentioned, was called to visit a friend whose husband was dead of the Plague. He went, and returned, and was again requested to visit another whose wife was dead of the Plague, and who expected that very soon he should himself be smitten too. When the minister returned, he found that the fatal disease had meantime entered his own abode,—the Plague had begun there ! The servant was the first who sickened ; in three days she died. This was on the Thursday. The following day, one of the young people was taken ill ; on the Sunday he too was dead. That same day, another sickened, —a lad seventeen years of age, and he died on the succeeding Wednesday. The next night, the master of the house was himself seized with the same dreadful malady. He believed that, like the others, he too should die ; and he sent for that good minister, who, without fear for himself, went from one to another, comforting the sick and the dying, and desired him to pray with him. He talked calmly of his own death ; he said that he was



going home, and begged that his friends might be told that he did not repent having remained in the city during the time of the pestilence, for that God had been with him in his abode. And then, he requested that his funeral sermon might be preached from these words,—“In thy presence is fulness of joy; and at thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.” Contrary to all human expectations, it pleased God to raise up this good man, and to restore him once more to life and usefulness.

And to those two boys, who actually did die under the stroke of the plague, death brought no terror. One of them told his father, that he was enabled to look beyond the present world, to the bright heaven above; and when the fatal plague-spots, the fore-runners of death, appeared upon him, he calmly said, he was ready for them, and bade his parents not weep, for he was going to their Father, and to his,—and so he died.—The other boy lay full of peace and joy in the midst of his sufferings, for the sting of death had been taken away in his case also. And yet he told his mother, that, for one reason, he should desire to live. She asked him what that was. He replied, that he should like to remain until the days of persecution came back again, the days of fire and faggot, that he might die a martyr, and receive

a martyr's crown. It was indeed a singular reason for desiring life; but it showed what that boy felt; and how he desired to glorify God by his sufferings in death, as he had endeavoured to do by his actions during his short life. His mother reminded him that he would receive a crown, even if he died *now*. He smilingly said, Yes, he should, but not so bright, not so glorious a one as that which martyrs wear; and so, as his minister, who stood beside his dying bed, observed, "he went away with great peace to his father's house."

But I must not make this affecting story too long. I do not wish to weary or to sadden you, but I do wish to impress upon you some very important matters; and to lead you to see what it is that can give comfort and peace in the expectation of death, sudden and terrible as that by the pestilence itself; and to feel that such a visitation as this may become a mercy, a "celestial benediction" from above.

Months passed away, and still the Plague continued to increase, until in one week the number of deaths reached the fearful amount of ten thousand! This was in September. As the cool weather of autumn approached however, there was an abatement, and the deaths decreased gradually from thousands to hundreds, and from hundreds to tens; till, *at last, in the beginning of December, the joy*

ful news was announced, that seventy-three parishes were free from disease. The new year appeared, and health, and life, and activity were seen once again in the streets of London. The king and the royal family returned ; the nobility followed ; business began again, and all looked very much as it had done before the Plague appeared. But then, one hundred thousand persons, who, twelve months before, had walked those streets, as busy and as active as any who were to be seen in them now,—those hundred thousand persons were all swept away, and their place knew them no more. Thoughtful people would ponder over this, and remember, that still “in the midst of life we are in death ;” but as to the greater number, we may fear that they were so completely absorbed in their worldly cares and pleasures, as to retain no serious impression of the past,—none of those salutary lessons which that time of sorrow had so recently and so powerfully taught them.

But the calamities of London were not yet ended. Another trouble of a different kind was approaching,—one which would be as destructive of property, as the former had been of life. This calamity was the great Fire, which took place the year after the Plague. Suddenly and unexpectedly that fire broke out ; and its cause, whether accident or design, was

never completely ascertained. One Saturday night, the people of London retired to rest as usual, unsuspecting of any danger. Very early in the morning, however, they were aroused by the cry of "Fire, fire, fire." The flames had broken out in a baker's shop, in a part of the city where the houses were built of wood, and they ignited so quickly, that before day-light, the fire had increased to a tremendous degree, and no engines, nor other means which were tried, would extinguish them. All that day it raged furiously. It was Sunday, but no sabbath of rest. Every one was running to and fro; people were to be seen rushing from their houses, and endeavouring to save themselves or their property from the devouring flames. In some parts of the city which the fire had not yet reached, the churches were opened, and farewell sermons were preached; for those who preached and those who heard, expected that, ere another sabbath, their city would be in ruins, and themselves scattered they knew not where.

Meantime the fire continued its progress. A violent wind drove it on at a rapid rate, and nothing could withstand its fury. Houses, churches, public buildings, all fell before it. And then night came,—and an awful night it was. No one thought of sleep. Some were vainly trying to extinguish the fire; others

were fleeing before it. And then, there was the sight of the lurid flames overpowering the darkness of night ; and the sound of the crackling and the roaring of the fire as it rushed along, leaping from house to house ; and the falling of the buildings, and the screams of the people, and the cry, from time to time, of fire, fire, fire ! That night was indeed one to be remembered as a night of terror and alarm. And morning came, and still the fire was rolling along. All Monday, all Tuesday, its fearful ravages continued ; on Wednesday, there was a little abatement ; for now the people had adopted the plan of blowing up the houses with gun-powder, in order to arrest the progress of the flames ; and this plan was found to succeed, so that by Thursday the fire was entirely extinguished. But oh, what a scene of ruin and desolation presented itself then ! Only six persons indeed had perished, for life had been wonderfully preserved : but 13,000 houses were consumed ; 400 streets had been burnt down, and property of various kinds had been destroyed, to the amount of more than £7,000,000 ! Ah, here was another solemn lesson for the inhabitants of London ! They might read, inscribed as it were on the burnt and ruinous heaps around them, " Riches make themselves wings, and fly away."

But you may like to read a description of

this fire from one who actually witnessed it, so I will give you another extract from the Diary of Evelyn, from which, you remember, we have already quoted. He wrote thus. "The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it; so that there was nothing heard or seen but crying out and lamentation; running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their own goods, such a strange consternation was there upon them; so it burned, both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, exchanges, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house, and street to street, at a great distance from one to the other; for the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials for the fire, which devoured houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames covered with goods floating; all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save; and carts carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not

seen since the foundation of it, nor to be out-
 one till the conflagration of it. All the sky
 was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning
 oven; and the light seen for about forty miles
 round for many nights. God grant mine eyes
 may never see the like, who now saw above ten
 thousand houses all in one flame; the noise,
 and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous
 flames, the shrieking of women and children,
 the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses,
 and churches, was like a hideous storm, and
 the air all about so hot and inflamed that at
 that one was not able to approach it; so that
 the people were found to stand still, and let
 the flames burn on, which they did for nearly
 60 miles in length, and one in breadth."

Can you imagine, after reading such an ac-
 count as this, that any good could arise from
 such a fearful evil? that there could be any
 blessing in disguise *here*? Yes, there was
 indeed. The city had been so completely de-
 stroyed by the fire, that it was necessary to re-
 build it almost entirely; and now, for the
 rotten houses, which had so easily ignited,
 were substituted houses of brick; and instead
 of narrow confined streets, which were so un-
 healthy as to favour the progress of disease
 whenever it appeared, were built wide and airy
 streets; and then, besides this, the fire itself
 acted as a purifier, removing any remains of

infection which the Plague of the previous year might have left behind ; and everything now was new and clean ; so that, from that time, London became more healthy, and less likely to suffer from disease, than at any former period of its history. You see therefore, that in this, as in other cases of calamity, there was not unmixed evil, but a large portion of good also. It is well to notice this, in every kind of suffering or trouble, whether it is of a kind to affect one or many,—and if we look carefully, we shall always find some blessing to be grateful for,—something to remind us of the truth of the verse which tells us that God, in the midst of judgment, remembers mercy.

XXXIII. A TIME OF OPPRESSION.

A.D. 1666—1688.

Thee, I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free,
My native nook of earth !
But, once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.—COWPER.

You may perhaps suppose, that the people of England at this time were in general thoughtful and serious people, and that the many trials and calamities they had suffered had made them more attentive to religion than formerly. But this was far from being the case. There never probably had been a period in which the inhabitants of this country were so fond of vain amusements, or so careless about sacred things, as during the reign of Charles II. Now I do not mean to infer, that religion necessarily makes people dull and grave, or that it forbids them to be joyous, and cheerful, and happy. Nor do I mean to say, on the other hand, that all those who are melancholy and austere,

must necessarily be religious ; for this is very far from being the case. On the contrary, it is only truly religious people who are, or can be, really happy ; and if, at any time, they appear to be otherwise, the cause is not to be traced to religion, but to some other circumstance. Had the mirth and gaiety of Charles's time been such as is consistent with the word of God, connected with thankfulness for mercies bestowed, and with a sincere desire to serve Him, and to be active and useful in the world, then we might well rejoice to hear of the gladness of heart which England once more enjoyed after her long years of sorrow and trial. But those who formed the court, and the chief favourites of Charles II, were, most of them, not only gay and mirthful, but irreligious persons, who had not God in all their thoughts, and some of them were even infidels, who disbelieved God and the Bible altogether. And the people, in general, were but too ready to follow the example of the king and the court. They became thoughtless and extravagant ; devoted to follies and amusements ; and as to religion, which had been at all events outwardly respected in the days of Cromwell, it was now either entirely set aside, or used only for a mockery and a jest. Some good men indeed there still were, who bitterly lamented the sad state of things in their be-

loved country ;—but what I have just described was the prevailing characteristic of the age. We cannot wonder that the Plague and the Fire had been sent upon such a nation as this ; but we may well wonder that those visitations had produced so little effect upon the minds of the people at large.

In the early part of his reign, Charles had an excellent minister to assist him in the government, Lord Clarendon,—one who had at heart the real good and benefit of his country. But after a time, he lost the king's favour, and was dismissed ; and the ministry who succeeded him were of a very different character. There were five individuals who were usually known by the appellation of the Cabal, because the first letters of their respective names, when united, formed that word ; and it was a word well suited to express the designing nature of their government. These were Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale. The whole affairs of the country were entrusted to their management ; for the king preferred pleasure and amusement to the business of the state, and gladly gave that up into the hands of his unworthy advisers.

You will not be surprised to hear of several plots and conspiracies appearing in the country under such a government as this. One was formed by the Roman Catholics, with the

design, as it was supposed, of taking the life of the king, and establishing Popery once more in England; but as the affair was always involved in mystery, and cannot now be very satisfactorily explained, we will not enter into the particulars of the plot. Another conspiracy, of a different kind, and commenced by persons of opposite sentiments, was discovered some time after, and of this I will now give you an account.

James, Duke of York, the king's brother, and the next heir to the crown, had declared himself a papist. This gave great alarm to the Protestant party, and to all those in the country who wished well to the cause of true religion. And besides this, there were other causes of discontent. Charles, like his father, was fond of power; and there seemed to be a danger of the government becoming, under him and his ministers, as arbitrary and as unconstitutional as it had been in the times preceding the civil wars. The dread of this led to a conspiracy being formed by several persons who all professed themselves to be lovers of liberty, but who differed one from another a good deal in their ideas of what is meant by liberty, and what would be the best means of promoting it. The chief of these persons were the Duke of Monmouth, a near connection of the king, Lord Russell, and Algernon

17 Sidney. Monmouth's great desire was to obtain the crown for himself. Sidney was a zealous republican. He was a man of warm and generous temperament, but of mistaken views and feelings. He would gladly have had no king at all; but universal equality, which was what he erroneously considered to be liberty and freedom. Russell only wished to remedy the evil of the present government, in order that the country might be ruled constitutionally, and according to law.

Besides these *great* men, there were several others, less distinguished for rank or influence, who formed another conspiracy independently, and of a more violent nature. They were accustomed to hold their meetings at a farm, not many miles from London, called the Rye House, and from this circumstance, the conspiracy is usually called in history the Rye House Plot. Their place for assembling was on the road to Newmarket, where the king went every year to amuse himself at the races. On one of these occasions, the conspirators planned to stop his carriage as he returned, by oversetting a cart, and then to take the opportunity of firing at him from behind a hedge. Happily for Charles, the house in which he resided during his stay at Newmarket, accidentally took fire; and this circumstance obliged him to return to London some days

before he had intended. The conspirators, not being aware of this change in the king's movements, were unprepared for the accomplishment of their design, and thus the scheme was frustrated. The plot was soon after discovered, and those of the conspirators who had not previously escaped, were arrested, and brought to trial and execution. And Russell and his party, though not concerned in the design for murdering the king, were in danger; for it was believed that they too were engaged in a conspiracy of some kind. A few of them effected their escape, and amongst them was Monmouth; but Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney were taken. They were tried, and condemned to suffer the same punishment as the others, though their offence was of a very different nature. They had indeed been guilty of plotting an insurrection. Russel was too truthful a man to deny that he had done so;—and Sidney even gloried in declaring his sentiments, and was ready to sacrifice his life for them. But neither he, nor Lord Russell, was concerned at this time in forming any design against the king's life, and therefore it was cruel and unjust to condemn and execute them as traitors.

Russell was a man much beloved on account of his amiable disposition, and general character, and a strong effort was made to save his

A petition was sent to the king; but was inexorable. Lady Russell, the this unfortunate nobleman, a most woman, and tenderly attached to her, used her influence to procure a reversal of his sentence, but all in vain. She herself at the feet of the king, and besought him, with tears, to remember the merit and loyalty of the prisoner, and forgive the errors into which his honest, perhaps mistaken principles had betrayed.

But her tears and supplications were in vain; Charles was not to be moved by her change his purpose. And then this kind lady, instead of giving way to which would have only added to her husband's distress, and prevented her from rendering him any comfort, firmly determined to suppress her own feelings; and summoning fortitude, she spent the few remaining days were permitted to pass together, endeavouring to prepare his mind for the event which was approaching. She knew how to administer consolation at that time; for she had learnt herself to religion that hope which can alone give comfort in the prospect of death and eternity. Passed on, the time of separation came, the morning of execution arrived. But Lady Russell's fortitude did not desert her,

she was enabled, by strength not her own, to take leave of her husband with calmness and composure, and having bade the last long farewell, she turned away, and hastened from him to give vent in solitude to those feelings of deep sorrow, which she had so well restrained in his presence. That was a moment more trying to Lord Russell than any other,—far more painful than the prospect of his approaching execution ;—and when his affectionate wife had departed, to see him again no more in this world, he exclaimed, “ Now, the bitterness of death is past.”

Other efforts had been made to prevent Lord Russell’s execution. The Duke of Monmouth, who, you remember, had made his escape, sent him a message offering to surrender himself, if by so doing he could save his friend. But the reply of Russell was, that it would be no advantage to him for others to die with him. Lord Cavendish also, an intimate friend of the prisoner, generously proposed to contrive his escape by exchanging clothes with him ; and would willingly have risked his own life by remaining in *his* place. But Russell would not for a moment listen to such a proposal, nor allow another to be endangered on his account. And so all hope was abandoned, and Russell prepared to die. The hour was now *come*. Just before the officers arrived to

summon him to execution, Russell took out his watch, and wound it up for the last time. Then laying it down, he solemnly said, "I have now done with time, and must think solely of eternity." On the scaffold, he again declared himself to be innocent of any intention against the king's life; and then, without any change of countenance, he laid his head on the block, and submitted to the axe of the executioner.—His death was soon followed by that of Algernon Sidney.

The life and reign of Charles were now drawing to a close. It was thought by some persons, that he was beginning to see the evil of his former mode of government, and was about to dismiss his ministers, and throw himself on the affections of his subjects. But whatever his intentions might have been, death prevented their fulfilment. And a melancholy death indeed was that of the once gay and joyous Charles II. His life had been one of irreligion and dissipation; and when sickness came to call him away to another world, he was found utterly unprepared. The Bishops who attended his dying bed, and who endeavoured by their exhortations to lead his mind to sacred things, could obtain from him no word expressive either of repentance, or faith, or hope. He would not even declare his adherence to the Protestant faith, in reply

to their anxious enquiries. Though without any actual religion, he had, in the earlier part of his life, professed himself a Protestant; but now, when dying, he turned to the Romish Church, in the hope, it might be, of finding consolation in the rites and ceremonies which it offered him. He received absolution from a priest of that community; the consecrated wafer was administered; and when the ceremony was ended, he appeared composed, in the prospect of death. And so his soul passed away into another state of being; but such composure was only the fatal calm of a conscience lulled asleep by vain confidence and superstition,—not the solid peace which marks the end of the real Christian,—of the “perfect” and “upright man.”

James, Duke of York, who succeeded his elder brother Charles on the throne, was, as I before told you, a professed Roman Catholic. He was also as fond of arbitrary power as the preceding sovereigns of the family of Stuart had shown themselves to be. From these two circumstances, it might be supposed that the present reign was not likely to prove a happy one; yet notwithstanding, James was at first received by the people very cordially, for he was considered to be a man of sincerity and honour.

The first thing I shall mention in this reign,

is the invasion which took place under the Duke of Monmouth. You are already acquainted with the name of this nobleman. He was one of those concerned in the conspiracy which ended so fatally to Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, and you will recollect that he had effected his escape when they were taken prisoners. He was afterwards pardoned by the late king; but having again offended him, was ordered to leave the country. He retired to Holland, and there lived some time under the protection of William, Prince of Orange, who had married Mary the daughter of James II. But as Monmouth was no favourite with the present king, though he had been with Charles II, the Prince of Orange thought it better not to allow him to remain any longer in his territories; and Monmouth accordingly went to Brussels. And now, the thoughts and wishes that had for some time existed in the mind of the Duke, grew stronger than ever, and he determined, with the assistance of the Earl of Argyle, to invade England, in the hope of finding a party there strong enough to support him in his endeavours, and to help him to the throne. He accordingly left the continent, and landed at Poole, in Dorsetshire.

At first, only a few of the lower orders of the people joined the party of the Duke of

VOL. II.

Monmouth; but in a short time, a large number united with him, for he was popular in his manners and address, and easily won over the common ranks to his side, though not many of the higher classes of the community were disposed to favour his pretensions. An army was soon sent out to oppose him; troops were called over from Holland, and vigorous measures were adopted for the defeat of the rebels. Meanwhile Monmouth continued his course through Somersetshire, and was actually proclaimed king in several places; and for some days he retained possession of that part of the country. But his plans were generally badly conducted; so that notwithstanding his enterprising spirit, and his personal bravery, he did not after all effect much by his attempt. After a few weeks, a battle at Sedgemore, near Bridgwater, decided the contest against the rebels. A large number of them were slain, and their unfortunate leader was compelled to quit the field, and seek safety by flight. He rode about twenty miles; his horse was then unable to carry him any further, and he was obliged to proceed on foot. In the hope of concealing himself from his pursuers, he changed clothes with a peasant, and wandered about for some days thus disguised. But Monmouth's pursuers soon discovered the peasant dressed in the Duke's clothes, and

then redoubled their efforts to find the fugitive, supposing that he could not be far distant; and they even employed dogs to help them in their search. At last they perceived a man lying in a ditch, partly concealed by ferns and bushes,—he was dressed like a shepherd, and wretched as his appearance was, he was soon recognized as the Duke of Monmouth. During the time of his wanderings, he had been nearly starved, and in his pocket were found some raw peas with which he had been endeavouring to satisfy his hunger. His mind, as well as his body, was weakened by all the sufferings he had gone through, and now when he started up, and found that he was surrounded by his enemies, and forced to surrender himself, he could only express his feelings of distress by bursting into tears.

All expectation of carrying out his ambitious schemes were now for ever at an end; but Monmouth still clung to the hope of life, and he wrote very submissively to the king, begging for pardon. James consented to see the prisoner, for he expected through him to obtain the names of others concerned in the rebellion; but Monmouth was too generous to endanger his associates, even to save his own life. The king soon determined upon his execution, and Monmouth was led to the scaffold amidst the tears and lamentations of the peo-

ple, who still loved and pitied him. He exhorted the executioner to cut off his head cleverly, as he expressed it ; for when Lord Russell was beheaded, it had been necessary to repeat the blow, thus unnecessarily prolonging his sufferings. The same executioner was employed now ; and so little able was he to perform his sad office after the injunction he had received, that he struck the poor sufferer again and again to no purpose, and then threw aside the axe, saying he could not perform the dreadful act. The attending sheriff however obliged him to make another attempt, and after two more blows the head of the unhappy Duke was severed from his body.

Thus ended this rash enterprise, and the life of its unfortunate leader,—a man who, had he been under the influence of better principles, might have lived an ornament to society, and died honoured and respected, instead of perishing in so shocking a manner, and occasioning so much distress and bloodshed to his country. For the consequences of this rebellion did not end with Monmouth's execution. The commander of the king's regiment, Colonel Kirke, committed great cruelties on a number of the unfortunate persons who had been induced to join the Duke's party : and at the trial which followed, many more suffered execution. The judge on this occasion was a man named Jef-

freys, whose disposition was naturally cruel, so that he actually took pleasure in inflicting pain upon the prisoners whom he condemned. About 250 were executed by his orders ; and it is said, that not fewer than 600 persons were hanged in consequence of Monmouth's rebellion. The country, in many places, was covered with the mangled limbs of these unhappy victims ;—so dreadful a slaughter had never before been known in England for such a cause. Jeffreys rejoiced in the blood he shed ; and the king himself exulted in it, and used to relate the circumstance to the company at his table, calling it Jeffreys' campaign. No doubt the attempt of Monmouth was an unjustifiable one ; those who joined in it were involved in his guilt ; and justice might have required that examples should be made, and that some should suffer punishment as a warning to others. But there is a wide difference between necessary executions, and that wanton expenditure of human life, to gratify cruelty and revenge, which distinguishes what have been called the " bloody assizes " of Judge Jeffreys.

Two of the executions were particularly cruel. They were those of two ladies named Mrs. Gaunt and Lady Lisle. Mrs. Gaunt was distinguished for her benevolence and kind-heartedness, and one of the rebels, knowing what her character was, escaped to her house, and

begged for protection and concealment. She could not refuse such an entreaty ; but the man for whose safety she thus sacrificed her own life, proved unworthy of such generosity. He heard that indemnity and a reward had been offered to any who would give information of those who had received the rebels, and he was treacherous enough actually to betray his kind benefactress. He obtained his pardon in consequence ; and the generous woman who had saved him, was condemned, and burnt to death.

Lady Lisle was the widow of one of the regicides. Her husband had enjoyed a great deal of favour under Cromwell's government ; but she herself was a royalist, and had lamented the part which he had taken in the death of Charles I. After the battle of Sedgemoor, she received two rebels into her house, and for this act she was now prosecuted. She pleaded at her trial her well-known loyalty ;—that she was not aware of the guilt of the men whom she had sheltered, and that her own son was at that very time engaged in fighting against the rebel army. But all was in vain. The jury indeed were affected by the remonstrances of the aged prisoner, and disposed to give their verdict in her favour ; but Jeffreys was determined on her destruction, and the king had promised not to pardon any whom

he condemned ; so the jury were constrained to decide contrary to their own wishes and judgment, and the sentence of death was pronounced and executed upon this innocent victim of cruelty.—But it is time for us to turn from this painful story.

James manifested his zeal for the Roman Catholic religion by bestowing favours upon the men who professed it, while others, of the Protestant party, were overlooked, and passed by. In Ireland and Scotland, the most important offices were conferred upon Papists. And then the king began to show also his love of arbitrary power by the manner in which he acted towards the Bishops and Clergy of the English Church. He commanded that controversy on the differences of the two religions should be avoided ; and he treated with great harshness those who ventured to preach against Popery. He established a court of Ecclesiastical Commission, by which seven commissioners were vested with full and unlimited authority over the Church of England. This court was as arbitrary and as dangerous, from its power, as those of the High Commission and the Star Chamber had been in the reign of Charles I. *They* had been abolished by act of Parliament, and the establishment of them, or of any courts of a similar kind, in future, had been prohibited ; but James paid no attention to this law,

and carried out his own measures notwithstanding.

Another act of James, which gave great offence, was the appointment, in one of the colleges of Oxford, of a new president, a man who was a Roman Catholic, and in every respect quite unfit for such an office. The heads of the college therefore wrote submissively to the king, requesting him to recal this appointment; but no answer to their remonstrance was returned before the day on which it was necessary to make the election; and so the fellows of the college chose Dr. Hough, an excellent man, who afterwards became Bishop of Worcester. This made the king angry, and orders were given for the new President and the heads of the college to appear before an ecclesiastical commission; and Bishop Parker, who had expressed his willingness to become a Roman Catholic, and was therefore approved by James, was appointed instead of Hough. The other party contended that Parker could not be accepted consistently with the statutes of the College; and the dispute at last ended by the expulsion of Hough and the heads of the College, and the final appointment of Parker. This act of James was not only arbitrary, but illegal; and it showed too his very strong bias in favour of Popery. Indeed he had before this sent an ambassador to Rome,

to make submission to the Pope, and to express his willingness that England should again be brought over to the Roman Catholic faith.

James now published what was called a Declaration of Indulgence. This was a declaration suspending certain laws which required conformity to the established church of the country. At first, the Dissenters were pleased to hear of the King's favourable intentions towards them; but it soon appeared, that the great object of James in this act of toleration was to favour Popery, and to assert his own authority. The Declaration was ordered to be read in all the churches on an appointed day, immediately after divine service.

The clergy in general, however, had very strong objections to attending to this order, and seven of the Bishops met together, and drew up a petition to the king explaining what that objection was. They declared in it their loyalty to their sovereign, and their desire that indulgence, in a legal way, should be granted to all Protestant dissenters; but then they said, that the Declaration of Indulgence was founded upon a prerogative formerly declared illegal by Parliament; they could not therefore conscientiously read it in their churches; and they begged that the King would not insist upon their doing so. But James could not bear any opposition to his orders; and

instead of giving due consideration to the petition, he determined to punish the Bishops for daring to present it, respectful and loyal though it was. He accordingly summoned them to appear before the council, and then enquired whether they acknowledged the petition. At first they hesitated; but when they declared that they had drawn it up, and sent it to the King, they were forthwith committed to the Tower, and the royal lawyers were desired to prosecute them for composing a seditious libel.

This unjust proceeding produced, as you may suppose, great indignation in the minds of the people. When they saw the Bishops actually about to be embarked in the vessels on the river, and so conveyed to the Tower, guarded as prisoners, numbers rushed to the banks; some prayed for their protection and deliverance; others even ran into the water, to hear their parting words; and the soldiers appointed to guard them fell on their knees, and begged their blessing. The Bishops, instead of showing any resentment for the injustice from which they were suffering, meekly submitted to the King's orders. They exhorted the people who surrounded them to fear God, and to honour the King, and then quietly departed to their prison. As soon as they reached the Tower, they hastened into

the chapel, and there thanked God for accounting them worthy to suffer in his cause.

While the Bishops remained in the Tower, they received daily visits from the nobility and clergy, who came to sympathize with them, and to express the desire they felt to support their cause. At last the day appointed for the trial arrived. Crowds assembled to see them pass, and Westminster Hall, in which the trial was held, was thronged from one end to the other. Those who could not gain admittance, remained about the door, in order that they might hear the result as soon as it was ascertained. Many hours, however, passed before the jury could come to a decision on the case; but when the verdict was actually pronounced, and that verdict was "Not guilty," it was instantly echoed from the Hall to the crowds without, and by them passed into the city, and made generally known. Joyfully indeed the intelligence was received. It happened that James had, on that day, been reviewing some troops that were encamped on Hounslow Heath, and he had just retired into the tent of the commander, Lord Feversham, when he was surprised to hear loud shouting in the camp, and he asked the cause. "It is nothing but the rejoicing of the soldiers for the acquittal of the Bishops," answered Lord Fever-

sham. "Do you call that nothing?" said James; "but so much the worse for them."

Thus ended the celebrated prosecution and trial of the Bishops, but the effects did not terminate quite so quickly.

There was another event which took place at that very time, which the king had been anticipating with pleasure, and one which is usually hailed with joy by the people of this country, —the birth of the Prince of Wales. But James's protestant subjects could not receive this intelligence with any satisfaction; for they had great reason to fear that the young prince would be educated in his father's opinions, and become an upholder of Popery, and a supporter of arbitrary power, should he eventually succeed to the throne.

The people of England began now to look around for some one to help them in this time of difficulty. The son-in-law of James II, William, Prince of Orange, was then considered as the head of the Protestant party in Europe, and to him the English applied for defence and protection against the arbitrary measures of their own king. The prince was quite willing to yield to their wishes; but he was a prudent and cautious man, and he would not venture into this country until he was quite sure in what manner he would be received. But he

soon found that all parties were equally disposed to support him, and that he might therefore without danger undertake the enterprise; so he commenced making preparations immediately.

When James first heard of the Prince's intentions, he became exceedingly alarmed. He turned pale, and let the letter which contained the formidable intelligence drop out of his hand. Then he began to consult with his council as to what must be done to secure his crown, if indeed that were possible; and they all decided that it would be well to retract their former measures which had been so much disliked by the people. So James immediately annulled the Court of Ecclesiastical Commission; and replaced several persons whom, for different reasons, he had deprived of their offices; and he even reinstated the President and Fellows at Oxford. But all this was now too late. The people felt that the king acted thus, not because he was really sorry for his past illegal conduct, but simply for fear of the consequences of persisting in it at such a moment as this.

And now was published the Declaration of the Prince of Orange, and it was well received throughout the country. In that Declaration, William mentioned all the grievances of which the people had to complain; and then he said,

VOL. II. Z

that he intended to come over to England with his forces, to protect the king from his evil counsellors ; and that his only design was to establish a legal and free parliament for the safety of the nation, and to support the interests of religion and liberty in the land.

It was not long before the Prince himself followed the Declaration. All necessary preparations for his reception being duly made, he left the shores of Holland, and proceeded towards England. He met with a storm which occasioned some little delay ; but the damage it occasioned was soon repaired, and after a prosperous voyage, he landed at Torbay, in Devonshire, on the 5th of November, 1688,—the anniversary of the very day of the great deliverance of the country from the Gunpowder Plot so many years before.

At first, the people felt afraid of going out to meet the Prince, for they had not yet forgotten the rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth, and all the dreadful consequences which had followed. But, by degrees, many joined him, and soon the whole country seemed to come over to William, and no opposition of any kind obstructed him in his way. But where was James all this time, and what part was he taking in these affairs ? He was deserted by his people, and by his army ; and even his own daughter, the Princess Anne of Den-

mark, left him to place herself under the protection of the other party; for she had been brought up a Protestant, and therefore felt that she could not side even with her father, in a contest in which the interests of the religion she loved were so much involved. This was the heaviest trial the unhappy king had yet experienced, for Anne was his beloved and favourite child; and in the bitterness of his grief, he cried out, "God help me, for my own children have forsaken me!"

And now James became more alarmed every day, and his only resource was to save himself by flight. This therefore he determined to attempt; so mentioning his design only to one person who accompanied him, he departed by night, and embarked in a ship, which was waiting for him at the mouth of the Thames, intending to proceed to France. The next day, every one was astonished to find that the king had fled, and the whole country was in a state of confusion, for there was now no head nor ruler to undertake the charge of the government. James had even thrown the great seal into the water, when he crossed the river, as if to prevent the affairs of the state from being carried on during his absence! And so, for a short time, every thing was in disorder; the people were left to themselves, and "every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

The populace gave way, without restraint, to their feelings of hatred to the Roman Catholic party. They destroyed the popish mass-houses, plundered the residence of the Spanish Ambassador, and committed a great many other wrong and violent actions. Jeffreys, whose name you will remember, did not escape;—he was so roughly treated that he died in consequence shortly after. He had disguised himself with the intention of leaving the country, but the populace soon discovered him, and executed their revenge in this dreadful manner.

The bishops and nobility now assembled, and endeavoured to put an end to these lawless proceedings. They charged the mayor and aldermen to preserve peace in the city of London; they sent orders to the army and the fleet, which were readily obeyed: and then they applied to the Prince of Orange, and begged him to take the government into his own hands.

Meantime, James had not succeeded in effecting his escape to France. He was seized by the populace at Feversham, and brought to London. Then he was taken to Whitehall, and afterwards permitted to go to Rochester. From thence he escaped again, and at last arrived safely at St. Germain's, in France, where he joined his wife and child, and was kindly received by King Louis.

So ended the reign of James II, the last of our sovereigns of the family of Stuart. You have seen that the love of arbitrary power was the great ruling passion in all of them; and that in two, that disposition led to fatal consequences,—depriving one of his life, and the other of his throne. With regard to our country, we have every reason to be thankful for the Great Revolution of 1688, for so the change of government which took place at this time is called in English History. It delivered us once more from Popery, which, as we have seen, James so much favoured, and would so gladly have re-established; and it prevented that increase of illegal power which the four sovereigns of the house of Stuart had for many years been endeavouring to promote. And therefore it is not without just cause, that we are taught to be grateful for a second mercy on the long celebrated fifth of November;—to remember, on that day, not only our deliverance from the Gunpowder Treason, but also from the popish tyranny and arbitrary power which threatened us at the eventful period of the Revolution, and to thank God “for filling our hearts again with joy and gladness, and putting a new song in our mouths, by bringing his Majesty King William upon this day;” and for giving “him a safe arrival

here, and for making all opposition fall before him, till he became our king and governor."

But now, I can suppose that you may here be in some little difficulty. Perhaps you are ready to ask, why is this Revolution, and the putting down of James II, and the setting up of William III, to be considered a right thing, when the usurpation of Cromwell, and all the events which preceded *that* change of government were wrong? And how can we justify William Prince of Orange in taking possession of a crown which did not belong to him by inheritance? Now, in answer to these questions, I must say, that you will, I hope, see from what follows, that William may be freed from the charge of usurpation; and that the conduct of those who managed the matters connected with the Revolution, was very different from that of Cromwell and his party in the time of Charles I.

When James had departed, and the throne was left vacant, William was, as I told you before, invited by the people of England to take possession of it; but at first he hesitated, and he would not consent to do so, until his right to be called king could be established upon safe and certain grounds. A great deal of discussion ensued before it was decided of what nature his government should be, and

by what title he should be designated. There were two principal parties in the country at that time ; both were anxious to have William for their ruler, but they differed as to the particular way in which he was to be made so. These two parties were known by the names of Whigs and Tories,—names which had at first been introduced in a way of ridicule ; but they were afterwards adopted as convenient terms, for expressing the difference of opinion which existed on the subject of kingly authority and power. The term Whig was Scotch, and had been originally applied reproachfully to the conventiclers of Scotland. That of Tory was Irish, and had been bestowed upon the Romish banditti in Ireland, by those of the opposite side. The Whigs considered, that the king held the crown under certain conditions made between him and the people, and that if he violated these conditions, he forfeited that crown. And this, they said, in the present case, James had done, and so they considered that they would be fully justified in placing William on the throne with the title of king. But the opinion of the Tories, on the other hand, was that the king held his power by divine right, and that he could not forfeit that right whatever his administration might be. They therefore thought, that William should govern only as regent, during the

minority of the young prince. But then, the Whigs urged again, that, in all probability, James's son would be brought up in the principles of his father,—that he would become a lover of Popery, and of arbitrary power, and that thus the nation would be involved in future perplexity ; but that, if the succession to the crown were now altered by law, the claims of the family of Stuart would soon be passed over and forgotten, and all would go on in peace and tranquillity.

It will not be necessary for us to consider the differences of opinion of these two parties, nor to decide which of them is best. It is enough for me to say that, when the question was now put to the vote, the Whigs proved to be the majority, and so it was decided, that William should bear the title of king. To this decision the Prince was quite disposed to accede ; the two princesses also, Mary the wife of William, and Anne the wife of George of Denmark, agreed to the plan. So the crown was finally settled on the Prince and Princess of Orange ; but the sole administration was to remain in the Prince ; and after their death, Anne was to succeed, and her children or heirs after those of the Princess of Orange. And thus quietly, and without bloodshed, was this great change made in the constitution of our country, and in the future line of succession.

I think you will now see, that the calm manner in which it was effected, with due attention to right, and law, and justice, and to the general satisfaction of all parties, was very different indeed from the lawless proceedings of the times of the civil wars, when there was so much of party spirit, and of angry feelings ;—such a fearful amount of fighting and loss of life through the country, and such undue assumption of power on the part of Cromwell.

And here we will pause a little, and before we go on to the reign of William III, say something about the celebrated characters and great men who flourished at this period, and whose names we have not hitherto had an opportunity of mentioning. Some of them lived in the time of Cromwell, and of Charles II, but I have reserved the account of them for this place, that the previous part of the history might not be interrupted.

The first person I will mention, is George Fox, who lived in the time of the Commonwealth ; he was the founder of the Society of Friends, or, as they are more frequently called, Quakers. Fox was a person of low origin, for he was originally a shoe-maker, but he afterwards considered it his duty to become a preacher. Some of the views he held were singular and erroneous, and he was, for a time, silenced, and imprisoned, on account of them.

From his liberation, he went abroad, and published his opinions in Holland, and Germany, and America. Many of the followers of him in modern days, have been persons distinguished for their benevolence, and disinterested exertions for the good of others. We shall probably have to speak of one or two of them at a subsequent period of our history.

And next, I must tell you of a man of a very different kind. I mean John Milton, our great Epic poet,—one whose name is always venerated among us, as the author of the celebrated poem, *Paradise Lost*. During the time of the Commonwealth, he held the office of Latin Secretary to Cromwell; for in his political views he was opposed to the royalist party. For a great part of his life, Milton suffered a heavy affliction in the loss of his sight; but his blindness did not interrupt his studies.—he still continued to pursue them with his former diligence, only he was obliged to use the eyes of others to read and to write for him. His great poem was composed when the light of day, and the sight of those beautiful objects in nature and art which he had once so delighted to behold, could no longer please or console him. In one of the finest passages of the *Paradise Lost*, he affectingly alludes to this distressing privation. You will, I am sure, read those lines with interest. He thus

addresses light, in the opening of the third book of the poem.

But thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain,
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
 So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veil'd. * * *
 Seasons return,—but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me ; from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.
 So much the rather Thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes ; all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

And no doubt this prayer of the poet was heard ; and so, though the natural light could find no entrance to his bodily eye, he could yet perceive things spiritual and celestial with the eye of his mind ; and while sitting in darkness, as to the objects of this earth, his soul could soar into the realms of light, and there see indeed “things invisible to mortal sight.” He lived to a good old age, and died in the year 1674.

The next celebrated man I have to mention to you, is Sir Matthew Hale ; one of the greatest

lawyers and judges ever known in this country, and one of the best men who flourished at the period of which we are now speaking. He lived in the reigns of Charles I, and Charles II, and died shortly after the accession of King William III. Hale had been brought up amongst the Puritans, and received a religious education. He was early taught to reverence the Bible as God's word, and to honour the Sabbath as God's day; and no doubt he felt the good effects of this training during the course of his after-life. But, at first, he seemed to be very little the better for it. He grew up gay and thoughtless; and when he entered upon the duties of his profession as a lawyer, he became completely engrossed with his studies and his business. But while he was still young, it so happened, or rather I should say it was so ordered in the good providence of God, that he was brought to an entire change of principles, and feelings, and habits, in a very remarkable manner. He was one day dining with a number of gay and thoughtless companions, when a young man in the party suddenly became insensible, and was so ill that for a time his life was despaired of. Hale was deeply affected by this solemn warning. He left his friends immediately, retired into another room, and falling on his knees, prayed not *only* for the recovery of his companion, but for

pardon for himself, and for his conduct in having joined such foolish gaiety. Hale never forgot the impressions of that moment, nor the solemn resolutions which he then formed. He became thenceforth a truly religious man.

Hale began his life as a lawyer, at a time when it was very difficult for a man in his profession to act with justice and integrity, and yet to preserve his own safety and interests. The stormy period of the civil wars was just commencing, and there was then, as you are aware, a great deal of party spirit and strong feeling. But Hale went straight on in the path of duty, and was always ready to help and relieve any to whom he could be useful, to whichever side they might happen to belong. When Cromwell came into power, he offered Hale an honourable office in one of the public courts. The conscientious lawyer doubted whether he ought to receive the situation from a usurper; and he would not accept it, until he had asked the advice of some friends able to direct him, and had been convinced by them that he might do so consistently with duty and conscience. After the Restoration of Charles II, he was appointed by Lord Clarendon to the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer. This too he accepted unwillingly; he wished to decline the honour of knighthood altogether, and it was not without

VOL. II. 2 A

and the difficulty, that he was prevailed upon to leave St. Matthew Hale. He afterwards held the office of the King's Bench. He was so long at it, his health began to fail, and he resigned the post only a year before he died.


Now, because I have told you all this about the great Sir Matthew Hale, that I wish you to learn a few things from his character, and to use for your own benefit ; for that is the grand point to be attended to, in looking at the lives of great and good men. There are many things for which Hale was famous, but I will mention only three. The first is his diligence. You may suppose that this must have been ; occupying as he did such an important place in the law, and attending so many public affairs to him, he must have been busy. And yet, notwithstanding he managed to carry on a variety of other business and studies ; and wrote several books, which are still useful in the world, though the Sir himself has long since passed away. You may wonder how he found time for this. One grand secret of his accomplishing so much was, that he never wasted his *minutes*, as many people do, in mere idleness. He rose early too, and spent no time in useless conversation, and very little in his necessary meals ; and he even found opportunity for reading and

study when he was travelling from place to place to pursue his duties as judge. No wonder then that he accomplished so much both for himself and others.

The second thing I want you to remember in Sir Matthew Hale is his integrity,—his love of truth, and his strict justice. He used to say, that he was entrusted with the administration of justice for God, for his king, and for his country ; and therefore he must perform his duty uprightly, deliberately, and resolutely. And accordingly he never would allow himself to be biassed by compassion for the poor, or favour to the rich ; and such was his dread of any thing approaching to bribery, that he insisted upon paying even for the presents which he received from those with whom he was engaged in the course of his profession. Sometimes he gave great offence by acting in this way ; but he had the testimony of his own conscience to assure him that he was doing right,—a conscience which he always tried to regulate by the word of God. He cared very little what *men* might think ; but he was most anxious to act in accordance with the directions of Him who once said, by the pen of Solomon, “A gift perverteth the ways of judgment.” “I rest not,” he would say, “upon my own understanding and strength, but implore and act upon the direction and

strength of God." No wonder then, that Sir Matthew Hale was enabled, in a remarkable manner, to execute justice in the true and strictest sense of the word.

The third thing I will mention in Sir Matthew Hale's character, is his strict attendance to religious duties, and particularly his observance of the Sabbath. Many public men, engaged as he was during the week, with such pressing business, might have been tempted to employ a portion of Sunday in work not quite in accordance with the sacredness of the day, under the plea that it was necessary or useful, —for the benefit of others, and therefore excusable, or even right. But Hale never thought or acted thus. Sunday was to him a true day of rest ; and he was firmly persuaded that sabbaths spent, as he loved to spend his, in public worship in God's house, and in religious reading and conversation at home, not only ensure present enjoyment, but bring a blessing even upon the worldly occupations of the following week. And he was right. God has said, "Them that honour me, I will honour;" and He has promised an especial blessing to those who honour Him by keeping holy His day. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day ; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable ; and shalt



honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Hale received much earthly renown, and thus he might have been said to experience the truth of this promise, and to "ride upon the high places of the earth," in the honour which he enjoyed amongst men. And he received too the other and better part of the promise, in the "delight" which he felt in thus keeping holy that sacred day, and in the peace of mind which he enjoyed,—that foretaste of the eternal sabbath which remains for the people of God.

But it is time for us to take our leave of this great and good man, and we will do so, and conclude this long chapter, with a few lines in his praise by the poet Cowper;—

Immortal Hale ! for deep discernment prais'd,
And sound integrity, no more than fam'd
For sanctity of manners undefiled.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS AND DECLARATION OF LIBERTY

1689-1701

THE FIRST ACT THAT GAVE THE FIFTH
OF JULY 1689 WAS THE BILL OF RIGHTS
AND DECLARATION OF LIBERTY. IT WAS
PASSED BY THE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT
BRITAIN IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE
REIGN OF WILLIAM III. AND MARY II.
IT WAS THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS
THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A CONSTITUTIONAL
GOVERNMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN.
IT WAS THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS
THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A
PARLIAMENTARY SYSTEM.
IT WAS THE FIRST STEP TOWARDS
THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A
CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY.

COWPER.

THE FIRST ACT WAS SO MUCH TO encourage
the people in the first year of his reign,
he was the first to give in his new kingdom
without some liberty, and some fighting and
bloodshed too. Let us go once more to Ireland,
and see what was the state of affairs there just
at this time.

The government had been entrusted to a
man named Tyrconnel, who at first appeared
friendly disposed towards William, and

o submit to his authority. But all Tyrconnel was secretly on the side of and desirous of restoring him to the f possible, with the assistance of the Catholic party. James had, as you r, retired to France, and was living very friendly terms with King Louis ; when there seemed to be some hope ring the crown by means of Tyrconnel party, he determined to go over to and head the army in his own person. rnished him with large supplies of and other things necessary for the n ; and he offered him also an army s to fight with, but this James refusing that if he did not succeed by the his own subjects, he would perish in npt. So they parted, and as the ing took leave of his friend, he affected, "The best thing I can wish at I may never see you again."

n had, meantime, commanded the ay down their arms, and submit to government. So when James arrived 1, and was received as king by his ere, it seemed as if the two parties necessity soon come to open warfare. Irish were not *all* on the side of The northern portion of the country, *protestant*, was devoted to the cause of

William ; and James determined therefore to direct his first attacks there, and to lead his army against Londonderry. The Protestants in that city, as soon as they heard of the approaching danger, shut their gates, and determined to resist to the utmost all the attacks of their enemies. Among these brave people were a number of young men, apprentices in the town, who had learnt to love the Bible, and the religion of the Bible, and they resolved to fight and to suffer, if necessary, for their rights and privileges as Protestants.

It was indeed dreadful intelligence to the people of Londonderry, that James and his army were actually approaching. They had resolved what to do ; but they knew how fearful it would be to sustain all the horrors of a siege ; and great as their courage was, they were but ill prepared to resist the attacks of an enemy ; for they had but a small supply of armour and horses ; and the garrison was composed of people not much accustomed to fighting. They were destitute of provisions too, and the army that was approaching was headed by James himself, commanded by skilful generals, and well furnished with everything that was necessary either for fighting or besieging. This was a gloomy prospect indeed, and yet, with all these dangers before them, the noble spirited protestants of Londonderry closed

their gates upon their formidable foe, and determined, happen what might, that they would not surrender. Ah, they knew where to look in time of danger,—they had put their trust in God, and were assured that He would be their “refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble.”

The governor of the city was an officer named Lundy, a man of a very different spirit from the people of whom we have just been speaking. Before James and his army appeared, he assembled a council of war, and in that council it was determined, that the chief officers should leave the city, and that a capitulation should be made with the enemy by the inhabitants. A messenger was accordingly sent to James, to propose a negotiation. When the brave garrison, and the Protestants of the town, heard this, they were exceedingly angry. Some of the commanders tried to persuade Lundy to maintain his government, and assist them in defending the place. But as he refused to do this, he was allowed to make his escape in disguise, and Mr. Walker and Major Baker were appointed governors in his place. Mr. Walker was a clergyman, the rector of Donoughmore, and he had already raised a regiment for the defence of the Protestants.

And now the siege began in earnest. For a time, the determined bravery of the people

in the town resisted the besiegers ; but soon sickness and famine appeared within the walls, and carried off many of their number. Hundreds died of hunger ; the only food which remained for them was horse-flesh, dogs, cats, rats, mice, tallow, and starch ; and even these began at last to fail. James now returned to Dublin, and left the army under the command of the French general De Rosen. Rosen was perhaps naturally a cruel man, and he was so much vexed and annoyed at the trouble the inhabitants of Londonderry gave him by their long resistance, that he threatened to throw down the town, and destroy every one of the inhabitants, unless they would immediately submit to their lawful sovereign,—for so he called James. But distressed as they were, the garrison would not listen to such a proposal as this. The governors even declared, that any person who dared to talk of surrendering, should be put to death immediately. And so the siege went on. Then De Rosen tried a new plan to induce the inhabitants to submit. He told them that, if they still refused to open the gates, he would execute his vengeance upon all the Protestants in the country,—that he would drive them under the walls of Londonderry, and there let them perish by famine. Still the people would not yield ; the dreadful threat was actually performed.

Soldiers were sent thirty miles round, who collected all the Protestants they could find, plundered them, and then drove them on to the very walls of Londonderry! About four thousand,—men, women, and children,—were seen by the poor besieged people from their walls; fellow-countrymen they were,—fellow Protestants,—all exposed to the cruelty of the barbarous De Rosen and his fierce soldiers! The inhabitants of Londonderry were unable to help them, unless indeed they surrendered, and opened their gates, and let in the enemy; and perhaps you will expect to hear that they were induced to do this, to save their friends, though they would not do it to save themselves. Quite the contrary. They were now more determined than ever not to yield to such an enemy; but in order to frighten De Rosen, and, as they hoped, deter him from his cruel purpose, they sent him a message, saying, that they would hang all the prisoners they had taken during the siege, unless the Protestants were immediately allowed to depart. The people of Londonderry had no wish to take such revenge, but it seemed necessary to threaten to do so, for the sake of the poor sufferers under the walls; and happily the threat had the desired effect. After three days, they were released; but they had suffered so much *from hunger and cruel treatment, that few lived*

to reach their homes, and those who did, found them plundered by the Roman Catholic party; so that these poor creatures were left to perish without shelter, or to be murdered by the soldiers of the enemy !

But what became of the brave, suffering people in Londonderry ? They were indeed reduced now to the most dreadful state of famine ; and a proposal had even been made amongst themselves, that some should be killed as food for the survivors ! But do you not remember that common saying, and true it is, as well as common,—“ Man’s extremity is God’s opportunity ” ? It was found true now by the patient long-enduring sufferers of Londonderry. Just at this time, a joyful sight appeared in the river upon which that city stands. Two vessels were seen, sailing up towards the town. They were laden with provisions,—food such as those poor starving people had not enjoyed for many a long day of hunger and privation. Oh, how anxiously they watched the ships as they came nearer and nearer, fired upon by the enemy, as they advanced. Sometimes there seemed no hope that they could escape ; they would certainly be sunk, or burnt, or destroyed by the cruel foe, and the food so much desired and so long watched for, would never be suffered to land *safely* to satisfy the starving inhabitants. But

still the ships sailed on; they reached the town; and then came the joyful moment,—these vessels were unladen, and the provisions were distributed, and the poor people could once more satisfy the cravings of hunger. It was a day for gratitude indeed; and the occasion for that gratitude did not end with the mere relief which the food afforded. The besieging army, weary with their long exertions, and now in despair of success, left the walls of Londonderry that very night, and so ended the danger of the gallant Protestant band within.

But we have not yet done with Ireland, and the efforts made there to reinstate James in his lost kingdom. Not very long after the siege of Londonderry, a battle took place on the banks of the river Boyne. The English were commanded then by king William, who had come over to oppose the enemy in person. The two armies had for some time been approaching one another, and at last they found themselves stationed one on the right and the other on the left bank of the river, so that it was impossible for them to avoid an engagement. Accordingly William began to prepare for battle; he arranged his soldiers, and rode along the ranks to inspect them, and to observe the position of the enemy, that he might ascertain how he could best make the attack. While he was doing this, he was per-

ceived by the soldiers on the opposite side. They fired, and a man and two horses, close to the king, were killed. William happily escaped with only a wound in his shoulder; but the enemy supposed that he was actually slain, and sent tidings of his death to Dublin and Paris, where the intelligence was received with great joy, and celebrated with shouts and bonfires. His enemies, however, were disappointed. William was not much injured, and he was soon able to appear again among his anxious soldiers, and assure them that he fully intended to head his army in the battle of the next day. It was now late in the evening. The king gave the necessary orders, and amongst other things desired his soldiers to wear green boughs or sprigs in their hats, to distinguish them from the Irish and French troops, who had cockades made of white paper. Then they all rested for the night, and next morning,—a bright summer's morning it was,—they rose early, and crossed the river; and soon after the battle began. It was a fierce contest, and for sometime it seemed doubtful how it would end; but at last the Irish and the French began to give way and retreat, and then it was evident that James was defeated, and that William had gained the day.

James was now more anxious to make his escape, than to attempt any further effort in

ld of battle, so he rode off towards
 , as fast as his horse could carry him.
 he arrived at the castle, Lady Tyrconnel
 o meet him, and James, vexed and
 ed at his defeat, was disposed, very un-
 usly, to lay the blame upon the Irish
 though they had really fought bravely
 cause. So he said, "Your countrymen,
 sh, Madam, can run very quick." Lady
 nel must have felt rather angry at such
 gracious observation as this, and she
 a sharp reply. "Your Majesty," she
 'excels them in this as in every thing
 or you have won the race." However,
 continued his "race," until he reached
 ord, where he embarked for France.
 stepped into the vessel, the wind, which
 gh, blew off his hat. One of the Irish
 ls standing by, supplied him with ano-
 om his own head, and as James thanked
 or the act of courtesy, he added, that
 he had lost a crown through the fault
 Irish, he had gained a hat from them
 place. With this remark, James left
 ore, and once more retired to France.
 ended the battle of the Boyne. The
 h received the news of their victory with
 joy, but they had to mourn the loss of
 rave commanders who fell in that battle.
 'these, you will be sorry to hear, was

the gallant Walker, who had acted so nobly in the siege of Londonderry. I should tell you, that the city of Limerick was afterwards besieged by the English. The inhabitants behaved very bravely, and though at last they were obliged to surrender, yet they did so upon honourable terms. They received pardon from William ; and a large number of those who had fought under James, went over to France, where they were received by king Louis, and joined his army.

But now you may wish to enquire what the Scotch were doing all this time, and how William's accession to the throne of England was received by them. Some of them were willing to acknowledge him as their king ; but in Scotland, as well as in Ireland, there was a party who favoured James ; and William did not establish his authority in the Highlands without some difficulty. At the head of the opposing party was Viscount Dundee, who, with his Highland troops, defeated William's army at the pass of Killcrankie. He died the following day of the wounds he had received, but the Highlanders still continued to resist, and the warfare went on for two years longer. At last, William published a declaration promising pardon to all who would submit to his authority before a certain day ; and most of the chieftains were willing to do

But there was one, named Macdonald ncoe, who, for some reason or other, nately put off making his submission he very last day of the time allowed. station is always dangerous, and in se it proved fatal, not only to Macdonald f, but to many of his country-people s you will find from the sad story I am ing to tell you.

day on which Macdonald at last went : the required oaths of submission, hap- to be one of intense cold. The ground vered with snow, and as he had some e to travel, and delays unhappily oc- , he did not reach the place appointed he day after the expiration of the term William had named in his proclamation. bstanding this, however, Macdonald his submission in due form, and returned ncoe. And now he hoped that all was but in this he was sadly mistaken. He dangerous enemy at court—the Earl of lbane, who had some cause of com- against the chieftain: for Macdonald undered his lands during the time of ties, and refused afterwards to pay for schief he had done. Breadalbane there- determined to take revenge. He told m, that Macdonald was a disobedient ; *an incorrigible rebel, who would not*

submit to any laws, nor live peacefully under any sovereign ; and then he urged the king to make an example of him, and to command that he, and all his family, and his adherents in the vale of Glencoe, should be put to death by military execution. William, without due consideration, followed the advice of Breadalbane : he signed the order for the execution, and sent it to the Master of Stair, the Secretary of Scotland, who was but too willing to carry out the command with the utmost rigour.

One day in the month of February, not long after, a company of soldiers was seen marching into the valley of Glencoe, under the command of Captain Campbell. Macdonald went out to meet them, and enquired whether they came as friends or as foes. They said they came as friends, to collect some taxes which were now due, and that no injury was intended either to himself or to his people. So Macdonald received the captain and his men with great hospitality ; he entertained them for fifteen days, and all that time they and the inhabitants of the glen lived together in the most friendly manner. One evening, however, after Macdonald and Campbell had passed the day very pleasantly in each other's company, and parted with their usual affection, the chieftain's sons perceived that the guard of *soldiers* had been doubled. This surprised

them, and they began to fear that all was not right. They told their father, but he said he could not think of suspecting Captain Campbell. He had made warm professions of friendship only a few hours before, and Macdonald would not doubt his sincerity. But the young men were not so easily satisfied; so they determined to go out secretly, and make observations for themselves. They soon saw a party of soldiers talking together, and they listened to hear what they said. The soldiers were speaking of some work which had been given them to do, which they did not at all like; and as the two young men stood near, they overheard them say, that though they would willingly fight against the Macdonalds in the field, in a fair open way, yet they thought it base to murder them in cold blood; but that the officers, not themselves, were accountable for such treachery!

You may imagine the horror with which the poor boys heard this. They hastened home to warn their father of his danger. But they were too late; the house was already surrounded with soldiers, and all around was heard the dreadful sound of the firing of muskets, and the shrieks of the women, and the cries of the children, who were just roused from their beds, and were trying to escape *from their cruel enemies*, in the darkness of

that terrible night. The young men being unarmed, and not able either to defend themselves, or to rescue their father, fled for their lives. Meantime, a party of soldiers rushed into the chamber of the old chieftain, and shot him through the head. Macdonald fell dead into the arms of his wife, and she was so overwhelmed with fear and horror, that next day she died also. A little boy, only eight years old, threw himself at Campbell's feet, and begged for mercy; but one of the hard-hearted officers who was standing by, stabbed him in a moment. Thirty-eight were murdered in the same way,—many of them in their beds. The plan was to kill all the men under seventy years of age who lived in the valley; but the soldiers who were appointed to guard the passes, did not arrive in time; and thus some happily escaped.

When Campbell had ended his dreadful massacre, he ordered all the houses to be burnt, and all the cattle and goats to be seized; and then the poor widows, and the fatherless children, were driven out, and left to wander in that dark winter's night, over ground covered with snow, shivering with cold, and almost dead with terror, until they could reach some inhabited spot, many miles distant from the once happy, but now desolate valley of

 *encoc.*

But how did William act ? how did he feel, when he heard of this dreadful massacre ? No doubt, he little thought, when he signed the order at the request of Breadalbane, what the consequences would be. He was not indeed actually guilty himself of that dreadful slaughter ; but he was certainly responsible for it, as he had given the command for the execution. And now it was his duty to do what he could to repair the evil ;—to punish the treacherous perpetrators of the cruel deed, and to compensate in some degree, if possible, to the suffering survivors, for the sad loss they had sustained. But William did nothing of the kind. He indeed dismissed Lord Stair, the Scotch minister ; but he did not punish the cruel Campbell, nor any who had taken part in the murder. William was a stern man ; he was a great military commander, and he acted, on this occasion, more like a fierce soldier, delighting in vengeance, than like a Christian king, who, though he is sometimes obliged to exercise severity, yet always strives to exercise it with justice, and to season it with mercy. No wonder that, from this time, William's government became very unpopular in Scotland ; and that the number of those who desired the restoration of the Stuart family increased.—Those persons were now

called Jacobites, from the name of James or Jacobus, whose cause they supported.

There is not much more to interest you in the reign of William III. I should tell you however, that Louis XIV, the friend of James II, made another effort to restore him to the throne. He attempted an invasion of England, and prepared a fleet for the purpose; but he was defeated by the English, and their allies the Dutch, in the battle of La Hogue, in 1692. James spent the remainder of his life at St. Germain's, near Paris, where he died, thirteen years after his dethronement.

During William's reign, an act was passed in Parliament, which it is important for you to remember. It was called the Bill of Rights, because it secured and confirmed the rights and liberties of the people. It declared, amongst other things, that the pretended power of suspending or executing laws, or of levying money for the use of the crown, by the king, without the consent of the Parliament, is illegal; that it is the right of the subject to petition the king; that excessive fines ought not to be imposed, nor cruel punishments inflicted; and that Parliaments ought to be held frequently.

William lost his excellent wife, Queen Mary, about three years before his own death. She died of the small-pox, which in those days

proved fatal to a great many persons ; for the art of vaccination was not then known. The king himself lost his life from an accident. He was thrown from his horse, when riding from Kensington to Hampton Court ; and died from the effects of the fall a few weeks after.

And now, before we begin the reign of William's successor, Queen Anne, I wish to make a few remarks, which I could not well do before, without interrupting the course of our narrative. I wish that we should go back once more to the besieged city of Londonderry, and ask the suffering inhabitants there, if they can teach us any lessons from their own example and experience. I think they will say, that they can ; and perhaps we can guess, without much difficulty, what those lessons will be.

One of them will surely be on *patient endurance*. We have often had examples, in our history, of active courage, and of readiness to suffer cruel and violent death for the sake of truth and of duty. But the case of the besieged sufferers in Londonderry is, in some respects, different from these. The soldiers there had indeed active duties to perform, in which much courage and bravery were required. But then, there were a large number besides who could not be engaged in this way ; the *women, and children, and aged people, for in-*

stance,—and it is of them that I am particularly speaking here. Now in times of calamity, it often requires more stedfastness of purpose, more resolute endurance, to be *passive*, than to be *active*. There is an excitement, an impulse, given in action, which prevents reflection, and enables people to go through difficulties which would overpower them perhaps in calmer moments. But it is not so with those who have to sit still in suspense, dreadful suspense, knowing the danger, and awaiting the result. Think how the poor passive sufferers at Londonderry must have felt, as hour after hour they sat in their desolate houses, listening to the firing, and the shouts, and the cries of the wounded; or watching from their windows the horrors around, as far as they were able to discern them. And then, from time to time, came the sad intelligence that some one dear to them had fallen;—the father of the family perhaps, or a son, or a brother;—some fatal bullet had reached him, some fatal wound had been given, and he was dead.

Now cannot you picture to yourselves a Christian family in such affliction as this, just as you did when we were talking of an affliction of a different kind,—the great Plague of London? How would such a family act? What would they do? We know that there

many religious families in Londonderry, and we may well suppose how they felt, how they were employed too, at such a crisis as that. Remember that all the sufferings they endured,—the privations, the famine, dangers, the losses,—were endured for the sake of truth, Protestant truth. Had they been induced to surrender, and to open their arms, and to submit to James, they would have sacrificed principle; and therefore resistance, even to death, was a duty. But we are speaking of those who could not join brave soldiers of the garrison, in defending themselves from the enemy with their guns and bayonets. There were especial duties for them to perform. What were they? There was patience to be exercised; there was confidence in God to be displayed; and above all, there was prayer to be offered. And we may well believe that all these duties were attended to. Many a woman, and many a child might have been found in Londonderry during that siege, praying earnestly for their country and their countrymen, and their Protestant countrymen, when they could not fight with “carnal weapons,” for the blessings they so highly valued. And we may be assured that the deliverance which arrived at last, and the deliverance which followed, came as much in answer to the prayers of the patient sufferers, as in

consequence of the means used for defence and preservation by the brave soldiers who manned the walls. We are told that "the righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them, and delivereth them from all their troubles." Oh let us never forget the lessons of patience, and faith, and trust in God, which we may learn from the besieged city of Londonderry.

But I have another lesson for you of a different kind,—one which the sad story of Glencoe has suggested,—a lesson on the duty of exercising mercy and compassion. We owe much to King William, and we ought never to hear his name, without feelings of gratitude for all the blessings which accompanied his accession to the English throne at the time of the Great Revolution. And yet, when we read such a story as that of the massacre of Glencoe, and remember the part he had in it, we cannot think of William with that affection which we would desire to feel for a good king. Now there is something so delightful in a merciful, compassionate, gentle disposition, that I would not pass over this trait in William's character, without taking the opportunity of pressing upon you the importance of cultivating these graces, if you wish to be not only respected, but loved. The king we are speaking of was perhaps naturally deficient in *the amiable parts* of character ; and though he

was on the whole a good man, yet he was certainly, on account of these deficiencies, feared rather than loved. We may wish that he had acted more in accordance with the beautiful lines which follow from our great poet, with which we will conclude the chapter,—and more in accordance too with the spirit of Him who said, “Be ye merciful, even as your Father which is in heaven is merciful.” Had he so acted, we should not have been obliged to mourn over the massacre of Glencoe, as a stain on the memory of our sovereign William III.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute of God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

XXXV. A CHAPTER ON GREAT MEN.

A.D. 1702—1714.

Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;—
Footprints which, pérhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,—
Some forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,—
Seeing, may take heart again.—LONGFELLOW.

WILLIAM III left no children ; when he died, therefore, Anne, the youngest daughter of James II., succeeded to the throne, according to the arrangements made at the time of the Revolution. Anne was an amiable woman, and a good queen. She had not indeed very brilliant qualities or talents ; but though she did not attract the admiration, she gained the affections of her subjects.

A great part of this reign was taken up with a war against France. Louis XIV was still king of that country. He now rejoiced in the death of his enemy William III, thinking

he should have little further to fear from English, headed as they were by a female reign. This however was far from being a case. Forces were soon collected against France from Germany and Holland, the allies of our own country, and preparations for war commenced. The command of the English army was given to the Duke of Marlborough, one of the most celebrated men who distinguished the times of Queen Anne. He had been a great favourite with William III, who used to say, that he had the coolest head and warmest heart of any man he knew. Marlborough enjoyed a great deal of honour from Anne also; and this was increased by the influence of his wife, to whom the Queen was much attached. The Duchess of Marlborough was a clever woman, but haughty and imperious, and she exercised a great deal too much power over the meek and gentle Anne. I should tell you, that at this time there was a great deal of disputing between the two parties of whom you have already heard,—the Whigs and the Tories. They differed in opinion as to the expediency of this war with France. The Whigs wished to carry it on; but the Tories objected, on account of the expense it would bring upon the country. However, the Whigs prevailed, and so, as I have said, the Duke of Marlborough and his army

were sent out. The Duke was joined by Prince Eugene of Savoy.

And now commenced a very brilliant course of victories over the French and their allies. Many cities were taken, many battles were gained; and Louis, after all his proud boasting, was so completely humbled, that he began even to beg for peace. The chief battle for you to remember in this reign was that of Blenheim. By that victory the English and their allies got possession of a very large territory in Germany; and Marlborough was rewarded for his bravery by his country; for he received a large estate, and a magnificent mansion was erected for him near Oxford, called Blenheim House.

But notwithstanding all this success, there were evils connected with these victories of a very serious kind. The country was becoming almost ruined by the heavy expenses which war always brings with it; and when, after a time, the Whig ministers were dismissed, and the Tories got into power, hostilities were terminated, Marlborough was recalled, and peace established by the Treaty of Utrecht. As this is an important event to be remembered in English History, you will do well to bear the date of it in your minds. It took place in the year 1713.

So ended the brilliant career of Marlbo-

As a commander, his fame all through his campaign was unsullied. It is said that he always advanced, and never retreated; and that on no occasion did he lose advantage once gained over the enemy. Though he was such a great man as a soldier, there were some charges brought against him which must lessen our admiration of him as a man. The great fault in the character of Marlborough was avarice. Even in childhood he shewed this. It is said that his first purchase he ever made was a box to hold money. That money was hoarded and increased, and with it increased the natural selfishness of the owner, until it formed the basis of his after life. During the war with France it was found that he had been guilty of taking bribes; and he was even accused of prolonging hostilities, in order that he might enrich himself by the plunder of the French troops. These were indeed heavy charges; but they proved to be too true; and his roughness was in consequence deprived of its honourable employments in which he had hitherto been engaged. The Duchess, at last wearied out the Queen by the violence of her temper, was dismissed likewise. We now, in accordance with our usual practice of gaining instruction from the different characters which, from time to time, come be-

fore us, let us pause here for a moment, and talk a little about this quality of avarice which so tarnished the brilliancy of Marlborough's fame. You see how early the love of money appeared in him, and how, in after years, it increased, until it led to actual dishonesty. You have not forgotten, I hope, another instance of a great public character, whose reputation suffered from a cause very similar to that of the case we are now speaking of,—I mean Lord Bacon. This quality of avarice is, unhappily, a very common one. It pervades all classes, and is found in persons of all ages, and therefore we should guard carefully against any approach in ourselves to a vice so mean, as well as so wicked. And it is important too to guard against it in early life. The child who loves to get and to hoard money, instead of expending it wisely in what is good and useful to himself or others, will assuredly grow up an avaricious, a selfish, perhaps even a dishonest man, unless the habit be carefully checked, and the natural disposition counteracted. Such a child should be taught, from experience, the pleasure of generosity; and when once he has learnt this, he will desire no more to lay up money in a box,—there to remain and to increase, but to do good to no one. No, he will take care of his money indeed; but it will not always remain in the


box. It will be taken out, and applied to some useful purpose : for that child will remember that money is one of the talents entrusted to us by God ; and that whether we have much or little, He will call us to account for the use we make of it. Do you recollect what is said in the Bible about this? "Charge them who are rich in this world, that they be ready to give, and glad to distribute." And even if we have but little, we are gladly "to give of that little."—But we must return to the affairs of Queen Anne's reign.

I must not forget to mention, that a very valuable possession came into the hands of the English about this time. This was Gibraltar. If you look at the situation of Gibraltar in the map of Europe, you will find out the importance of that acquisition. It is just at the entrance of the Mediterranean sea ; so that the possession of the fortress gives us the power of watching every vessel that enters or passes through the straits, and this is a great advantage in times both of war and peace. Gibraltar was taken by Sir George Rooke.

You see that in this reign, the English had great success on land ; but they were not quite so successful at sea. One unfortunate defeat took place near the West Indies, while contending with the French. The English fleet was commanded on that occasion by a brave

man named Admiral Benbow. Notwithstanding his own bravery, however, he suffered defeat from the bad conduct of some of his officers, who left him to fight almost alone. Still he continued to use all his efforts against the enemy ; and even the loss of a leg by a cannon ball, did not prevent him from continuing to give his orders, as he lay wounded on the deck of his vessel. At last, the only ship that remained to him, was almost shattered to pieces, and then further resistance seemed impossible. The defeat grieved Benbow much more than his bodily sufferings could do. When one of his lieutenants sympathized with him on the loss of his limb, he said, "I am sorry for it ; but I had rather have lost both my legs, than have seen the disgrace of this day. But do you hear ? If another shot should take me off, do you behave like men, and fight it out." The brave Admiral did not long survive his disasters. He died of his wounds soon after, and the officers who had so basely deserted him, were, on their return, tried, and sentenced to be shot, by a court martial.

But the chief event in Anne's reign was the union of England and Scotland. You know that, from the accession of James I, these two countries had been ruled by one Sovereign ; but still they continued to have different Par-



nts, and the Scotch frequently complained they did not enjoy equal privileges with English. They grew discontented, and threatened that they would not submit to an English Sovereign, unless these grievances were redressed. It was feared that a revolution might take place, and that the son of James II, who was now called the Pretender, because he made pretensions to the throne, would be king of Scotland; and therefore, to prevent all this, it was judged expedient to effect a union of the two countries. By the treaty made at this Union, it was declared, that the Scotch should retain their own laws, and their mode of worship; and that they should send a certain number of members to Parliament both to the House of Lords, and the House of Commons. There was a good deal of delay and liberation before the matter could be settled; but at last the treaty was made, and both countries have found the benefit of the Union.

The reign of Anne did not pass without vexations and troubles, both as regarded herself and her country. The loss of several children, particularly of a son eleven years of age and then of her husband, Prince George, increased her deep grief; and besides these personal afflictions, the constant disputes going on between the Whig and Tory parties, preyed

upon her mind, and she sunk into a state of ill health, which terminated in death, after a reign of twelve years. She left no children; and therefore, in accordance with the act of settlement passed in the reign of William III, the crown now passed to the next *Protestant* heir; and this was George, the Elector of Hanover and Brunswick. His mother was Sophia, daughter of the Elector Palatine, who, you remember, had married the princess Elizabeth, James I's daughter. George, therefore, was the great-grandson of that king; and he had succeeded to the titles of his father Ernest Augustus, Duke of Hanover, and Elector of Brunswick.

But before we commence this new line of kings, and begin to talk of the events of the reign of George I, let us look again at the verses which head our chapter. They speak of the lives of great men, and of the use which ought to be made of them in the way of instruction and example. Now the reigns of William III, and of Anne, were remarkable for the number of distinguished men who then lived and flourished,—the honour and the ornament of their age. Statesmen and warriors, men of literature and science, poets and philosophers, and writers on all kinds of subjects,—these were so numerous, that I cannot tell you even the mere names of one half of them.

But I will just single out a few, and give you a little account of each, as I did of some of those celebrated persons who lived at an earlier period,—during the reigns of the sovereigns of the House of Stuart. And then, in accordance with our motto, we will endeavour to find some useful lessons for ourselves from these “lives of great men.”

The first I will mention shall be the Honourable Robert Boyle, whose name, I dare say, is not quite strange to you. He was one of the greatest philosophers of this country; and he is particularly to be remembered as the inventor of that useful instrument the air-pump. Boyle also wrote several scientific works, and he was one of the founders of the Royal Society. The knowledge of this great man was as extensive as it was deep. Mathematics, chemistry, languages,—in all these he was well versed. He also devoted much of his time to theology, and wrote a valuable work on the study of the Scriptures. No doubt, he experienced throughout his life, much pure pleasure and enjoyment in occupations of such a high and noble kind. It is, however, to a different part of his history and character that I wish just now particularly to draw your attention. I want you to think of Boyle as a *good*, as well as a *great* man. A good man he was indeed in the best sense of the term;—he was one who served God, and

VOL. II. 2 D

who desired to consecrate his high power of mind, and his varied knowledge, to the service of the Great Giver. And I will tell you what he did this.

In those days, very little had been attended to of missionary works among the heathens, which we happily hear so much of in our day, and the Bible had been translated into many languages of comparatively very few foreign and distant nations. Now Boyle studied and understood God's word himself, and his great desire was to send it to others afar off, in the tongue in which they understood, that they might love to study and love it also. So, at his own expense, he had the New Testament translated into the Malay language, and then sent it through a great part of the East Indies. But this was not all he did to make the Scriptures known. He caused a translation to be made of the Scriptures for the use of the nearer home,—the Irish—for there were many sister country then, and there are still, but little acquainted with English, and who loved to read, and to hear, as well as to speak, in their own native tongue. This important work had been commenced many years before by a good bishop named Bedell, who had learned the Irish language in order that he might be better able to instruct his people. But he lived in the time of one of those terrible

lions which have so frequently taken place in Ireland ; and the disturbances which followed, and his own ill-health and death, which were in a great degree owing to the sufferings he endured at that time, prevented him from completing the useful work he had undertaken. So it was left for after years ; and Boyle, who was himself born in Ireland, had the honour and the happiness of introducing the Irish Bible among his fellow-countrymen. And he did not forget Scotland and Wales ; for he gave large contributions to defray the expenses of translations of the Scriptures into the Gaelic and Welsh tongues. These are acts worthy to be remembered and admired in the life of the philosopher Boyle.

And there is another feature in his character which we ought to notice. You will not wonder that a man who so honoured the Bible, revered also the Author of the Bible. Boyle did this in a remarkable degree. It is said, that he so honoured the very name of God, that he never pronounced it in conversation without a pause,—a solemn pause. This was a constant habit with him ; and those who knew him most intimately never remembered the time when he omitted it. So careful was he to attend to that command which says, “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.”

But I have said enough of this great man, and we will now leave him ; but, I hope, not without gaining some instruction from his example. In those wonderful gifts and acquirements for which he was so distinguished, we cannot imitate him ; but in his love for the word of God, in his zeal to make it known to others, and in his reverence for all that was holy and sacred,—we may, and we ought to imitate him. Let us try then, in these respects, to be the wiser and the better for what we have just read about Robert Boyle.

I should tell you, that the preacher of Boyle's funeral sermon, was a person who well deserves a place in the list of the great men of this period. I mean Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who had been an intimate friend of William, when Prince of Orange. He was the author of some useful and important works ; particularly a History of the Reformation, and a History of the eventful period of his own times.

And now, we will turn to another great man not unworthy of being associated with the good and honourable Robert Boyle. I mean John Locke. In the county of Somerset, there is a village called Wrington, a place of no particular importance in itself, but one which is entitled to some distinction, as being the birth-place of this celebrated man. If, in the

course of your journeyings, you ever find yourselves in this quiet village, and walk around it in order to admire the scenery, and to examine any objects of interest that it may contain, your attention will be directed to a certain house, part of which has been used as the national school, and you will be told, "In this house was born the famous John Locke." Now this is the very person whom I wish you just now to remember, as one among the many great men of the 17th century. But before we say any thing more about him, let us pass, in thought, from the house in which he was born, to the church, the fine old church, in which he was baptized; and then we will ask to look at the parish register, that we may read from it the following entry,— "A. D. 1637. Julie 16. John the sonne of Jeremy Locke, and Elizabeth his wife."—Little did those who witnessed the baptism of that child, imagine that he would one day show himself a man of such distinguished powers, as to hand down his name with honour to the latest generations of his countrymen.

Locke was educated at Westminster school, and afterwards went to the university of Oxford. Later in life he studied physic. Several years he spent on the Continent, where he wrote some of his books; and he returned to

England in the same fleet that brought over William, Prince of Orange.

The great work for which Locke is known, is his *Essay on the Human Understanding*. The Mind was the great subject on which he thought, and on which he wrote; and a more important and interesting, but, at the same time, a more difficult subject, he could not have selected. "Know thyself," was a precept given by one of the ancients to the enquirer of his day; and it would be well if Christian people in modern times, were to pay some attention to the wise hint of this heathen philosopher. We are usually more disposed to look without, than to look within; and we often know a great deal of what is passing in the world around, while there remains a little unseen world in our own minds, and in our own hearts, of which we know nothing. Now it was the business of Locke's life to investigate the laws of mind:—to try to ascertain how it is the infant gains his first ideas; and then how it is that he extends them, and goes on from feeling and observing, to comparing and reasoning, until after the long, and almost unconscious process of months or years, he becomes a thinking, as well as a sensitive being. At some future time, you will, perhaps, read with pleasure and improvement the various thoughts of Locke on these matters; but

meanwhile, try to learn from him now, first of all, to look within, and to trace your own words and actions to their first beginnings in the mind and in the heart. And endeavour too, to have your mind rightly informed, and your heart wisely directed, in order that your words and actions may be good and useful,—worthy of a reasonable and an immortal creature.

Now had Locke examined only his own mind, and the mind of others, he might indeed have thought and written much that was learned and clever, and yet have been very little benefited, *morally* benefited at least, by all his researches and studies. But happily, this Christian philosopher looked *upward* as well as *inward*, and both are equally important. Like Boyle, he loved to direct his thoughts to the greatest of all subjects—religion. “There is,” he said, “one science incomparably above all the rest; I mean theology, which, containing the knowledge of God and his creatures, our duty to him and our fellow creatures, and a view of our present future state, is the comprehension of all other knowledge directed to its true end,—the honour and veneration of the Creator, and the happiness of mankind. This is that noble study which is every man’s duty, and every one that can be called a rational creature is capable of.”—Like Boyle too, Locke was a diligent reader

of the Scriptures; and the last years of his life were spent chiefly in studying them, and in writing theological works. And now, as we have talked about the birth-place of this distinguished man, let us go, ere we part from him, to his dying-bed, and learn a lesson, a solemn lesson, from him there. His last words to a friend will show us the view he took of his life, when it was quickly passing away from him, with all its occupations, and its joys and sorrows.—“May you live,” he said, as he bade this friend an affectionate farewell, —“may you live and be happy, in the enjoyment of health and freedom, and those blessings which Providence has bestowed upon you. This life is a scene of vanity, which soon passeth away, and affords no solid satisfaction, but in the consciousness of doing well and in the hopes of another life. This is what I can say upon experience, and what you will find to be true, when you come to make up the account.”

There is still one other great man of whom we must speak before we close our chapter. And as when we were talking of Locke, I took you to a house and to a church which is associated with his name, so I will now introduce you to Sir Isaac Newton, by directing your attention to a college in the University of Cambridge, where is erected a statue to


This memory by the celebrated sculptor Roubiliac. I dare say the name of Newton is familiar to you ; for it is one of those most venerated in our national history.

When Newton was a boy at school, he gave proofs of the very remarkable genius for which he was so distinguished in after life. Instead of joining in the sports of his companions, he used to spend his hours of recreation in mechanical inventions, and in making ingenious models in wood. He constructed a wooden clock, and made a windmill on a small scale, in imitation of one he had seen erected. This windmill of his, when finished, he set up on the top of the house in which he lodged ; and then he used to amuse himself with watching the sails as they were turned about by the wind. He put a mouse into the mill, to be, as he said, the miller ; but this miller did not perform his new business very satisfactorily ; for instead of helping to turn the sails as his master intended, he was continually stopping to eat the corn which was sent to be ground ! Many other ingenious contrivances Newton produced during his school days ; but those days came prematurely to an end ; for his mother, being a widow, needed his help at home ; so she was obliged to interrupt his studies, and to take him from school, that he might assist her in her farm, and in attending

the weekly market at Grantham, where they lived. No doubt Newton was vexed thus to be torn from his favourite pursuits. However, he still found some time for study, even when he was watching the sheep, or on his way to and from market. He was often found musing beneath a tree, or reading an old book under a hedge, while he was employed in these humble occupations.

But Newton's genius, and his patience and industry, were not in the end unnoticed and unrewarded. An uncle of his, who was a clergyman, and a kind and sensible person, saw that there was something very uncommon about his young nephew, and that he had talents which ought not to be buried in the obscurity of his mother's farm. So he made the necessary exertions, and in due time succeeded in placing Newton at the University of Cambridge. This was in the year 1660, and he was then eighteen years of age.

Now it often happens, that the most remarkable events in our lives are brought about by some very trivial, and, what we are too apt to call, accidental circumstance. A little incident, hardly heeded at the time, takes place, and from that follows a series of consequences giving a bent and a bias to the whole future course of life. It would be interesting to trace such circumstances in our own private histo-



ries, and in the histories of those whom we best know. Such an exercise would be useful as well as interesting; for it would teach us that, whether we heed it or no, there is a watchful eye and a guiding hand, noticing and directing every event; and that nothing is too minute to be under the control of Him by whom the very hairs of our head are numbered, and without whom not a sparrow falls to the ground.—But what was the trifling circumstance which led to such important consequences in the future life of Newton?


During the time that the Plague was raging so fearfully, he left Cambridge, and retired into the country, to avoid the risk of infection; for the danger was not confined to the city of London. One day, as Newton was sitting in the garden, busied most probably with the thoughts of his own reasoning mind, he observed an apple fall from a tree. Now there was nothing at all extraordinary in this. It is what happens continually, and hundreds of people might see apples fall from the trees every day, and no other thought would be suggested to their minds by such a simple matter than that of picking them up, and eating them. But it was very different with Newton. He observed, and then he reflected. That falling apple led him to ask himself the question, “Why does it fall?” and the train of reason-

ing which followed the enquiry, ended in the discovery of that great law of nature, in obedience to which not only apples fall to the ground, but the earth revolves, and the planets perform their courses in the heavens;—the law of gravitation.

The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,—
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

It will not be necessary for us to talk about the various discoveries and inventions of this great man; but let us not neglect to take a hint from the little incident I have just told you. One lesson, you remember, which we were to learn from Locke, was to look *within*, and to think. The lesson we are to learn here from Newton, may be, to look *around*, and to think.

There are events passing around us every day, which are so common, and, as we are accustomed to suppose, so trifling, that we pay no attention to them at all. Now we lose a great deal of pleasure, and a great deal of instruction too, from this heedlessness of ours; for though only minds of a very superior and uncommon order, such as Newton's was, can make remarkable discoveries, and draw unexpected conclusions from these every day incidents, to astonish and enlighten the world,



yet any person of ordinary ability may, if he choose, observe and reflect upon what he sees, and thus

Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

I must not omit to tell you, that Sir Isaac Newton, like the other two great men of whom we have been speaking to-day, was an attentive student of the Bible. He brought the powers of his mind, especially those powers of mathematical calculation for which he was so distinguished, into exercise, in the study of that book ; and devoted a large share of his time and attention, to the work of explaining some difficult passages in the prophetic parts of scripture, which baffle the investigation of ordinary minds. The grand and necessary truths of the Bible are indeed so plain and simple, that even a child may understand them ; but then there are hard and mysterious portions also ; and no doubt these have been given to teach us patience and humility, as well as to lead us to diligence and study. It was a noble use which Newton made of his intellectual powers, when he employed them in the investigation of the revealed will of the eternal God.

But there are two more points which I wish you to notice and to remember in Newton's

character. The first is, his patience. You may suppose what long and persevering effort was needed to work out his own ideas, from their first suggestion to their final results,—to trace back effects to their causes, and to see how one link was connected with another in the long train of scientific reasoning. All this required time, and was the result of steady fixedness of purpose. Sometimes this patience of Newton was tried by circumstances over which he had no control. And this reminds me of another trifling occurrence which I may mention, in his every day history,—one which was very different in its consequences, however, from that of the falling apple. It was an unpleasant occurrence, but it served to show Newton's patience, and his equanimity of temper, and so may not be without its use to those who hear of it.

Newton happened to have a dog named Diamond. This dog was a great favourite, and unfortunately he was allowed to have too free access to his master's study. Diamond indeed seems to have been as regardless of the philosopher's speculations, as the mouse had been in former days; and he occasioned much more annoyance by his freaks and fancies, than the little "miller" had done by devouring the corn. One day, Newton was called from his study, and hastily went into the next room,

forgetting at the moment, that he had left Diamond in sole possession of the vacated apartment. On his return, he found to his great consternation, that the playful dog had, during his absence, thrown down a lighted candle upon some papers which contained a number of important calculations. They had taken fire, and thus were consumed the fruits of many years' labours. It was a trying moment even for a philosopher. But Newton was too wise, and of too gentle a temper, to be betrayed into any irritation or useless complaints, vexed as he was at the accident; and turning to the mischievous favourite, who could not be expected to feel much sympathy with his master in this disaster, he only said, "Oh Diamond, Diamond, thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done!"

The other point I wished you to notice in Newton's character, is his humility. And indeed we need not wonder to hear that this *was* a part of his character, for humility is the constant accompaniment of a truly great mind. It is the ignorant and foolish who are proud and conceited, and who think highly of themselves and of their acquirements; for they know so little, that they are not aware how much there is to be known, and how very small a distance they have advanced in the road of learning and science. But those who

have already gained a large share of knowledge, see that there is much more to be gained; and that after all their studies, and all their labours, they must be ignorant of very many things still. And so they learn to be humble, and to think little of themselves, and to feel their own ignorance, even while they are daily increasing in wisdom, and rising in the esteem of others. When Newton was praised and complimented for the great discoveries he had made, he remarked very beautifully, that he felt only like a child picking up pebbles on the sea-shore; and though he might have sometimes found a brighter shell, or a finer stone than his companions, yet the wide ocean of truth lay unknown and unexplored before him.

Newton lived to a great age, and died in the year 1727, full of honour and renown. And as we now take our leave of him, and close our chapter, may we not hope, that, without becoming philosophers or metaphysicians, we may yet have found something to imitate, as well as much to admire, in the characters of these three "great men,"—Bacon, Locke, and Newton?

XXXVI. A STRUGGLE IN THE NORTH.

A.D. 1714—1746.

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded,—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd ev'ry hand.

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust ;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are pass'd,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;
Glendaladale's peaks are illumin'd with rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath ;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.
W. SCOTT.

GEORGE I. was very joyfully received by the people of England ; for as he had already acquired the reputation of being a wise and a just prince, and was also a man of experi-

ence, and above all a protestant, there seemed every prospect of a peaceful and happy reign. But the reign of George I. was not without its troubles.

You remember how much Queen Anne had suffered from the disputes between the Whigs and Tories during her government. These disputes still continued, and proved a source of vexation to her successor also. George himself favoured the Whig party ; so the Duke of Marlborough, and others who had been disgraced during the preceding reign, were recalled, and the Tories were sent away. Some of them, on account of certain accusations brought against them, escaped from the country, and their estates were forfeited to the crown. The King's prime minister was Sir Robert Walpole. George having previously resided in Hanover, was not very well acquainted with the English language, and as his minister could not speak either French or German, they were obliged to converse together in Latin.

The government soon became very unpopular on account of the severities I have just mentioned ; and strong parties were formed, both in England and Scotland, for the purpose of restoring the Stuart family, and making the Pretender king. The rebellion which followed was headed in Scotland by the Earl of

Mar, who actually went so far as to proclaim the son of James II, king of Scotland. The Duke of Argyle was sent against him, and a battle was fought at Dumblane, which had the effect of checking the rebels. The English part of the insurrection was quelled also. This was headed by the Earl of Derwentwater, Lord Kenmuir, Lord Nithesdale, and some other noblemen, who were taken, and sentenced to be beheaded for rebellion. A great deal of pity and sympathy was felt for these unfortunate men ; for although they had acted wrongly in rebelling against the government, yet they were in other respects worthy of esteem. Lord Derwentwater was much beloved for his generosity and kindness to the poor on his estates, whom he was accustomed to feed and provide for ; and Lord Kenmuir was also a sensible and honourable man.

After the fatal sentence had been pronounced, the Countess of Nithesdale and Lady Nairne, the wife of another of the condemned noblemen, who had been anxiously awaiting the sad moment, threw themselves at the feet of the king as he passed, and begged him to spare and pardon their husbands. - But their tears and entreaties were of no avail. The council had determined that the sentence should be carried out, and the order for the execution had already been given. Derwentwater and

Kenmuir suffered first, and the others a few days after. But Lord Nitheisdale, through the unwearied efforts of his wife, contrived to effect his escape, dressed in woman's clothes.

There is not, I think, much more that will interest you in the reign of George I. His reign lasted twelve years; and he died suddenly in Holland, when on his way to his Hanoverian dominions, for you remember that he was Elector of Hanover, as well as king of England. George I. died in the year 1727, and he was succeeded by his son George II.

The early years of this reign passed quietly away without any events which it will be necessary for me to relate. Sir Robert Walpole, who had been a leader of the Whig party in the two preceding reigns, still continued to be prime minister. He managed the affairs of the country very skilfully, and the time of his administration was particularly peaceful. But after a while, the people became anxious again for a war, and one was commenced against the Spaniards in South America, which lasted about three years. An expedition was also undertaken against Carthage, which ended in a complete failure. The people were exceedingly annoyed and disappointed, and the party opposed to Sir Robert Walpole were glad of an opportunity of throwing the blame of the disaster upon him, though indeed he was not

responsible for the want of success of those who commanded in the expedition. However he resigned his office in consequence.


There was also another war carried on on the continent in this reign ; but we will not say any thing further on these matters, as I have some event to tell you which happened nearer home, and which will, I think, interest you more than the accounts of battles and sieges in France and the Netherlands.

You remember the Pretender, the son of James II, who had attempted to obtain the throne of Scotland in the preceding reign.

Another effort was now made for him by his son Charles Edward, who is usually known by the title of the Young Pretender, to distinguish him from his father, who is called the Old Pretender, or the Cavalier. Charles Edward thought the present would be a favourable opportunity for asserting his claims ; for the best of the English soldiers were absent fighting against the French ; and they had moreover just suffered a defeat at the battle of Fontenoy. So the Young Pretender, having a promise of assistance from France, made his arrangements, and set off, accompanied by his brother, and his officers, and landed in the Highlands of Scotland.

When Charles Edward first made his appearance, most of the Scottish clans were

afraid of joining him. They knew it was a hazardous enterprize which he was attempting, and, if it failed, it might involve them in great difficulty and danger. A few, however, of the chiefs were less cautious; and the young Pretender exerted all his powers to bring over a large party to his side. This was no very difficult matter. Charles was young and handsome in his person, brave and generous in his disposition, and his manners were particularly winning; so that he usually succeeded in talking over his companions, and inspiring them with something of his own ardour and enthusiasm. And then, many of the Highland chiefs were by no means unwilling to be persuaded by the young Prince Charlie, as they called him. You will remember, that they had been not very favourably disposed towards the English government for some time past, and the defeats and severities they had lately experienced had not tended to make them like it better. They considered too, that the change made in the succession at the Revolution, was unfair; that the Stuarts were the proper inheritors of the crown, and that the sovereigns of the House of Hanover were only usurpers; for they did not recognize the principle of the Act of Settlement, by which, as you remember, it was arranged for the crown to pass to Protestant heirs only, thus excluding the Stuarts,



because they were Roman Catholics. For that act, and for the great change which took place at the important epoch of the Revolution, we, as Protestants, cannot be too thankful; but still, in the story I am now going to relate, you must bear in mind, that the Highland chiefs and clans felt very differently at that time; and, however mistaken they may have been, we should, at all events, give them the credit which is their due, of bravely fighting for him whom they considered their lawful sovereign, and generously risking their lives in his cause.—But to return to the young Pretender.

It was not long before he succeeded in winning the hearts of a large number of the Scottish chieftains. I have already told you of his pleasing appearance, and manners, and conversation. These went a great way in his art of persuading. And then he used to mix very frequently with the people; he would join the clansmen in their sports; he adopted the Highland dress, and acquired a little of the language. And *this* is always a very powerful instrument of persuasion with a wild, simple people. I dare say you have heard of the effect which is produced, even now, among the native Irish, when they are addressed in their own tongue. Those familiar sounds strike sweetly upon their ears, and go to their

very hearts ; and men, angry and ferocious, and full of rage, have, in a few minutes, been melted and subdued, by a sentence spoken to them in the accents they know and love. Do you remember what I once said to you about the power of language in working upon the heart and feelings? Here, you see, is a striking instance of what words and speech are able to effect.

There was one chieftain whom Charles was particularly anxious to secure to his interests; this was the brave Lochiel, one of the most influential among the Highland clans. Lochiel at first was unwilling to join the young adventurer, for he thought the attempted scheme was quite hopeless; and he determined to go himself to Charles, and tell him his opinion. So he set off accordingly. On his way he paid a visit to his younger brother, Cameron of Fassefern, and mentioned his intention to him. This brother well knew how warm and ardent Lochiel was; and he strongly advised him not to go in person to Charles, but to communicate what he had to say by letter. "I know you," said Fassefern, "better than you know yourself. If this prince once sets eyes upon you he will make you do whatever he pleases." This was wise advice. When we have determined upon a certain line of conduct as that which ought to be pursued, we

should be careful to avoid any temptation which may lead us to deviate from it; and this is particularly necessary in the case of persons who, like the open-hearted Lochiel, are easily persuaded by those whom they love and venerate, even against their better judgments. Lochiel, however, did not heed the advice of his brother; and the result was just what Fassefern had anticipated.

For some time indeed, the chieftain stood firm and unmoved by all the arguments used by Charles against his opinions and remonstrances. At last the Prince grew excited, and began to appeal to the feelings, the warm generous feelings, of Lochiel. "In a few days," he said, "with the friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors,—to win it, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel who, my father has often told me, was our warmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince."

This appeal overcame the ardent Lochiel at once. "No," he answered, "I will share the fate of my prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me power." And thus the conference ended. An important one it was to Charles and his scheme, for it was generally thought in the Highlands,

that had Lochiel stood firm, no other chieftain would have been bold enough to join the young Pretender, and so the rebellion would have ended at once. As it was, it happened very differently.

And now the time was come when Charles thought he might venture to raise his standard, and, as he had told Lochiel, proclaim to the people, that he was come over to demand the crown of his ancestors for his father, the old Cavalier. The spirited lines at the head of this chapter, describe the scene of the memorable day on which that standard was raised, and the vale of Glenfinnan, which is alluded to in one of the stanzas, was the spot in which the event took place.

It was one morning in the month of August, that Charles Edward, with a few of his adherents, arrived at the appointed place of meeting. This was a lonely valley surrounded by high and craggy rocks, and through it flowed the river Finnan, murmuring on as it took its course towards the sea. No other sound than the ripple of its waters was to be heard, as Charles and his little band entered that secluded glen, there to join, as they thought, a number of their friends and fellow-adventurers. But no brave Highlanders were there to meet them;—that valley, which Charles had fondly hoped to see filled with men ready

armed, was desolate and silent; and, for the first time, he felt discouraged. He began to think that, after all, his hopes were vain; and that his warmest friends had forsaken him at the very moment when he most required their assistance. In this mournful mood Charles entered a little rude hut, and there passed a weary time of melancholy suspense. We may fancy what his feelings must have been. He had risked all to endeavour to obtain the crown for his father. He was actually raising an insurrection in the country with that aim, and he was liable, if discovered and taken, to be punished as a rebel. His only hope rested in the efforts of a few ardent adventurers like himself;—and now where were they? Who was there in that lonely valley to support his cause, and stand up and fight for his defence? Must he give up all for lost, and return to exile and obscurity? He rose, and looked out, but every thing was desolate as before. He walked to and fro in anxiety,—no one came. One hour passed, two hours,—still no friend appeared to cheer him. Charles was almost in despair, when suddenly a sound was heard. He listened; it was the well-known sound of the Highland music,—the shrill pibroch,—that struck upon his ear. He started up in the joy of the moment, feeling, or hoping, that he need not yet despair,—and presently

a band of seven hundred Highlanders appeared, descending the craggy path, and entering the valley. In another moment, they caught the first glance of their prince,—“their bonnie Charlie,” and then the wild valley rung with shouts of joy, and loud and long-continued cheering. There was no more gloom; no more silence then. Charles went forward to meet his friends; he led them to a little mound in the centre of the glen, and there, in the midst of the devoted band, the royal standard of the Stuarts was raised. The banner was of red silk, with a white space in the centre in which was inscribed the motto “Tandem Triumphans.” It was upreared by Moray, the Marquis of Tullibardine, an aged and infirm man, but one warm as ever in the cause of the Old Cavalier. He is thus referred to in the song from which we took the stanzas you just now read:

Oh, high-minded Moray! the exil'd, the dear,
In the blush of the morning the standard up-rear;
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash, when the tempest is nigh.

And as the banner floated in the wind on that summer morning, the joyous Highlanders threw their bonnets in the air, and shouted again and again, so that it was some minutes before the aged Tullibardine, who, on account of his weakness and infirmities, was supported

by a friend on either side, could proceed to read the manifesto. That manifesto was from James, the old Cavalier, the father of the Young Pretender. It contained a denouncement of the claims of the House of Hanover; exhorted the people to join the standard of their rightful sovereign of the family of Stuart; and expressed his readiness to redress all grievances, and to respect every existing right and privilege whatever. Then followed the reading of another paper, in which James appointed his son, Charles Edward, regent; and when this had been heard, Charles himself made an address, expressing his satisfaction at finding that he was joined by so many loyal and gallant gentlemen, who, he knew, were prepared to live or die with him, and with whom he was resolved to conquer or to perish. The standard was then carried back, duly guarded, to the quarters of the Prince, and so ended the ceremony of the day. Charles went to Edinburgh, and was there joined by a large number of Highlanders, all ready to support his cause.

But how, you will ask, was the news of this rebellion, for such in fact it was, notwithstanding all the romance and bravery which we are so inclined to admire while reading the story,—how was the news received in England? An army had been already sent against the

Young Pretender, commanded by Sir John Cope; and the two parties soon came to a battle at Preston Pans. In that battle, the royalists were defeated; and Charles returned in triumph to Edinburgh, where the number of his followers was increased by some whom his success now encouraged to join him. Charles marched southwards, entered England, and would probably have proceeded to London, had he been joined by English as well as by Highland adventurers. But this was not the case, and the Scotch chiefs began to fear venturing any further with so small an army. They returned therefore to Scotland, gained another victory over the king's army at Falkirk, and then once more fought a battle at Culloden, near Inverness.

This battle of Culloden gave the death-blow to the family of the Stuarts, and crushed all their hopes of ever getting back the possession of the English crown. Charles was completely defeated; and a dreadful slaughter of his party and adherents followed the victory gained by the Duke of Cumberland, the commander of the royal army. This, as we have before seen, is too often the sad, sad consequence of war. When the human mind becomes excited, and the passions are aroused, dreadful acts of vengeance are frequently committed, which would be thought of with horror in cooler moments.

And so it was now. Twelve hundred men were left slain or wounded upon the field of battle; but this did not satisfy the fierce soldiers. Some of them went through the field, and barbarously massacred the poor wounded creatures who lay dying upon the ground. Others spread themselves over the neighbouring country, to slaughter the fugitives endeavouring to escape, and laid all waste with fire and sword. The castles of the principal Highland chiefs, Lochiel's,—the gallant Lochiel's,—among the number, were plundered and burnt. Men were shot on the mountains, and women and children were driven out to wander and perish on the desolate heaths, without food or shelter. In a few days, not a house, nor a cottage, nor a beast, nor any human creature, was to be seen within fifty miles of the scene of that fatal battle of Culloden! Such are some of the consequences, the fearful consequences, of victory.

But what became of Charles himself? The story of his escape after the battle of Culloden, is quite as wonderful and romantic as that of his namesake, Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. When he saw that all hope of victory was at an end, he rode off the field, and having held a conference with some of his still faithful adherents, he dismissed his followers, and for five months wandered alone

among the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, suffering from cold, and hunger, and weariness, and in the constant dread of being detected or betrayed;—for the sum of thirty thousand pounds had been offered for his apprehension. But notwithstanding all these dangers, he was still preserved, and though obliged from time to time to entrust his life to persons who knew the price set upon his head, yet not one of them was led by love of money to betray him, or proved unworthy of his confidence. It is a consolation in sorrow to meet with those in whom we can trust and confide; but rarely is it that one situated as Charles now was, finds any so sympathizing and so disinterested. Too often it happens that

The friends that in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are gone;
And he that has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.—MOORE.

You will remember, I dare say, one melancholy instance, in an earlier part of our history, of the sacrifice of a life by a pretended friend, for the sake of a reward. Happily for Charles, his friends were more worthy of the name.

And then there was another alleviation of his sorrows,—he had a strong disposition to hope. Hope has often been extolled, and not

without reason, as one of the consolers of life in the midst of troubles and vexations ; and though she sometimes deceives us by promising more than can ever be realized, yet we should be thankful that God has, in His kind care of His creatures, bestowed upon them such a softener of care as hope often proves to be, especially to those who have much to suffer in the rugged paths of life.

Charles had naturally a large share of hope, he was too of a good-humoured and cheerful disposition ; and this carried him through a great deal. Good-humour is a valuable quality at all seasons, and especially in times of turmoil and vexation.—But let us return to the story of the Young Pretender and his adventures.

After some months of pursuit, his enemies at last traced him to the Isle of Uist, where he was endeavouring to conceal himself in a miserable hut, clothed in rags, and almost without food. Escape now seemed impossible, and even the sanguine Charles was beginning to sink into despair. But a way of preservation was opened for him when he least expected it. It so happened, that a young lady who was a warm friend to the cause of the Stuarts, was paying a visit on the island at that very time. Her name was Flora Macdonald. This lady was the step-daughter of the captain who com-

manded the militia then occupying the island; and some of Charles's friends, knowing this, came to her, and asked her assistance on his behalf. Flora Macdonald knew that it would be at the risk of her life to attempt his preservation; but she was compassionate and generous, and fearless too, and she determined, at all hazards, to undertake the desperate task. So she first of all procured from her stepfather, the militia captain, a pass for herself, and for a man and female servant, to the neighbouring island of Skye; and then she went with a friend to the retreat of the adventurer to communicate her project to him. They found him in the hut of which I told you, near the sea shore, in a miserable condition, and employed in roasting some meat on a spit. The kind-hearted ladies shed tears when they saw the state of poverty to which he was reduced; but Charles, soon recovering his natural cheerfulness, told them that it was well for kings to pass through such troubles and difficulties as he was now experiencing. Flora Macdonald then began to acquaint him with the plan which she had formed for his escape. She had brought with her a female dress; in this he was to attire himself, and to follow her as her maid, under the name of Betty. Charles readily consented; and that very evening they embarked,—Flora, a faith-

ful Highland man-servant, and the so-called Betty. All that night they spent on the sea in an open boat ; next morning, the mountains of Skye appeared before them in the distance, and in due time they all landed. But this island was by no means favourable to their cause. Its possessor, Sir Alexander Macdonald, had deserted the Jacobite party, and was now in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland ; and hostile soldiers were stationed all round the coast. What then was to be done ? The enterprising Flora, not at all dismayed by these difficulties, went to Sir Alexander's wife, the Lady Margaret, revealed the whole secret, and then cast herself and the poor adventurer upon her kindness and compassion. Lady Margaret did not betray Flora's confidence. She promised to protect Charles, if possible ; not indeed in her own house, for that was filled with militia-officers ; but she entrusted him to the charge of Macdonald of Kingsbury, a relative of her husband, and gave him strict injunctions to see to his safety.

As Charles walked along in his new dress, he acted his part so awkwardly as to excite observation, and his friends were afraid that he would in consequence be detected. However, he arrived safely at Kingsbury's house, and then, having taken an affectionate leave of his

kind protectress, he passed over next day to another island, under the disguise, this time, of a servant-man. After some other adventures and escapes, he finally left Scotland in the autumn of that eventful year, and embarked from the very spot where, fourteen months before, he had landed full of hope and enterprise. Now his hopes were gone for ever, and the remainder of his life was to be passed in exile and obscurity. Happy would it have been for him, had he spent those years in profitable occupations. He would then have had little cause to regret the loss of a crown which had occasioned so much misery to many of his ancestors,—the unhappy sovereigns of the house of Stuart. But I am sorry to tell you, that he lived during that time in a manner quite unworthy of a great man, and of an immortal being. He died at Rome, in the year 1788.

But you will be anxious to know what became of the generous and kind-hearted Flora Macdonald. She had a penalty to suffer for her disinterested conduct to Charles, and so also had Kingsbury. They were both arrested; Kingsbury was taken to Edinburgh, and Flora to London, where she remained in confinement for twelve months. But it was not likely *that* such a woman would be suffered to remain long a prisoner, without exciting sym-

pathy and compassion. The Prince of Wales himself interceded for her release; and she was at last set free, and presented by the Jacobite ladies of London with the sum of £1500. She afterwards married a son of Kingsbury. Some portion of her future life was spent in America; but she finally returned to Scotland, and died, at an advanced age, in her native Isle of Skye. She had several sons, who all held offices under the sovereigns of England, but she retained to the last her affection for the cause of the Stuarts.

Here then, we must leave the melancholy history of that unhappy family. There is much to pity and something to admire in them and in their adherents,—their disinterested and faithful Highland friends;—and when we read the story of their unsuccessful struggles, though we feel thankful for the good Protestant regulations which excluded them from the throne, because their succession to it would have endangered our civil and religious liberty, we may yet feel compassion too, and not withhold the sympathy which is due to the fallen family of the House of Stuart.

I have to tell you of some other events which happened in this reign, in places far distant from Scotland. I will however reserve these long journeys for another time, because I wish, before we conclude the present chapter, to re-

late to you some particulars in the life of a remarkable man who performed a part in the Scottish struggle of which we have just been reading.

We have seen much of the horrors, and much too of the *moral evils* connected with war, in our late story ;—much of cruelty and revenge, and other bad feelings ; and perhaps you have been inclined to think, as you read the account, that no truly good man could be found in such scenes. Now this is a mistake. War is indeed, at best, a dreadful thing ; and it is made more dreadful still, when it is commenced with ambition, carried on with cruelty, and ended with revenge. War must always be considered as one of the sad consequences of sin in this our fallen world ;—a sore evil indeed, and yet sometimes a necessary one. For if rebellions arise, they must be quelled ; and if enemies attack and invade us, they must be resisted and fought against. All this is necessary to attain or to preserve the blessings of peace ; and so it must be, until happier times arrive. *Then* indeed,

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes ;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er ;
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
The lances into scythes shall bend,
And falchion in a plough-share end.—POPE.

Now, from what I have just said, you will see that even a truly religious man may be a soldier; he may be brave and valiant, and fight as vigorously as any man for his king and for his country's cause. He will even be the better soldier from the very circumstance of his being a Christian one; for he will have higher motives and stronger encouragements set before him, than any other can have. He will be able to feel somewhat as David felt when he went out to fight his battles, and to say, as he said, "The Lord is my strength, who teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight; my shield, in whom I trust, who subdueth the people under me."

Now the good man I have already referred to, was one who may indeed be called a Christian soldier. His name was Gardiner, and the engagement in which he fought so bravely, and fell so nobly, was that of Preston-Pans. He was Colonel in one of the regiments of the king's army sent out to resist the efforts of the young Pretender. Colonel Gardiner was well aware of the dangers he should have to encounter in that struggle; and perhaps as he took leave of his beloved home, and went, in obedience to his sovereign's orders, to fight against the enemy in the field of battle, a feeling of sadness might have passed through his mind; an impression, it might be, that he

should never enter that home again ; and as he bade farewell to his weeping wife, he endeavoured to comfort her with these words, "Remember, we have eternity to spend together." And so they parted.

The eve of the battle of Preston-Pans arrived, and Gardiner showed himself to be, in every respect, a brave soldier, and a skilful commander. He went through the ranks, encouraging the men, and exhorting them to quit themselves well the next day, and to fight gallantly for their king. And then, every preparation being made, he lay down to take a little repose, but armed, and in the open field, that he might be ready to meet the enemy at a moment's warning. The morning dawned, and Gardiner arose. And then, remembering the uncertain issue of that day, and the probability that, ere it closed, he might be numbered with the slain, he took an affectionate leave of those around him, and afterwards spent an hour alone in devotion and prayer. This was his final preparation for battle, and the salutary effects of such preparation might be seen in the calm and cool courage which he displayed all through that memorable day.

The battle began. Gardiner fought long and valiantly ; even when wounded he did not give way ; and when his horse was killed under him, he continued to fight on foot. At length

a Highlander came up, and struck him on the arm with a sharp scythe fastened to a pole. The blow caused the sword to fall from the hand of the brave Colonel ; and another Highlander coming up at the moment, gave him a second wound on the head,—the fatal wound of which he died. He fell ; but in the midst of his own sufferings he still thought of others, and he made signs to a faithful servant who was near, not to remain with him, but to endeavour to save himself. So the servant escaped, and his master was left wounded and bleeding upon the field. As Colonel Gardiner lay there dying, but still sensible of what was passing around him, his eye glanced upon one of the enemy's party, a rebel chief who was fighting near him. Gardiner was heard to say, " You are fighting for an earthly crown : I am going to receive a heavenly one."

When the battle was nearly over, Gardiner's servant returned ; and found his master breathing, though unable to speak. He took him up, and carried him to the house of a minister who lived near, and laid him on a bed ; and there, in a few hours after, he died. Such was the end of a man who, as I said before, may well be called a Christian soldier. He had fought under a nobler banner, and for a greater sovereign than England's ; and now he was gone to receive far higher honours than any

which his country had to bestow, from the King of kings, who has promised to those who are "faithful unto death" in His service, no less a prize than "the crown of life."

"Servant of God, well done ;
Rest from thy lov'd employ ;
The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
The call at midnight came,
He started up to bear ;
A mortal arrow pierc'd his frame,
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering in his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready, that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to strike.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God, prepare ;"
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Left the encumbering clay ;
His tent at sun-rise on the ground
A blacken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past ;
Troubles and sorrows cease ;
And life's long warfare done at last,
He enters into peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done ;
Praise be thy new employ,
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy.—MONTGOMERY.

XXXVII. TIMES OF WAR.

A.D. 1746—1815.

O place me in some Heaven-protected isle,
Where peace, and equity, and freedom smile ;
Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,
No crested warrior dips his plume in blood :
Where power secures what industry has won ;
Where to succeed is not to be undone ;
A land that distant tyrants hate in vain,—
In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign.

COWPER.

I TOLD you there were other events to engage our attention in different parts of the world, during the reign of George II. Nearly all the remainder of that reign, war was carried on against the French, not only in Europe, but in Asia and America also ; for they had attacked our settlements in those distant quarters of the globe, and the English government found it necessary to afford protection to our colonists. This period of hostilities is called the Seven Years' War.

In the East Indies, one of the native princes had attacked the English, and taken possession

of Calcutta. A hundred and forty-six of our country-men were seized by the cruel conqueror, and confined in a dreadful prison, called the Black Hole, where, in the course of a few hours, nearly all of them died of suffocation from want of air. The English however soon retook Calcutta, conquered the native prince, and seized another town on the river Ganges. Under the command of Lord Clive, they then fought against the French colonists in India, and dispossessed them of almost the whole of their settlements in that part of the world. Our struggles in Europe, however, were not equally successful. The island of Minorca was lost ; a fleet sent out, under the command of Admiral Byng, to relieve the place, was unable to be of any use ; and the French vessels were suffered to escape. In consequence of this unhappy affair, Admiral Byng was, on his return, brought before a court martial, and harshly sentenced to be shot, for not having done, as was supposed, all that he might have done for the defeat and destruction of the enemy.

But the foreign expedition which will, perhaps, interest you most, was that in North America, because with it is associated the name of a great man still remembered and honoured in England.

The French had, some years before, colonised Canada, and made settlements there ; but the

English were in possession of the United States, and continual disputes occurred between the two rival nations whose territories were so near together. These disputes frequently led to open hostilities ; and, at last, in the year 1759, the city of Quebec was taken by this country ; and the French colony was soon afterwards conquered, and annexed to the British possessions. But this was not effected without much loss of life ; and one valuable man who fell in the contest was the lamented General Wolfe, to whom I just now alluded. The enterprize in which he was engaged in taking Quebec, was difficult and dangerous, but he contrived his plans with so much skill, and carried them out so bravely, as to secure success and victory. But just at the very moment when success and victory were before him, Wolfe fell. He first received a wound in the wrist ; this, however, notwithstanding the pain it occasioned, he heeded not, but hastily binding it up, he continued fighting with the same ardour as before. In a few minutes after, another ball inflicted a wound of a more serious kind, and Wolfe, no longer able to maintain his post, was carried away from the immediate scene of action. He fainted from loss of blood ; but was presently aroused by the cry of " They run, they run ! " " Who run " ? enquired the dying commander, summoning all his energies at the sound,—


“Who run”? “The enemy”; was the reply. “Thank God,” answered Wolfe; “then I die content;” and almost instantly he expired. Victory was secure; and the English at home hailed the news with joy; but that joy was embittered, and mingled with mourning, when it was found that their brave general had perished in the struggle.

And now, as I have nothing more of particular interest to relate in the reign of George II., we will pass on to that of his grandson and successor George III., son of the late Prince of Wales. The name of George III. still sounds dear to English ears, even to those of the young of the present generation who have not lived

In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign;

but who have, nevertheless, learnt to revere and to love his memory. His reign was longer than that of any preceding English sovereign, and extended to a period of nearly sixty years. A most important period of our history this was, and filled with interesting events. We shall not be able to speak of all, nor of nearly all of them;—we must therefore endeavour to select a few of the most memorable.

The first event that I will mention, is the American war, which occupied so much time, occasioned so much discussion, and produced



so much bloodshed too, during the early years of George III's reign. I told you, that the United States were not then, as now, under an independent government of their own ; but that they formed a portion of the British possessions. Some years before, when Sir Robert Walpole was prime minister, a plan had been proposed for taxing the colonists of America. It was considered then too hazardous to be attempted, and so the scheme was abandoned ; but at this time, under Mr. Grenville's administration, it was revived again, and brought before Parliament.

Now though this scheme for raising money from America for the support of the English government, might be very agreeable to the House of Commons, and to people at home, yet it was by no means so well liked abroad, in the United States. The Americans considered it to be an act of oppression, to require them to pay taxes, without their consent, when they had no members to represent them in the British Parliament ; and so, when the colonists heard of the new law, the heads of the people met in their assembly, or congress, and declared that no intercourse could be carried on with England while such an act was in force. When the first cargoes subject to the payment of duty were landed in America, a number of young men of Boston, disguised as Indians,

boarded the English ships, broke open the holds, and notwithstanding all the resistance made by the crews, seized the tea, with which the vessels were laden, and threw it into the sea.

Of course this bold act caused great sensation both in America and in England. The Americans in general favoured it ; but the British government determined to resist it ; and to force the colonists to submission. The Americans then took up arms, and prepared to assert their independence, and so war commenced ;—a sad war indeed, and more particularly so, because, as you remember, the Americans and the English were actually of the same nation,—originally fellow-countrymen, who ought to have been acting together as friends and brothers, instead of thus fighting, and seeking one another's subjugation and destruction. Such were the unhappy effects of oppression on the one side, and of resistance and opposition on the other.

The war continued for about seven years, and in general the English were the losers. The Americans fought desperately for their rights ; the advantages which the English now and then gained, seemed to be of no real benefit, and when terms of peace and pardon were offered to the colonists, they treated them with scorn and contempt. At last, thirteen

of the colonies separated from England, and formed themselves into an independent territory, which they called the United States. The names of two celebrated men are connected with the American history at this time;—that of Franklin who acted as ambassador, and was employed in the affairs of state, and who is well known as a philosopher, as well as a statesman;—and that of General Washington, who commanded the army. The English commanders were Lord Cornwallis and General Howe.

But you must not suppose that all the people in England were in favour of this disastrous war. There were many men who were strongly opposed to it, and who used their utmost endeavours in Parliament to prevent its commencement at first, and its continuance afterwards. Among them was the celebrated Lord Chatham. He foresaw that the Americans would never be conquered by our English arms; he objected to the war itself, both as to its cause and object; and his very last powers of eloquence were employed in delivering an address to the House of Lords, in the hope of procuring a termination of hostilities on amicable terms, by the redress of those grievances of which the Americans had to complain. You will, I think, read with interest a part of one of the earnest appeals

mode by this aged statesman, in the House of Peers, on this painful subject.

"I cannot, my lords," said Lord Chatham, "I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation : the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

"The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do ; I know their virtues and their valour ; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities ; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there ? We do not know the worst ; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance ; your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent,—doubly so, indeed, from the mercenary aid on which you rely ; for it irritates to an incurable resent-

ment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms,—never, never, never ! ”

And then, alluding to the plan which had been adopted of employing the native Indians to assist the English troops in the war, Lord Chatham thus continued :—“ I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the honour of your lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution.”

After a few more sentences, Lord Chatham, almost exhausted with the effort he had made, concluded his address thus.—“ My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal ab-

horrence of such enormous and preposterous principles."

But the appeal, powerful as it was, proved of no avail, and the war continued when that venerable man was no longer able to raise his voice against it. The very last public act of his life was, however, connected with the subject which pressed so heavily upon his mind. In the spring of 1778, he was brought once more to the House of Lords, in an almost dying state, to attend a debate upon this long disputed question,—the continuance of the American war. While there, he sank in a state of insensibility into the arms of his son, William Pitt. He was carried out, and conveyed to his own house at Hayes, in Kent, where he expired a few weeks afterwards.


Two or three more years passed on, and the English affairs in America grew worse and worse. At last, Lord Cornwallis and his whole army were forced to surrender themselves to General Washington and his French allies. This event may be considered as the termination of the war. Some months after, a treaty of peace was concluded between Great Britain and America and her allies. In that treaty, the former English colonies were recognised as an independent country, and called, as I before said, the United States. These States formed themselves into a Republic, at the head of

which was placed a President, who was to execute his office for a period of four years. The first President appointed was the celebrated General Washington, to whose skill and bravery the people of America owed their independence.

And now, happily, a few years of peace succeeded to the warlike times which had so long disturbed the prosperity of England. For you must remember that, when we speak of the evils of war, we are not to suppose those evils confined to the scene of battle and bloodshed,—to the slain and the wounded on the field. No ; war brings evils also of other kinds. Think of the poor women and children left at home, while their husbands and fathers are fighting in a distant land. Think of all their anxieties and of all their fears when they hear of battle after battle, and still no news arrives from the brave soldiers who went to fight in their country's wars. And think of the sadness of that day which brings to many and many a family the fatal intelligence that the kind husband, the affectionate father, is lying sick, and wounded, and disabled in some foreign land, or that he has been found among the slain on the field of battle, and can return to his beloved home, and his poor wife and children no more ! You may imagine the bitter tears which would flow down the cheeks

of the desolate widows and orphans in the humble cottages of our native land, on such a day as that, and you may be ready to weep too when you think what war has done.

A few peaceful years rolled on, and then war once more disturbed the tranquillity not of England only, but of Europe generally. The cause of this war was the French Revolution of 1791. You have, no doubt, often heard of this dreadful event, and of the horrors which attended and followed it. It belongs rather to French than to English History, and I shall therefore mention a few only of the principal circumstances, and then pass on to what more nearly concerns ourselves.—The rebellion of the people of France, the seizure and imprisonment of the royal family; the execution of the king and queen, the state of anarchy and bloodshed which prevailed afterwards, during what was called the Reign of Terror, when the government was in the hands of the most wicked and cruel men in the country,—these were only some of the dreadful events which roused the attention of Europe at that time, and led to the commencement of a war, in which England and other countries too were involved for many subsequent years. It was in 1793, that the government of France declared hostilities against *Great Britain*; and at about the same period,



the celebrated Napoleon Bonaparte began to make himself known as a general in the French army. For several years his success was most astonishing. He made conquests in Austria, and Italy, and Switzerland; and afterwards he was sent by the French government to attempt the subjugation of Egypt. Here, however, his fleet met with a repulse, and was conquered at the famous battle of the Nile, by our gallant commander—Admiral, afterwards Lord Nelson.

In the next year, Bonaparte's generals continued to gain a great many victories in different parts of Europe; and he himself returned from Egypt, and obtained the chief rule of France, with the title of First Consul. The war continued until 1802, and then a treaty of peace was signed at Amiens, between the king of England on one side, and the French and Bavarians and the king of Spain, on the other. Great concessions were made on this occasion by the English Government, in the hope of securing peace. Many of our conquests were given up, and the French were allowed to retain possession of what they had acquired in Belgium, Holland, and the North of Italy. But this peace was of short continuance. In little more than a year, Bonaparte violated the spirit of the agreement by his determined efforts to obtain universal domin-

ion ; this led the English to depart from some of the terms they had arranged in the treaty ; and as no amicable negotiation could be effected, war was again declared. Russia, Sweden, and Austria, were now allied with England.

Amongst the naval engagements which took place in this war, was one which deprived our country of her brave commander Lord Nelson, —the battle of Trafalgar. While walking on the quarter-deck of his vessel, he received a wound from a ball fired by the enemy, and it was soon too evident how that wound would terminate. But while Nelson lay in a state of great suffering, and with the prospect of death before him ere many hours should pass away, his thoughts were filled with the engagement which was still going on with the French ; and sending for his friend Captain Hardy, he anxiously asked, “ How goes the battle ? How goes the day with us ? ” “ Very well, my lord,” was the reply. This answer relieved the mind of the dying commander, though he well knew he should not survive to enjoy his own victory. “ I am a dead man, Hardy,” he said ; “ I am going fast ; it will be all over with me soon.” His friend was then obliged to leave him ; but in a short time he returned, with the news that the victory was complete, and the French entirely defeated. But ah, what sorrow was mingled with the congratulations of that

moment. A few short hours, and the gallant commander of that great battle would pass away from the scene of action, and from the world itself, together with the fame and the glory which he had acquired, and which would be for ever associated with the name and memory of Nelson. Yes, it was indeed a sad and solemn day, that day of victory at Trafalgar.

Captain Hardy knelt beside the dying hero, and bade him a last farewell. "Now I am satisfied," said Nelson; "thank God, I have done my duty. God bless you, Hardy!" The captain withdrew, and soon after Nelson expired. His last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty; I have done my duty!" His signal word on that day to his men had been, "England expects every man to do his duty;" and he had himself set them a noble example. To his earthly sovereign he had indeed done his duty, and he had died in doing it. But we know that there are other duties owing to One greater than an earthly king; and only the assurance of having fought and conquered in His service, and obtained favour and acceptance with Him, can give real satisfaction,—true comfort, in a dying hour.

In 1808, and some following years, Spain and Portugal were the principal scene of hostilities. This war was therefore called the Peninsular War. Napoleon, now Emperor of France,

in the course of his ambitious career, had dispossessed the reigning family of Portugal, and then determined to acquire Spain also for his brother Joseph. These proceedings stirred up the people of Spain; they made an insurrection, and applied to England for assistance. An army was soon sent from this country for their relief, under Sir Arthur Wellesley,—the late honoured and lamented Duke of Wellington. The British troops in Portugal were commanded by Sir John Moore, and he was directed to march into Spain, and there to join the Spanish army. This expedition was a most perilous one. In consequence of some mistake or false intelligence, Sir John Moore did not receive the assistance he expected from the native troops; and when he passed into Spain, he found himself and his soldiers in danger of being surrounded and destroyed by the French. He began therefore to retreat as fast as possible towards the north. It was now winter; the cold was intense, and the ground covered with snow; and food could hardly be obtained for the sustenance of the poor wearied men, as they pursued their toilsome march over the rugged mountains, with the enemy in pursuit behind them. Many died of want and sickness, and all suffered severely from hardship and privations. At last, however, Sir John Moore and his army reached Corunna, and

there they were attacked, a few days after, by the French, under General Soult. His forces were far superior to those of the English; notwithstanding this, however, he suffered a defeat, and lost a large number of his men. But this victory of Corunna was not gained without a severe loss on the side of the English also. The brave Sir John Moore fell in the action. Deeply as that death was felt by his officers and troops, there was but little time for mourning then, or for bestowing funeral honours on their lamented leader. The body was hastily carried to the ramparts of the town, and buried there in the gloom and silence of night.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharg'd his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of the night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin confined his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But nothing he'll reck if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carv'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

It will not be necessary for me to describe to you all the battles and sieges, all the victories and defeats, which belong to the history of the Peninsular war. The English army, though inferior in number to the French, gained the advantage over the enemy, through the skill and courage of the great Wellington; and from time to time the news of their success arrived, to gladden the hearts of their anxious friends at home. Some of the most celebrated of our victories were those of Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria; after the last of these, the British army crossed the Pyrenees, and entered France. There the Duke of Wellington conquered the French general, Soult, at an engagement at Toulouse, and then took possession of that city.

Meantime, however, Napoleon had been fighting vigorously in Germany, against the

combined forces of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. But his career of victory was now drawing to a close. He had lost a large portion of his troops in retreating from Moscow, after an unsuccessful effort against Russia; and the next year he was defeated at the great battle of Leipsic. At last the allied armies crossed the Rhine, and marched against Paris. The city surrendered; government was established in the name of Louis XVIII, now the next heir to the French throne, and Napoleon, by the advice of his friends, consented to sign an act of abdication, and to retire to the Isle of Elba, where he was still to retain the title of Emperor.

You may imagine with what joy this news was received throughout Europe. In our own country, a day of public thanksgiving was appointed, that all might testify their gratitude to God for the restoration of the great blessing of peace. Then the allied sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, with their most distinguished officers, came over to England, to visit and congratulate the Prince Regent, who was then acting as head of the kingdom, on account of the illness of his father George III.

But all this joy was of no long continuance. The restless ambition of Napoleon would not allow him to remain in the obscurity in which he found himself at Elba; so he

VOL. II. . 2 I

determined, notwithstanding his abdication and his promises, to effect his escape, and make another effort for the lost throne. He found several of his friends ready to join him; with their assistance his plan was soon formed, and in March 1815, he left Elba, landed in Provence, with about a thousand men, and then marched in triumph into Paris. Louis received intelligence of his approach just in time to make a hasty retreat towards Belgium.

The British Parliament, and the country in general, were filled with indignation when this news reached them. And the feeling of indignation was by no means confined to England. Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, Sweden, Spain, and Portugal, all united in declaring Napoleon an outlaw, a violater of treaties, and a disturber of the peace of the world; the four great powers of Britain, Russia, Prussia, and Austria, bound themselves to make no peace unless by general consent; immediate preparations were made for the renewal of war, and the Duke of Wellington was commissioned to take the command of the British army in Belgium.

And now came the final struggle. It began on the 15th of June. Wellington and his army were at Brussels, prepared to receive the foe as soon as he should arrive with the large army he had collected together. But as yet Napoleon

had not appeared ; all was quiet and undisturbed in the city of Brussels, and the principal inhabitants, with the Duke of Wellington and his officers, were that very evening assembled at a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, and were in the midst of mirth and festivity when the news arrived that the French were actually approaching.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then,
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

The Duke of Wellington received the intelligence with his usual calmness. He remained for a few moments lost in thought ; then gave his orders to one of his officers, who immediately left the room ; and resuming his former cheerfulness, was as gay and animated as if nothing had occurred to give him any uneasiness. He remained to supper, and then returned home, to prepare for one of the greatest contests in which Britain had ever been engaged.

But what a change had a few short hours produced in the city of Brussels ! The quiet, and security, and gaiety, of the last evening had passed away, and now all was agitation and alarm. The sound of the trumpet and the drum was heard in every direction, and the different regiments were seen forming as

hastily as possible, and then marching out of the city.

And then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar,
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Rous'd up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—" The foe ! They come,
they come ! "

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array !

Two days after, on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, was fought the celebrated Battle of Waterloo ; and a victory was gained which can never be forgotten by grateful British hearts.

It was about eleven in the morning when the action commenced, and it continued for

eight hours. During all that time, the Duke of Wellington, the hero of the day, was to be seen in every part of the field ;—wherever the danger was greatest, wherever his presence was most needed, there he was. Sometimes he might be found coolly giving his orders, watching the enemy's movements, or directing those of his own troops, while balls and shots were showering around him, and men were falling dead or wounded at his side. Still calm and undismayed, he continued to perform his duty as a commander through the day, and wonderfully was he preserved in all its dangers, to be the deliverer of his country, and the conqueror of the great enemy of Europe. Once indeed, he was so hardly pressed by the enemy, that he was heard to say, "I wish night, or Blucher were come." Blucher was the brave general of the Prussian army, and the arrival of him and of his troops was anxiously expected at this extremity. Towards evening, they appeared, to the great relief of our valiant commander.

Napoleon had now brought out his Imperial Guards, with his best regiments of cavalry and infantry, and they marched forward to the sound of the martial music, and amidst the shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" But as they advanced, some disorder occurred in the ranks; the skilful British commander, seizing his op-

portunity, made a charge upon them so unexpectedly that they fled in confusion; and the Prussians, joining in the attack, fell upon the enemy on the flank and rear, and so completed the victory. Napoleon seeing his soldiers give way, cried out, "Tout est perdu ! Sauve qui peut !" and then hastily retreated across the fields. The French now, in a complete state of confusion, left behind them their equipage, their artillery, and even the private carriage of their Emperor, and fled. The conquerors pursued them till after dark, and the day closed by the triumph of the British arms, and of those of their Prussian allies. But that victory was not won without much loss. Those slain of the British and Hanoverians alone, amounted to 13,000. Many brave generals and colonels were wounded or killed, so that the day on which the news of the victory reached home, was a day of mourning, as well as of rejoicing. War, even when successful, is a sad thing. It was well said by one who witnessed the scenes of the battle-field after victory had been gained, "Nothing but a battle lost, can be so dreadful as a battle won."

But what became of Napoleon after his hasty retreat from the field of Waterloo? Two days after, he appeared in Paris, thus bringing the news of his own defeat. He now abdicated the throne a second time, and went to Roche-

fort with the intention of embarking for the United States. But it was no easy matter for him to perform the voyage at such a time as this ; for the sea was full of English cruisers which might capture him in his attempt to escape, and bring him back a prisoner, Some young midshipmen, however, who were much attached to the interests of the fallen Emperor, undertook to equip two fishing-vessels, and to convey him in these across the ocean. It was a hazardous scheme, but Napoleon was now driven to extremities, and this seemed to be the only way of escape. He resolved therefore to adopt the plan proposed. The vessels accordingly were purchased, the crews appointed, his luggage was put on board, everything was ready for embarkation at night, and the moment of departure had almost arrived, when the mind of Napoleon began to waver. His friends had represented to him the great risk to which he would expose himself in such an undertaking; they had talked to him of the dangers of the sea, during the voyage, and of the dangers of a strange country when he should reach land. And all these apprehended difficulties, as I said, made him hesitate ; for though his future prospects were so hopeless, though dominion and power were gone from him for ever, yet the conquered warrior still clung to life, and he finally determined not to hazard it in

his desperate adventure. The scheme therefore was abandoned.

And now Napoleon adopted a different course. He wrote a letter to the Prince Regent, (a remarkable letter it was) in which he said, that his political career was ended, and that he surrendered himself into the hands of the English. He came, he added, to claim the hospitality of the British people, the most powerful, constant, and generous of his enemies. This was bestowing high praise indeed upon our nation, and it was praise the more remarkable because it came from an enemy, and such an enemy as Napoleon Bonaparte. May our beloved country ever continue to deserve this high character, of being not only "powerful," but "generous" too!

On the 15th of July, Napoleon was conducted on board the English ship *Bellerophon*, conveyed in it to the British shores, and landed, a few days after, at Torbay. And now, the rulers of our country were busily engaged in conferring and deciding upon the future residence of the extraordinary man who had thus come into their power. To restore him to his throne,—to re-establish him as a sovereign,—could not be thought of. He had shown himself too dangerous an enemy to Europe and to the world, ever to be again entrusted with power. And to retain him in this country,—*that* too was impracticable. And so at last

it was determined, that the great Napoleon,—he who had so long and so vigorously striven for universal empire,—should be conveyed across the wide ocean, thousands of miles distant from the scene of his former victories, and there be landed in a little rocky island,—the obscure, almost unknown island of St. Helena ! There he was to live, surrounded indeed with every necessary comfort that he might require, and that enemies so generous, as he acknowledged the British to be, could grant ; but without territory, without dominion, fallen from his high estate ; and though unfettered, yet watched and guarded,—constantly reminded by all around him, that he was a prisoner, and that a prisoner he must remain.

The announcement was made to him, that such was to be his future lot ; and however unwelcome the intelligence, Napoleon's only alternative was to submit. The voyage soon commenced, and the succeeding October found him safely landed in his island prison. He had there the society of some of his former friends who accompanied him ; and he had too, every gratification which was consistent with his circumstances, as a prisoner ; but notwithstanding these alleviations, the years of Napoleon's exile were years of unavailing sorrow and discontent. It was not, however, the rocky island,—the obscure spot to which he was now

confined,—nor even the guards that surrounded it, that formed the chief, the real cause of Napoleon's vexation. It is quite possible to be in obscurity, an exile and a prisoner too, and yet to feel happy and contented. I dare say you can remember an instance of one who was banished to a solitary island, (for a cause indeed far different from that which led to Napoleon's banishment,) and who found in that lonely spot such happiness as he would not have exchanged for all the treasures of the world. The reason of his happiness was,—his mind was at peace; and the reason of Napoleon's unhappiness was,—*his* mind was *not* at peace. For true it is that,

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

It was Napoleon's unsubdued will, which occasioned him so much unavailing discontent. His ambition was strong as ever, but the power of gratifying it was departed; and he had no higher principle, no better feelings to console him, and reconcile him to his lot. He died at St. Helena, in the year 1821, after a captivity of six years.

But it is time for us to leave the rocky isle of St. Helena, and to go back to our own *happy* land, now relieved from those wars which had so long disturbed her tranquillity,

but which had ended so much to her honour and renown. The lines which head our chapter, may have appeared hitherto not very suitable to the stories of battle and conquest of which I have been telling you. Indeed these matters have allowed us no opportunity of saying any thing about the good king to whom they allude with so much loyalty and affection. Let us now change our subject, and talk a little about him, and his private history and character.

During a great part of the reign of George III, he suffered from a mental malady which incapacitated him from managing the affairs of the kingdom, and the government was then conducted, as I told you before, by his son George, Prince of Wales, as Regent. This circumstance of the illness of the king was deeply felt by his affectionate people; for perhaps no sovereign of England ever possessed so much of the love of his subjects as did George III. He was beloved as a man, as well as a king; for he was distinguished for true kindness of heart, and real benevolence of disposition; qualities which are far more likely to gain the affections of a nation than mere political skill or military glory. There was a simplicity of manners and habits too in this good king, which particularly endeared him to the people. Sometimes he would lay

king's notice. Whether this was owing to the book in his hand, or simply to the desire in the king himself to do good to all his subjects, whoever or whatever they might be, I cannot tell ; but so it was, that George III. stopped short in his walk, and thus began talking with the boy. "What book have you there ?" he asked. "The A B C book," replied the child, quite unabashed, for he was not at all aware who the questioner was. "And can you read ?" enquired the king again. "A little," was the answer. "Well let us hear ;" and so saying, the king took the book from the boy's hand, and began to examine him in spelling, very much as any master might do in a village school. "Can you spell words of two syllables ?" "Yes, I think so." "Well then," continued the king, wishing to try him, "spell abbot, and crimson." The boy spelt the words correctly, and acquitted himself to the king's satisfaction, and to his own. "Well done. That will be enough. Do you go to school ? Can you read as well as spell ? and have you got a Bible ?" The boy said that his mother was too poor to send him to school, and that she had only an old Bible, so much torn that it was of little or no use. "Ah, that is bad, very bad," said the king. "What is your name, and where does your mother live ?" The child told his name, and his

VOL. II. 2 K

place of abode ; the king wrote both down in his pocket-book, wished his young companion "good bye," and then returned to the Castle. Perhaps the boy supposed that so the matter would end, and that he should hear no more of the good-natured old gentleman who had examined him in spelling, and talked to him so kindly,—but it was not so. George III was not one of those who feel a momentary interest in some particular case, and then suffer it to pass from their minds altogether. No, he could *act* as well as feel ; he was particularly *practical* in all his ways and habits.

So as soon as he reached the Castle that day, he sent for his Secretary, and said to him, "The poor people around here have not sufficient means of instruction,—more therefore must be provided for them." And then, putting a parcel into the Secretary's hands, he added, "This packet is to be immediately sent to the person to whom it is addressed ; but at the same time, let it be expressly signified to the poor woman for whom it is intended, that this book is presented to her by us, only on condition that she shall continue to have her child instructed in reading. Let her circumstances also be enquired into, and provide her with the means to send her son to school."

The parcel, as you have already guessed, contained a Bible for the mother of the little

boy who had so much engaged the thoughts of the king that day. "Let it be sent forth-with," he said again to the Secretary, "for it is our will that every one in the kingdom shall have the opportunity of reading the Bible."

What a moment of delight was in store for the young shepherd boy, when he returned to his humble home that evening, after his daily work was over ! You may imagine the joy and surprise with which he and his mother opened the packet, drew from it a new and handsome Bible, and read on the title-page, in the king's own hand-writing, "From George III., for M——." And this was not all. To make the present more valuable still, there was enclosed within its leaves a five-pound note, which the good king himself had placed there,—a welcome gift no doubt to the poor woman. You will not wonder to hear that she prized that Bible above everything else she possessed ; and when, after the death of her honoured sovereign, she was offered for it a large sum of money, she declared that she would never part with it during her life, and desired that, when it should please God to lay her on her dying bed, that Bible might be placed beneath her pillow, to be her companion and her comfort in her last hours.

I am sure this story will make you love the name of George III., and it will show you

more of his real character, than many an account of a less simple nature could do. It is almost time that we should close this long reign, but there is still another event, or rather a series of events, of a very different kind from any which has previously occupied us, to be recorded. As it may lead to rather a lengthy story however, and will extend even to another reign, I will now end the present chapter, and leave what I have further to say respecting king George III., to another day.

XXXVIII. THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

A.D. 1815—1820.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But, though slave they have enroll'd me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task ?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim ;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in black and white the same.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain ;
By the miseries that we tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main ;
By our sufferings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart ;
All sustain'd by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart ;—

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that *you* have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question *ours* !—COWPER.

BEFORE I begin to relate the circumstances to which I alluded at the close of the last chapter, and which are referred to in the lines you have just read, I will mention the remaining events I have to tell you in the reign of George III. I must not omit the union of Ireland with Great Britain, which took place in the beginning of the present century. Then there was the taking of Algiers by Lord Exmouth, in 1816, the year after the general peace. Algiers is, as you know, a country in the North of Africa, now belonging to the French. At the time of which I am speaking it was, with other of the Barbary States, inhabited by very lawless people, Mahometans in religion, and pirates and murderers in habit and practice. They were accustomed to seize the vessels belonging to Christian nations, to plunder them, and to carry their crews into slavery. It was to put a stop to doings such as these that this expedition under Lord Exmouth was undertaken. He was the commander of the fleet in the Mediterranean, and

he was directed, by the government of our country, to compel the Barbary States to give up their piracies, and to set free the slaves whom they had captured.

Amicable negotiations were tried first, and these succeeded with some of the States ; for Tunis and Tripoli yielded to the demand made by the British government. But Algiers refused ; and so Lord Exmouth attacked the city ; and after a great battle, destroyed the batteries and fortifications, and obliged the Dey, or chief governor, to consent to the terms proposed by the English. This expedition had the happy effect of delivering from bondage a large number of Christian slaves ;—about three thousand were set at liberty. It would be well if all battles, and all war-like expeditions, terminated in such good results.

This was an event which our country would hear of with pleasure ; but a few months after, another occurred, in the changeful course of history, which afflicted the whole nation, and made every heart in England sad. This was the death of the Princess Charlotte, the daughter of the Prince of Wales. The people of Britain had fondly looked upon her as likely one day to be their Queen, and such a queen as they would have loved and honoured ; but it pleased God to disappoint these hopes, and the amiable and excellent Princess was early

and unexpectedly called away to another and a better world. Only a short time before, she had been married to Leopold, Prince of Saxe Coburg, (now King of the Belgians,) and there seemed every prospect before her of life and happiness,—so true is it that “in the midst of life we are in death !”

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death.

A few short years after, the nation was called to mourn the loss of the beloved sovereign George III. Very different indeed were the circumstances of *his* death from those of the death of the young and blooming Princess. Aged and infirm, deprived of sight, and still suffering from that mental malady which had so long distressed him,—in *his* case death was expected, but his loss was not on that account the less lamented by his loyal and affectionate people. For nearly sixty years had he worn the British crown,—a long reign indeed,—but now that reign was ended, and that crown was laid aside by him for ever. But while mourning the death of George III, we may rejoice to think of him as having passed from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, and from a temporal to an eternal inheritance;—to a

brighter and a happier world, where no pain of body or mind, no sorrow, no change, can ever have place.

And now, before we say any thing respecting the reign of the son and successor of George III, I will ask you to read once more the lines at the head of the chapter—"The Negro's Complaint;"—and then I will ask you to do something more,—to transport yourselves in thought to the far distant coast of Western Africa, and to fancy yourselves standing there, by the sea-side, some seventy or eighty years ago.

A vessel stands by that shore. It is waiting to receive its cargo, and then to bear it away, across the Atlantic Ocean, to the islands of the West Indies. Perhaps you may wish to know what that cargo is, and to see it stowed in the vessel. Look then, and listen. Soon you hear sounds which surprise and almost frighten you. There are harsh voices, and threatening words, and cries of distress; and as the sounds come nearer, you can distinctly hear the lashing of whips, and shrieks of pain which make you shudder; and you wonder more and more what all this can mean. Look again; you will soon know what it is.

See that long file of human beings moving on towards the shore. They are not like ourselves, for their skin is black, and their countenances

OUR NATIVE LAND.

a half wild, and half barbarous ; and their
alk and their manner seem to tell us that
ney are of an inferior—a degraded race. But
hey are human beings still ;—yes, fellow-men,
made by the same God, children of the same
Father, however different in appearance from
ourselves. And yet there they are, chained to-
gether, driven along like cattle, by fierce men,
armed with those terrible whips ; and these
men, (and this is the strangest thing of all) these
men who are thus driving on the poor captured
negroes, are *white* men,—Britons, natives of
our own country,—sons of free and happy
England ! Oh, how, *how* can this be ?

But look again ; that company has reached
the ship. You will see now what the cargo
of the vessel is to be. It is a *human* cargo ;—
a cargo of slaves ; poor black men, women,
and children who have been cruelly torn from
their native homes ; and now they are forced
into that vessel, packed in it like bales of mer-
chandize, without room to stand, or even to
sit upright, and with scarcely any air, or food,
or water. Their tears and entreaties are of
no avail ; they cannot move those cruel men
to pity. Complaints only add to their suffer-
ings, for they make the hard-hearted oppres-
sors more savage still ; and so the poor slav-
are compelled to submit sadly and silently
their lot ; and the cargo is completed, and !

•

vessel leaves the shore, and the voyage of the Middle Passage, as it is called, begins. Ah, you may suppose what the agonies of the poor blacks will be during that dreadful voyage ! The heat, and the want of air, and of food, and of water,—the cruelties inflicted on them whenever they dare to cry or to murmur,—you can imagine better than I can describe. Many sink and die under the sufferings of the Middle Passage ; and, ere the vessel can reach the spot to which it is bound, a large portion of the cargo will have perished !

And now let us suppose the ship to have arrived at the shore of some West Indian island, far distant from the coast of Africa. The poor slaves,—those of them that have survived the passage,—are taken out of their miserable prison, but only to go through new sufferings. Worn and ill as they are, they are dragged forth, and driven along like beasts, to be exposed for sale in the public market ! And now other white men flock around them, to see, and to examine, and perhaps to purchase them. These are the rich planters, who have come there to buy slaves to work on their estates ; and they select the best,—the strongest, and the healthiest, and the most active,—and then these poor creatures are torn again from their companions and friends, and sent by their new masters to different

places of labour, there to toil, and to suffer, and at last to lie down and die, thankful that their life of suffering here is ended, but ignorant of another and better life beyond the grave.

Now I do not mean to say that there are no exceptions to all this;—no kind masters, and no, comparatively, happy slaves. Yes; among those white men, those West India planters, there are some tender hearts;—some who would gladly have no slaves at all; who hate this dreadful trade and merchandize of their fellow men, and who only take part in it from long habit and custom, and because they do not well know how to prevent it, or to stop it altogether. And *they* will be kind to their poor slaves. They will consider them as their children, or their servants, not as mere property to be bought and sold at pleasure. They will give them the food and the clothing they need; and be careful not to overwork them; they will never allow them to be punished,—barbarously and unjustly punished,—as too many of those hard-hearted and thoughtless masters will do. And above all, they will remember, that negroes have souls as well as white men; and they will provide means of Christian instruction for them.—In *such* cases, even slavery itself may be made a blessing:

and the poor negro, though in bondage, may yet enjoy liberty of a higher kind, for

Grace makes the slave a freeman ;

and that grace is freely given to all who seek it, be they Africans or Europeans, white men or black. It may be said of the *Christian* slave, that

His freedom is the same in every state,
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose every day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less :
For he has wings, that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine.
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. The oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain.—COWPER.

I have been talking to you about the state of slaves under *kind* masters. We must remember, however, that these individual cases do not prevent the evils of the system,—the Slave Trade itself. *That* goes on notwithstanding. Ship after ship comes to the African coast, and cargo after cargo is carried away, and multitudes of poor slaves are sold, and bought, and suffer, and perish, and die ; and many a heartless white man grows rich by the very blood of his oppressed fellow-creatures.—So it was, and such were the scenes witnessed, as I said, some sixty years ago on

VOL. II. 2 L

the coast of Africa, and in the West Indies.— But we have stayed long enough gazing on these sad scenes. Let us now turn from them, and go back to England, and ask what is thought of such matters *there*. Do the people of Britain know what has been done? Are they aware of all the cruelties practised by their fellow country-men in these distant Colonies abroad? Yes, they *do* know, they *are* aware; and yet, strange to say, no effort has been made to suppress the system, and so it has gone on, even to the close of the eighteenth century!

You may well wonder, and ask, How could this be?—Many of the people in England perhaps did not think of the evils of slavery at all. Free and happy themselves, they bestowed no reflection upon their poor fellow-creatures who were *not* free, and *not* happy. They did not *see* their sufferings; and if now and then they *heard* about them, it was easy to turn their thoughts to something else, less painful to dwell upon. Ah, how much evil often goes on unchecked, just because people are thoughtless; because they do not *consider* the sufferings of their fellow creatures.—And then others probably did not, or would not believe the truth of the reports of the cruelties practised upon the poor slaves. It is often possible to disbelieve what we do not wish to fir

true; and so, many might have persuaded themselves that these dreadful stories were exaggerated; that they were misrepresented, or too highly coloured; or that such things occurred only occasionally, and were by no means general or frequent:—they did not take the trouble to find out whether it was so or not; and thus they passed the matter by altogether.—See how much suffering continues to exist just for want of proper *investigation*.—And there were other people more heartless still. Some would even say that such cruelties were necessary, and actually attempt to justify them on that account. There must be slaves, they supposed, to work in the plantations of the West Indies; and then black men were so obstinate and perverse;—they had not the acute feelings which white men have; they could not be managed like them; and therefore they must be treated like animals, not as reasoning and human beings. And so, what with the thoughtlessness, and apathy, and selfishness of people at home, and the love of gain in those abroad, slavery went on, as I said, year after year, with all its horrors, and all its barbarities.

But the time was approaching when, in the good providence of God, this dreadful evil was to be abolished; and Britain was to have the happiness of not only being free herself, but of making others free also. It often happens,

as we have seen, that good is brought out of evil. So it was now. About the time of which we have been speaking, some heartless Englishmen, not content with exercising their power of oppression abroad, had even ventured to exercise it at home ; and they contended that they had a right to do so, and to treat their slaves as they pleased, even in the free country of Britain. Now it so happened, that the case of one of these poor oppressed negroes, suffering from the cruelty of his master in England, attracted the notice of an excellent and benevolent man in London, whose name will be always loved and revered for his noble exertions on behalf of the poor slaves,—Mr. Granville Sharp. I shall have to tell you of others also who laboured in the same good cause ; but he has the honour of being the *first*,—the pioneer in this enterprize of christian benevolence.

Mr. Sharp was very different from those persons of whom I was speaking just now. When a case of distress came before him, he did not put it aside ; it was thoroughly investigated by him, and then he did all in his power to relieve it. I need not, I cannot tell you all he did ; but I will tell you of some of the results of his exertions.

Through his persevering efforts, it was ascertained to be the law of the land, that as soon as ever a slave sets foot upon British ground

he becomes free. This was a grand point gained, as regarded the treatment of slaves here in England; but it was only the beginning of what was to be effected afterwards; for it did not stop slavery abroad, nor attack the evils of the system generally. But happily, the matter did not end here. The good work once begun, was carried forward, patiently and laboriously, until, as we shall see, it was really and fully accomplished. Attention was now roused to the subject. The minds of good and benevolent men were drawn towards the poor Africans as they had never been before; and soon a committee was formed, and a Society established for the purpose of enquiring into the whole system of the Slave Trade, and of endeavouring to suppress it.

And here I must mention the names of two other good men who were actively engaged in this business. One was Mr. Clarkson. The other is a name which will be more familiar to you,—that of Wilberforce. It is indeed to him especially that we owe the extinction of the Slave Trade, as far as this country is concerned. His long and busy life was spent in doing good of all kinds, and to all classes of individuals; but his great, his chief work, was that of abolishing this dreadful system which had so long been the disgrace of our land. He was for many years an active member of

the House of Commons, and all the influence which this gave him was directed to the furtherance of the noble object to which he had devoted the powers of his mind, and the affections of his heart.

But you must not imagine that the happy event of the abolition of slavery was brought about without much labour and difficulty : nor that it was accomplished all at once, and in a very short time. No ; there was a great deal of opposition to be encountered and overcome, and many a long year of discouragement to be passed through, before the work was completed. And that work was effected not suddenly, but by degrees, as most really great works are. First one point was gained, and then another ; and these beginnings of success served to cheer the benevolent friends of Africa, and to encourage them to go on ; assured that in due time, with God's blessing, England would abolish the Slave Trade altogether, and that so the wish of their hearts would be accomplished. Such hopes as these were necessary indeed to bear them up in their difficulties ; and to enable them to persevere, even amidst scorn and opposition.

Thy country, Wilberforce, with just disdain,
Hears thee by cruel men and impious call'd
Fanatic, for thy zeal to loose th' enthrall'd
From exile, public sale, and slavery's chain.

Friend of the poor, the wrong'd, the fetter gall'd,
Fear not lest labour such as thine be vain.
Thou hast achieved a part ; hath gain'd the ear
Of Britain's senate to thy glorious cause ;
Hope smiles, joy springs, and though cold caution pause,
And weave delay, the better hour is near,
That shall remunerate thy toils severe,
By peace for Afric, fenc'd with British laws.
Enjoy what thou hast won,—esteem and love
From all the just on earth, and all the blest above.

COWPER.

The happy day came at last. It was in March 1807, twenty years after the commencement of the struggle against slavery, that a bill actually passed both houses of Parliament, enacting that no vessel should clear out for slaves from any port within the British dominions, after the 1st of May 1807, and that no slave should be landed in the colonies after the 1st of March 1808. That bill had met with much opposition in its progress ; and many a long debate had it called forth, and many an eloquent and touching speech had been made in its support. Wilberforce, as you may suppose, was not silent then ; and happily he had many friends to support him, and to join in pleading the cause of the poor slaves. Among them was one of the great and noble of the land,—the Duke of Gloucester, nephew of George III. You will like, I am sure, to know how a member of the royal family could speak and feel on such a

subject is this. "This trade," he said, "is contrary to the principles of the British Constitution. It is besides, a cruel and criminal trade in the mind of my fellow creatures. It is a blot upon the national character. It is an offence to the humanity. On every ground therefore in which a decision can be made,—on the ground of policy, of liberty, of humanity, of justice, and above all on the ground of religion, I shall vote for its immediate extinction."

These resolutions and discussions had now come to an end. The bill, as I said, passed, notwithstanding all previous opposition; and on the 24th of the same month, it received the royal assent and became a law of the land. A bright and glorious day was that for England! Brighter far, more truly glorious, than a day of victory over foreign foes, or a conquest gained by war and bloodshed.

But the work was not ended yet. The Slave Trade was abolished, so that no more cargoes of captured negroes could be brought by British vessels to our colonies; but then there were slaves in the West India Islands still; and their persevering friends who had gained so much already, determined to pursue the matter further, and to obtain freedom and emancipation for those yet in bondage. The advocates of the cause who had laboured

in it so long and so nobly, were now passing away, and unable to continue their former exertions ; but others had risen to take their place ; and when Wilberforce himself was compelled to retire from his arduous duties in Parliament, he left the cause of the slaves to a younger friend,—the late Mr., afterwards Sir Fowell, Buxton, bequeathing it to him, as he said, “as his parliamentary heir-at-law ;” and Buxton proved an able, and a worthy successor.

This was in the year 1823. The object which the Abolitionists and the Anti-slavery Society, now established, had in view, was the improvement, education, and, as I told you before, the final emancipation of the negroes on the West India estates. And not this alone ; they hoped in time to suppress the trade in slaves carried on elsewhere, and so to procure for the Africans, freedom not only from British oppression, but from oppression from all other quarters also. This was a generous and a noble undertaking ; and it has, in a great measure, been accomplished. In the year 1833, the termination of slavery, as regarded England, was completely accomplished, by the grant of freedom, bestowed with the consent of the planters themselves, upon all the slaves labouring in the West India Islands. Before this event took place, the lamented

Wilberforce had passed from the scene of his earthly labours ; but there were others left to hail the long-wished-for day with joy and thankfulness. "I bless God for the event," wrote Mr. Buxton. "May that same public voice, which has now been so happily exerted, and under the influence of that same gracious Lord who has wrought its present victory, never be hushed, while a taint of slavery remains !"

And now, before we take our final leave of this subject, let us go once more to the western coast of Africa, and see what changes have been wrought there in the course of half a century. We will not confine ourselves to one spot, as we did before, but we will pass from village to village, and take a glance at what is going on, here and there, as we journey along. And first, let us enter that neat-looking building, which, we shall soon find, is a school—a school for native African children. As we stand beside them, and hear their well-repeated lessons, and their intelligent answers, we feel assured that a young African can learn as well as a young European, and be trained as easily as any of the white-faced little ones of happy England ; and thus we find, the idea of the negroes being a race so degraded as to be incapable of instruction, was, like many other

wrong notions, the effect of ignorance and of prejudice.

And now we will pass on towards yonder church. Were it the sabbath-day, we might enter, and mingle with the congregation,—the *black* congregation assembled within its walls. Their attention and their devotion may shame many a Christian congregation in our own land; and so may their knowledge of Scripture too, and the deep interest which they show in the service, and in the sermon. Yes, black men have souls; and those souls can be brought under the influence of true religion, as easily as the souls of white men, when right means are used, and when those means are blessed by God who alone can change the hearts either of black or white.—But let us go further.

We will travel over a mountainous district of that sunny land, and arrived at another school, and we will enter there. Ah, as you look around upon the faces of the little black girls in that school, you will be interested to know, that those happy children have been rescued from the horrors and cruelties of slavery. They have been taken from slave ships, set free, and brought to this place for instruction, to be cared for, and to be brought up as *Christian* childreu. Yes; and this, you will be rejoiced to hear, has been accomplished

by Bonnas.—now no longer the cruel capturers, but the kind deliverers of poor black slaves. We may fancy we see, not far from the African coast, in which we are wandering in thought, some English vessels. Those vessels have been sent out, not to take slaves, but to *rescue* them from the grasp of others belonging to nations who still carry on that dreadful traffic. Negotiations have been formed too with some of the powerful African chiefs and kings who use their power to tyrannize over their fellow-blacks; and there is hope, that, through British influence, this cruelty will in time be prevented, and that ere very long, slavery will be known in Africa no more.

But I have still another scene to show you. We will travel farther now, to a spot at some distance from Sierra Leone, and pay a visit to a missionary there who is labouring among his heathen brethren. Yes, for though a missionary and a clergyman, that Christian teacher is a black African too! Once he was a captured slave. When a child, he was torn away, like many others, from his parents and his home, and carried away; and he expected perhaps, that his future life would have been spent in hopeless captivity. But God, in his good providence, ordered it otherwise. That he was rescued; he was brought under religious instruction; that instruction led to his

becoming a Christian ; and he has been educated for the ministry, ordained as a clergyman, and is now labouring successfully and happily among his fellow-countrymen. He is not the only instance of an African missionary and preacher ; and as years roll on, we may hope that many many more will join him in the work ; and labour, as *black* clergymen, under the direction of our own English Bishop, established now in the new diocese of Sierra Leone.

Oh, how different all this is, from the scene we were contemplating of Western Africa, some sixty or seventy years ago ! And how, you will ask, has this wonderful change been effected ? The exertions made for the abolition of the Slave Trade, the establishment of missionary societies, the efforts of the Christian ministers who have from time to time gone out, and laboured, and sickened, and died, one after another, in that unhealthy climate,—these have been the principal means employed. And we may look farther back still, to that time when the poor oppressed negroes first attracted the notice of their early friends in our own country, as the beginning of this happy change. The men who commenced that work of love, are no longer here ; and many a Christian slave made free,—free in the highest and best sense of the word,—through

VOL. II. 2 M

[illegible]

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DO hereby certify that
[Name] is a [Type of Person]
[Name] [Address]
[City, State, and Zip Code]
[Date]

THE

I dream'd that, on ocean afloat,
Far hence to the westward I sail'd,
While the billows high lifted the boat,
And the fresh blowing breeze never fail'd.

In the steerage a woman I saw,
Such at least was the form that she wore,
Whose beauty impressed me with awe,
Ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield by her side
Shed light, like a sun on the waves,
And smiling divinely, she cried—
"I go to make freemen of slaves."—

Then raising her voice to a strain,
The sweetest that ear ever heard,
She sung of the slave's broken chain,
Wherever her glory appear'd.
Some clouds which had over us hung,
Fled, chas'd by her melody clear,
And methought, while she liberty sung,
'Twas liberty only to hear.

Thus swiftly dividing the flood,
To a slave-cultur'd island we came,
Where a demon, her enemy, stood,
Oppression his terrible name.
In his hand, as the sign of his sway,
A scourge hung with lashes he bore,
And stood looking out for his prey,
From Africa's sorrowful shore.

But soon, as approaching the land
That goddess-like woman he view'd,
The scourge he let fall from his hand,
With the blood of his subjects imbru'd.
I saw him both sicken and die,
And the moment the monster expir'd,
Heard shouts that ascended the sky
From thousands with rapture inspir'd.

Awaking, how could I but muse
At what such a dream should betide :
But soon my ear caught the glad news,
What serv'd my weak thought for a guid
That Britannia, renown'd o'er the waves
For the hatred she ever has shown
To the black-sceptr'd rulers of slaves,
Resolves to have none of her own.

XXXIX. MODERN TIMES.

A.D. 1820—1853.

Clime of the unforgotten brave !
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee ?—BYRON.

IN the history of the abolition of slavery which I gave you in the last chapter, I was obliged to anticipate the order of time by some few years, that the narrative might not be interrupted. We must now go back therefore to the commencement of the reign of George IV. This king was, in habits and disposition, very different from his father. He was a man of excellent abilities and education, and fond of every thing connected with elegance, and taste, and the fine arts ; so that he was considered the most accomplished gentleman in Europe. But he did not possess those more sterling and valuable qualities which had rendered George III. so much beloved by his people ; nor that

repute for religion which had entitled him to the character of a Christian king.

The coronation of George IV. was celebrated with great magnificence; and he was crowned not only in England but in Hanover too, when he visited that country soon after his accession. He went also to Ireland and Scotland, and was well received in both. England was at this time in a very prosperous state; trade and commerce flourished, for there were no dissuading wars now to impoverish the country, and to check the vigour and activity of business. But during the course of this reign, hostilities broke out in distant parts of the world, notwithstanding the peace at home. In 1824 there was a war in India, between the English and the Burmese. This war lasted about four years, and occasioned much suffering to the British Army, both from sickness, and from the attacks of the enemy. It ended however very advantageously for our country; and our possessions in that part of India were secured by the peace which followed.

Not long after, another great battle was fought in a country nearer home; but this was for the protection of others, rather than for the benefit of ourselves. Perhaps you will guess, from the lines at the beginning of the chapter, that this battle had something to do with Greece, and you may feel interested in it

on that account. No doubt, you are acquainted with the early history of Greece. We have all loved to read that history in our younger days, and have pored over the accounts of wars and battles, and the lives of the poets and philosophers, the statesmen and soldiers, of those times, with the pleasure which the recollection of great men and great deeds always excites. You will remember how the former inhabitants of that little territory resisted the aggressions of foreign powers ; and how vigorously, and successfully too, they resisted the attempts made against them by the kings of Persia, and their great armies. Those times have long since passed away. The glory of Greece, like that of other countries, came to an end ; and instead of being free and independent, she fell under the power of nations greater or stronger than herself. We cannot think of this fallen greatness without a feeling of sorrow ; and were we to visit the shores of Greece, and to gaze on the ruins which might remind us of her former prosperous days, we might well mingle with that feeling of sorrow, a serious reflection or two on the changes of time, and the transitory nature of all earthly things.

The eternal surge

Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles ; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages ; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

the affairs of Greece.—That the Greeks were in the possession of the country, and that in the spirit of olden times they were not to be driven out of the mountains, was insisted and recited: and the powers were obliged to submit them to subjecting them to a single warfare against England, France, and Russia, and to attempt to make a negotiation with Sultan, and to persuade him to give up his claims. But this negotiation was rejected: and so the combined powers, the English, French, and Russians, entered Constantinople, under the command of Lord Stratford and Blockade of the Dardanelles, and the Battle of Navarino. The result of the war was secured: and thus the Greeks were a very strong one it was, and the result was the destruction of the Turkish fleet. The victory was of great importance to Greece: for it obliged the Sultan to acknowledge their independence. The Greeks then turned the affairs of Greece over to the British in 1833, the crown was given to the present king.

And we have now return to England, and to the same matters that were going on there at the time—things which it is necessary for you to know though they may not be so interesting as the accounts of foreign wars and conquests. One of these was the passing of a

bill in Parliament, for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Those acts, which had been made in the reign of Charles II., rendered it necessary for every one who accepted any office under government, to receive the communion according to the rites of the Church of England. This of course excluded dissenters from holding any such offices. But when those acts were repealed, the Roman Catholics, who were always anxious to get into power, and to have some influence in the concerns of state, tried very hard to gain for themselves still farther privileges ; and so, not long after, those who favoured the Romish party, proposed another bill, which was called the Catholic Emancipation Bill. The object of this was, to remove the disabilities which had hitherto prevented the entrance of Roman Catholics into the British Parliament.

While this bill was under consideration, the whole country was in a state of great excitement, and petitions, for and against it, were sent to the government by both parties. Most Protestants considered the proposal for Catholic Emancipation to be a very dangerous measure. Some indeed favoured it, because they hoped it might have the effect of conciliating the people of Ireland, and so preventing a civil war with that country. The king himself was at first opposed to the bill. He remembered that, in

certain changes in Parliament : for instance—more members than formerly are now sent from some of the larger places ; and liberty of voting is allowed to a greater number of persons belonging to the inferior classes of society. It will not be necessary for us to enter into these matters, which would not be at all interesting to you at present. However I must tell you, that the Reform bill, like that of which we were speaking just now, occasioned a great deal of excitement and party feeling throughout the country. It passed in June 1832.

There is little for me to say as to the other events which occurred during the reign of William IV. ; and indeed the approach we have now made towards “ modern times,” reminds me that our history must very soon be brought to a termination.

It was in 1837, that William IV. died, and he was succeeded by our present sovereign, Queen Victoria, the daughter of the Duke of Kent, and the grand-daughter of the still venerated George III. Several years have already passed away since our beloved Queen ascended the English throne,—years they have been of prosperity for which we may well be thankful to that God who is the giver of our many mercies ; and I am sure it will be the desire and the prayer of all our hearts, that

...the Chinese government had wisely prohibited the introduction into their empire of that hurtful drug called opium. But some of the English merchants found the opium trade very profitable, and they continued to carry it on, notwithstanding the prohibition. No wonder that the Chinese were offended at this. They

seized a large quantity of opium, and the English, angry at their doing so, declared war against them, though the fault was certainly rather that of the British merchants than of the Chinese governors. This is another instance of the fatal effects of covetousness and love of money,—the desire of getting gain, even at the sacrifice of the health and the lives of fellow-creatures.

The war with China once commenced, was carried on until our forces had blockaded Canton, taken possession of the island of Chusan, and almost reached Nankin. The Chinese then desired peace, and the war was concluded in 1842. A large sum was paid to our government, the island of Hong Kong was ceded to us, and several ports in China were opened for general commerce. This war therefore ended better than might have been anticipated; and from that time trade with the great Empire of China has increased and prospered. And more important results followed. I must again remind you here, of the remarkable manner in which God is often pleased to bring good out of evil. That war in itself was certainly evil, but yet it led to good of a most important and extensive kind. It has been the means not only of opening the way for the English merchants, and for English trade, but also for the Christian missionary, and for the

VOL. II. 2 N

progress of true religion. China had long been shut out from the blessings of the gospel; and though something had been effected by the labours of a few persevering missionaries, who had translated the Scriptures into the Chinese language, and circulated religious tracts among the people, yet there were difficulties to overcome in obtaining free access into the country, and these were in a great measure removed by the intercourse established between the two nations at the termination of this war. Our English possession of Hong Kong also, has led to the appointment of a bishop of our own church in that distant part of the world, and to the establishment of a college for the education of native youths who, we may hope, will eventually become instructors of their fellow-countrymen. Other remarkable circumstances which have lately taken place in China, may also encourage us to look forward to a day, not far distant, when this great empire shall become a Christian, as well as a civilized nation.

During the time of the war with China, there was another contest going on with the Pasha or governor of Egypt, Mehemet Ali. He had for some time been disputing with the Sultan of Turkey, under whom he held his government. At last, some of the European powers interfered. An English squadron was

sent out, under Commodore Napier, which took possession of the coast of Syria. This territory was restored to the Turks, and the government of Egypt was secured, by a treaty, to Mehemet Ali and his successors. In consequence of this treaty, there has been increased intercourse between our own country and the ancient and interesting land of Egypt; and thus this war too, has proved beneficial to the cause of knowledge and of civilization. The south of Africa has been the scene of contest also in late years, in consequence of a rebellion among the natives of Caffreland.

And now I must mention to you another remarkable war, which commenced about this time, in the country of Affghanistan, in the west of India. The sovereign of that country had been dispossessed by a usurper named Dost Mahommed. He was expelled by the English, and the rightful sovereign restored; but unhappily, as our forces were returning from Cabul, the capital of Affghanistan, they were attacked in the celebrated Khyber Pass, by the son of Dost Mahommed, and nearly all of them were murdered. In the next year, Sir Charles Napier gained a victory in Scinde, and took the town of Hyderabad. Two years more passed on, and then the British territory in India was invaded by the Sikhs, who attacked the town of Moodkee, near the river Indus. These

ferce invaders were expelled by General Sale, but he himself fell in the contest. Then followed a series of battles at places formerly almost unknown to European ears, but which have lately been made quite familiar to us by celebrated battles fought in them,—Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, Mooltan, and others. Much blood was shed, and many lives were lost in these battles; but the war ended successfully for the English, for the Sikhs were conquered, and their country, the Punjaub, became a part of the British possessions.

And here I have something to tell you respecting the good which has arisen from our war with India, as well as from that with China. The Punjaub is now, as I just said, a portion of the extensive territories of Britain, and so it is open not only to civilization, but, like the other great empire, to the progress of the gospel also. Devoted missionaries have already gone forth from this country, to instruct the fierce Sikhs in the only religion which can teach men to control their passions, and lead them from cruelty and war, to gentleness and peace. A great deal has to be done ere this can be effected; but there appears so much of what is hopeful amongst this spirited and intelligent people, that we may anticipate the time, when, through God's blessing upon British in-

fluence, the Punjaub shall be, like China, a Christian nation.

The last events of which we have been speaking, though in some respects sad because connected with war, were yet on the whole prosperous and successful. But now I must take you away from the continent of Asia, and from all these scenes of conquest, and introduce you to something very different. We will go to the sister country of Ireland, and visit her in a time of distress and sorrow. Perhaps even *you* can remember the famine which prevailed in that country some few years ago, in 1845 and 1846. There was at that time a failure of the potatoe, the food which forms, as you know, the chief support of the poor Irish. A famine followed, in which many perished ; and in those months of destitution, it was the duty of England to act the part of a sister, and to offer help to the suffering island. And so she did. Large sums of money were collected and sent for the relief of the starving Irish ; and the people of England, though many of them were perhaps obliged to exercise a little self-denial that they might afford assistance to others, were taught at that time, that to do good is a privilege and a happiness, as well as a duty. And their efforts were not in vain. Many were saved from the dreadful effects of the famine ; but

as there was so much distress at home, the plan was adopted of sending a large number of the poor people to America, where they might find a more comfortable maintenance than they could in their own country.

Now I think we may learn some useful lessons from that potatoe-famine in Ireland. It teaches us how dependent we are upon God for all our comforts, whether great or small. Each one of them is a gift from Him,—the rain and the sun-shine, the corn and the green herb, the plentiful harvest and the fruitful seasons: and when He withholds His hand, distress, and famine, and death, soon come upon us. We are too apt to forget to whom we owe our many blessings, even though day by day we repeat the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread,"—thereby acknowledging, in words at least, that we depend upon God for our daily supplies.

And will you be tired of the repetition, if I say that this famine in Ireland is another, a third instance in our lesson to-day, of good arising out of evil? You know that Ireland has been under the cruel thralldom of Popery for many and many a long year, and that the influence of this religion has degraded and kept down the minds of her quick and intelligent inhabitants. Now sometimes people are readily convinced of the truth or error

of a system by witnessing its effects, than they would be by instruction and argument. So it happened in Ireland in this time of famine. The effects of the two religions were seen then. While the Romish priests, in most cases, showed but little sympathy for their suffering flocks, and much selfishness in enforcing from them the payment of what they considered their dues, the Protestant ministers were known to do all in their power to relieve the perishing families around them, whatever the creed of those poor sufferers might be; for the religion of the Bible teaches us to be kind to all,—“glad to give,” and “ready to distribute” to every one who needs our help. The poor Irish papists, ignorant as they were, could see and understand this: and many of them were, by degrees, led to listen to the instructions of their kind benefactors; and their hearts, softened by affliction, were more disposed now than heretofore to receive the consoling truths of the gospel. Thus a large number of Roman Catholics were brought at that time, by God’s blessing, to embrace a pure and scriptural faith, instead of that which they had before been taught to believe and to profess. And when want and disease took away many parents from their families, and their poor orphan children were left without any relatives to provide for them, good arose from *that* evil

need say much more. It has
reminded you of the vast
quantities of gold which
of the eager people of
England and elsewhere
exposed themselves to perils
in order to obtain for them
a share of the treasure. Not
to despise gold altogether
things which God has pro-
vided, and capable of being
purposes. As the world is
it would be difficult and
to go on without it: and
consider this discovery of
for which we are to be
that God, in His
good out of

also, that man, in his folly, too often turns good into evil. And none of our good things does he oftener turn into evil than the beautiful and glittering gold, by making it a temptation to covetousness, and to love of money, and to an over-anxious desire to be rich; and we know, that those who will be rich fall into many dangerous and hurtful snares which drown men in destruction. All this is evil; and it is to be feared that the Gold-Diggings of California and Australia have been the cause of producing much evil of this kind. But then, on the other hand, we must remember, that gold may be turned to good account also; and we will hope that God who says, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine," will dispose the hearts of men to employ a part of the treasures He has lent us, to right and useful purposes,—to some work for His own glory, and for the benefit of His creatures; and then we shall be able to think with pleasure, as well as with thankfulness, of the rich Gold-Diggings of California and Australia.

Gold! gold! gold! gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled:

Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the church-yard mould
Price of many a crime untold !
Gold ! gold ! gold ! gold !
Good or bad a thousand fold !

How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of good Queen
And now of bloody Queen Mary !

One event more of the present reign
mention, and it shall be the last ;—the
Exhibition of 1851. Every body reme
that. Even the children of our country
pleasant recollections of the bright h
morning when they were taken to se
Crystal Palace ; and then all the wond
the sight start up anew in their mind
some past dream, or fabled scene in fairy
It was wonderful to see what art and in
had achieved ; and pleasant to see such
assembly of people, gathered from so
different spots, and all brought into that
tiful building, to mingle one with anot
harmoniously, and to see, and examin
admire those many works of art and ind
And then, when we read the motto ins
without, we were reminded, as it was rig
should be, that all these specimens of sk
the wealth, and knowledge, and science
displayed, were to be traced back not to
but to God Himself as the Great G

for "the earth is The Lord's, and the fulness thereof." And it was to Him too that we owed those blessings of peace and harmony, which were witnessed in our great city of London at that time, when so many other countries were in a state of turmoil and disturbance. The excitement of that year, and all the enjoyment it brought with it, have passed away, as all the pleasant things of this world must sooner or later ; but we should not forget the blessings which we then experienced, nor fail to cherish a thankful, as well as a happy recollection of the Great Exhibition of 1851.

I have been talking to you of *events* ; now it is time that I should say something of *people*,—of the great men, and some of the great women too, who have flourished in this country during the last century. I can indeed do little more than tell you the names of a few of them. Of some you have already heard,—of Wolfe, and Nelson, and particularly of the great Duke of Wellington, whose death we have so lately lamented. These were distinguished *commanders*. Then you should know who were some of the most celebrated *statesmen* of this period. There was Pitt, the son of the Earl of Chatham, and the friend and coadjutor of Wilberforce, in the struggle against the slave-trade ; Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Can-

and which is now named Sir Robert Peel. A large number of literary people too have found their names attributed to the improvement of the country by their writings. It is almost impossible to name them all. The celebrated Dr Johnson should be placed at the head of the list. Then I may remind you of the poet and historian, Oliver Goldsmith:—of Sir William Jones and Sir Walter Scott, who wrote on a variety of subjects:—of the poets Cowper, Beattie, Burns, and Anna Warton; and next century, of Coleridge, and Southey, and Wordsworth. And some distinguished ladies must be mentioned here also, in our list of modern writers: names which perhaps are familiar to you, for they wrote for young people as well as for older ones,—Miss Edgeworth, Jane Taylor, Mrs. Hemans, and especially Mrs. Hannah More, whose name and memory will always be loved and venerated. I might mention many interesting particulars respecting all these distinguished characters, did time and space allow; I must not however stay to do so, but pass on to tell you of some other remarkable persons of a different class.

A great many *scientific* men have flourished during the last century, and we are greatly indebted to their genius and labours for many of the conveniences and comforts of our daily life. And first, I will mention Captain Cook,

the celebrated navigator, who unhappily lost his life in a skirmish with some of the natives of Owhyhee. He added much to the previous knowledge which had been acquired on nautical and geographical subjects. Then we may remember the names of Priestley, and Watt, and Davy, and many more who, in the reign of George III, and afterwards, contributed to the improvement of different branches of science. And we must not forget humbler individuals, who, by their talents and industry, overcame the disadvantages of poverty and neglected education, and left behind them useful and clever inventions to preserve their remembrance in aftertimes. Ferguson the astronomer was one of these self-taught geniuses; and in a lower department of knowledge, may be mentioned Hargreaves, and Arkwright, and Crompton, whose inventions have been so useful in the cotton manufacture of England.

But there is still another class, different from any which I have mentioned, and yet really the most truly useful of all in promoting the best interests of mankind,—I mean that of *Christian Philanthropists*. Of some of the most distinguished of these I have already told you,—those connected with the abolition of slavery,—Granville Sharp and Clarkson, Wilberforce and Buxton. But there

VOL. II.

were others who laboured in a less distinguished, though equally important sphere. Amongst them was Howard, who usually bears the noble title of the Philanthropist. He spent his life, and at last sacrificed it, in the cause of the poor prisoners not only of this country, but of others also. And in our own day, the same interesting work has been carried on, with much benefit to this once-neglected class of our fellow-creatures, by the excellent Mrs. Fry, a member of the Society of Friends, which, you will remember, was first established by George Fox many years ago. And then we ought not to forget that good man Robert Raikes, the first founder of Sunday Schools; and Bell and Lancaster, who did so much towards the promotion of education among the poor. And last of all, we will recal to mind those Christian men and ministers who were chiefly concerned not only in preaching the gospel to people at home, but in sending it out to the heathen abroad,—the first establishers of Missionary and Bible Societies. The names of Newton, and Scott, and Venn; of Owen, and Charles, and Hughes, and many more whom I might mention, are associated with the formation of these great and good Societies, the happy Jubilees of which we have so lately celebrated, at the conclusion of *their first fifty years of labour and usefulness.*

And now, while we have before our minds this view of the present knowledge, and civilization, and influence, and power of our nation, let us look back for a moment, and remember what Britain was at the commencement of our history, nineteen hundred years ago. You have not forgotten, I hope, the state of barbarism and ignorance in which the Romans found this country when they first landed on her shores, nor the long period of comparative darkness which extended over so many subsequent generations. In the course of our History, we have been endeavouring to trace the wonderful series of events by which England has been brought from the barbarism of those early times, to the high rank and position which she now occupies among the nations of the earth ; and while doing this, I hope we have not failed to observe the hand of God directing all for the accomplishment of His purposes of mercy towards our beloved and favoured country. And now, in conclusion, what lessons shall I ask you to draw from the whole History ? They shall be very few, and very short lessons, that you may more easily understand and remember them.

First, I would say, Be thankful for the privileges of your country. Think of the advantages you possess in living in a land of such freedom,—such true liberty,—as England

opportunity of sending them abroad also. Pray for your sovereign,—that she may be a blessing to her kingdom and her subjects; for your rulers,—that they may be enabled to govern aright; for the church established in our land,—that the ministers may teach their flocks in accordance with scriptural truth, and that the people may be kept free from error whether of doctrine or of practice. And pray too for the possessions of your country:—for those vast territories which God, in His providence, has placed under British rule; that so, distant countries, in every quarter of the earth, may have reason to thank God for the blessings extended to them through the power and influence of OUR NATIVE LAND.

TABLE OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

SAXON KINGS.

EGBERT	began to reign	A.D.	827
ETHELWOLF	837
ETHELBALD	857
ETHELBERT	860
ETHELRED	866
ALFRED	871
EDWARD THE ELDER	901
ATHELSTAN	925
EDMUND	940
EDRED	946
EDWY	955
EDGAR	959
EDWARD THE MARTYR	975
EDWARD II.	978
EDWARD III.	1016

TABLE OF SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND. 427

DANISH KINGS.

SWEYN	began to reign	A.D.	1013
CANUTE	1017
HAROLD	1036
HARDICANUTE	1040

SAXON LINE RESTORED.

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR	1042
HAROLD	1066

NORMAN LINE.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR	...	1066
WILLIAM II.	1087
HENRY I.	1100
STEPHEN	1135

HOUSE OF PLANTAGENET.

HENRY II.	1154
RICHARD I.	1189
JOHN	1199
HENRY III.	1216
EDWARD I.	1272
EDWARD II.	1307
EDWARD III.	1327
RICHARD II.	1377

HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

HENRY IV.	1399
-----------	--------	------



TABLE OF SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND. 429

HOUSE OF STUART.

ANNE began to reign **A.D. 1702**

HOUSE OF HANOVER.

GEORGE I.	1714
GEORGE II.	1727
GEORGE III.	1760
GEORGE IV.	1820
WILLIAM IV.	1830
VICTORIA	1837

TABLE OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The Battle of Hastings	A D.	1066
Shipwreck of Prince William		1120
Matilda declared Queen	1141
Ireland conquered	1172
Richard I. imprisoned in Germany	1193
Magna Charta signed	1215
Battle of Evesham	1265
Conquest of Wales	1283
Execution of William Wallace	1305
Battle of Bannockburn	1314
Battle of Cressy	1346
Battle of Poitiers	1356
Battle of Shrewsbury	1403
Invasion of France by Henry V.	1415
Execution of the Maid of Orleans	1431
Battle of St. Albans	1455
Battle of Bosworth	1485
Simnel defeated at the Battle of Stoke	1487

TABLE OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS. 431

Execution of Perkin Warbeck	1490
Battle of Flodden Field	1513
Battle of Pinkey	1540
Book of Common Prayer adopted...	1549
Protestant Martyrdoms	1555
Loss of Calais	1558
Execution of Mary Queen of Scots	1587
Defeat of the Spanish Armada	1588
The Gunpowder Plot	1605
Expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh...	1612
Battle of Naseby	1645
Charles I. beheaded	1649
Battle of Worcester...	1651
Defeat of the Dutch...	1653
The Plague	1665
Execution of Lord Russell	1683
Landing of William of Orange	1688
Battle of the Boyne	1690
Battle of Blenheim	1704
Union with Scotland	1707
Treaty of Utrecht	1713
Invasion by the Pretender	1715
Battle of Culloden	1746
American war commenced...	1775
Independence of America acknowledged	1783
War in India	1799
Ireland united to Great Britain	1801
Battle of Trafalgar	1805
Battle of Waterloo	1815

422 TABLE OF PRINCIPAL EVENTS.

Death of the Princess Charlotte	1817
War with Burmah	1824
Battle of Navarino	1827
Repeal of the Test Act	1828
Passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill			1829
Passing of the Reform Bill...	1832
Rebellion in Canada	1838
War with China	1840
War in Affghanistan	1842
Famine in Ireland	1846
Great Exhibition in London	1851

**TABLE OF THE FAMILIES OF THE
ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS, FROM
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.**

WILLIAM I.

WIFE,

**MATILDA or MAUDE, Daughter of Baldwin, Earl
of Flanders.**

CHILDREN,

**ROBERT, RICHARD, WILLIAM, HENRY, and
several Daughters.**

WILLIAM II.

HENRY I.

WIVES,

**MATILDA or MAUDE, Daughter of Malcolm, King
of Scotland.**

**ADELICIA, Daughter of Godfrey of Louvaine,
Duke of Brabant.**

CHILDREN,

WILLIAM, MAUDE.

STEPHEN.

WIFE,

MAUDE, or MATILDA, Daughter of Eustace, Count
of Boulogne.

CHILDREN,

BALDWIN, EUSTACE, WILLIAM, and two Daugh-
ters.

HENRY II.

WIFE,

ELEANORA of Aquitaine, Daughter of William of
Poitou.

CHILDREN,

WILLIAM, HENRY, RICHARD, GEOFFREY, JOHN,
and three Daughters.

RICHARD I.

WIFE,

BERENGARIA, Daughter of Sancho, King of
Navarre.

JOHN.

WIFE,

ISABELLA, Daughter of Aymer, Count of An-
goulême.

CHILDREN,

HENRY, RICHARD, and three Daughters.

HENRY III.

WIFE,

ELEANOR, Daughter of Berenger, Count of Provence.

CHILDREN,

EDWARD, EDMUND, and two Daughters.

EDWARD I.

WIVES,

ELEANOR, Daughter of Ferdinand, of Castile.

MAGUERITE, Daughter of Philip, King of France.

CHILDREN,

JOHN, EDWARD, THOMAS, EDMUND, and several Daughters.

EDWARD II.

WIFE,

ISABELLA, Daughter of Philip, King of France.

CHILDREN,

EDWARD, JOHN, and two Daughters.

EDWARD III.

WIFE,

PHILIPPA, Daughter of William, Count of Holland and Hainault.

CHILDREN,

EDWARD, WILLIAM, LIONEL, JOHN OF GAUNT,
EDMUND, THOMAS, and several Daughters.

RICHARD II.

WIVES,

ANNE, of Bohemia, Daughter of Charles IV.,
Emperor of Germany.

ISABELLA, of Valois, Daughter of Charles VI. of
France.

HENRY IV.

WIVES,

MARY DE BOHUN, Daughter of the Earl of Here-
ford.

JANE, Daughter of Charles, King of Navarre.

CHILDREN,

HENRY, THOMAS, JOHN, HUMPHREY, and two
Daughters.

HENRY V.

WIFE,

CATHERINE, Daughter of Charles VI., King of
France.

SON,

HENRY.

HENRY VI.

WIFE,

MARGARET, of Anjou, Daughter of René, Duke
of Anjou.

SON,

EDWARD.

EDWARD IV.

WIFE,

ELIZABETH, Daughter of Sir Richard Woodville,
and Widow of Sir John Grey.

CHILDREN,

EDWARD, RICHARD, and several Daughters.

RICHARD III.

WIFE,

ANNE, Daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

SON,

EDWARD.

HENRY VII.

WIFE,

ELIZABETH, Daughter of Edward IV.

CHILDREN,

ARTHUR, HENRY, EDMUND, and three Daughters.

HENRY VIII.

WIVES,

CATHERINE, Daughter of Ferdinand, King of
Arragon.

ANNE BOLEYN, Daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn.

JANE SEYMOUR, Daughter of Sir John Seymour.

ANNE, of Cleves, Daughter of John III., Duke of
Cleves.

CATHERINE HOWARD, Niece of the Duke of
Norfolk.

CATHERINE PARR, Widow of Neville, Lord Latimer.

CHILDREN,
EDWARD, MARY, ELIZABETH.

EDWARD VI.

MARY.

married to PHILIP II., King of Spain.

ELIZABETH.

JAMES I.

WIFE,
ANNE, of Denmark.

CHILDREN,
HENRY, CHARLES, ELIZABETH.

CHARLES I.

WIFE,
HENRIETTA, Daughter of Henry IV., King of
France.

CHILDREN,
CHARLES, JAMES, HENRY, MARY, ELIZABETH,
HENRIETTA.

CHARLES II.

WIFE,

CATHERINE, of Braganza, Daughter of John,
Duke of Braganza.

JAMES II.

WIVES,

ANNE HYDE, Daughter of the Earl of Clarendon.
MARY BEATRICE D'ESTE, Daughter of the Duke
of Modena.

CHILDREN,

JAMES, MARY, ANNE.

WILLIAM III.

WIFE,

MARY, Daughter of James II.

ANNE.

Married to Prince GEORGE of Denmark.

CHILDREN,

Several, who all died young.

GEORGE I.

WIFE,

SOPHIA DOROTHEA, Daughter of the Duke of
Zell.

CHILDREN,

GEORGE, AUGUSTUS, SOPHIA DOROTHEA

GEORGE III.

WIFE,

CAROLINE, Daughter of the King of An-
spach.

CHILDREN,

FREDERICK LOUIS, GEORGE WILLIAM, WILLIAM
AUGUSTUS, ANNE, AMELIA, ELIZABETH, CAR-
OLINE, MARY, LOUISA.

GEORGE III.

WIFE,

SOPHIA CHARLOTTE, Princess of Mecklenberg-
Strelitz.

CHILDREN,

GEORGE, FREDERICK, WILLIAM HENRY, ED-
WARD, ERNEST AUGUSTUS, AUGUSTUS FRE-
DERICK, ADOLPHUS FREDERICK, OCTAVIUS,
ALFRED, CHARLOTTE, AUGUSTA, ELIZABETH,
MARY, SOPHIA, AMELIA.

GEORGE IV.

WIFE,

CAROLINE, Daughter of Duke of Brunswick.

CHILD,

CHARLOTTE,

WILLIAM IV.

WIFE,

ADELAIDE, Sister of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen.

CHILD,

ELIZABETH, who died in infancy.

VICTORIA.

Married to Prince ALBERT, of Saxe-Cobourg and
Gotha.

CHILDREN,

ALBERT, ALFRED, ARTHUR, LEOPOLD, VICTORIA,
ALICE, HELENA, LOUISA.



L. SEELEY, PRINTER.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

54, FLEET STREET.



WORKS BY THE LATE REV. EDWARD BICKERSTETH.

Condensed Notes on Scripture ; being the
Substance of Sermons, selected from his Manuscript
Notes, and revised by his Son, the Rev. E. H. Bicker-
steth. Post 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

Cottager's Guide to Christian Truth. Fifth
Edition, 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Christian Student. Fourth Edition, fcp.
8vo. cloth, 7s.

Christian Hearer. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Four Treatises, on Reading the Scriptures,
&c. Half bound, 2s. 6d.

Companion to the Holy Communion. Va-
rious sizes ; cloth, roan, and morocco, from 1s. 6d. to 6s.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY

BY THE LATE REV. E. BICKERSTETH—continued.

Collected Works. 16 vols. fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2l. 8s.

The Chief Concerns of Man for Time and for Eternity. 5th edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

A Scripture Help. Twentieth Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

A Treatise on Prayer. Seventeenth Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Family Prayers. 21st Thousand, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

The Signs of the Times in the East. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

Promised Glory of the Church of Christ. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Restoration of the Jews. Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

Practical Guide to the Prophecies. Seventh Edition, 5s.

Practical Reflections on the Four Gospels. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Private Devotions. Third Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s. 6d.

Family Expositions of St. John and St. Jude. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

BY THE LATE REV. E. BICKERSTETH—*continued.*

Treatise on Baptism. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Companion to the Font. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

Treatise on the Lord's Supper. Fourteenth
Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

Manual of Prayers for the Young. 18mo.
roan, 3s. 6d.

Child's Book of Prayers. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

Cottage Prayers. 18mo. cloth, 6d.



WORKS BY THE REV. T. R. BIRKS.

Two Later Visions of Daniel. Fcap. 8vo.
cloth, 6s.

Christian State ; or, the First Principles of
National Religion. 8vo. cloth, 12s.

Horæ Evangelicæ. Post 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

Lectures on Modern Rationalism. Fcap.
8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Outlines of Unfulfilled Prophecy. Fcap.
8vo. cloth, 5s.

The Treasures of Wisdom. Fcap. 8vo. cloth,
3s. 6d.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY

WORKS BY THE REV. C. BRIDGES.

Exposition of Psalm CXIX. Twenty-first Edition, 12mo. cloth, 7s.

Exposition of the Proverbs. Third Edition, Two vols. cloth, 12s.

Christian Ministry; with an Enquiry into the Causes of its Inefficiency. Eighth Edition, 8vo. cloth, 10s. 6d.

Sacramental Instruction. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s.



WORKS BY THE LATE CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

Personal Recollections. Fourth Edition with portrait, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

Judah's Lion. Foolscape, 8vo. with vignett Fourth edition, 6s.

Chapters on Flowers, with engraving Eighth edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

Glimpses of the Past. Fourth Edition, v engravings, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

Helen Fleetwood. Frontispiece, Ser Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

BY THE LATE CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH—*continued.*

Poems. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

War with the Saints. Fcap. 8vo. with engravings, cloth, 6s.

Principalities and Powers in Heavenly Places. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.



WORKS BY THE REV. JOHN HAMBLETON.

The Holy Scriptures, their Object, Authority, Uses, and Sufficiency. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Isaiah LIII. etc. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

The Beatitudes, etc. 12mo. cloth, 5s.

History of the Soul. Seventh Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Cross of Christ. 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Death, Judgment, and Eternity. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

Christ the Good Physician. 18mo. cloth, 6d.



WORKS PUBLISHED BY

WORKS BY THE REV. THOMAS JONES.

Jonah's Portrait. Tenth Edition, 16mo.
cloth, 3s. 6d.

The True Christian. Sixth Edition, 16mo.
cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Prodigal's Pilgrimage. Fifth Edition,
16mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Scripture Directory. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Christian Warrior. By the late Rev.
Isaac Ambrose. Abridged. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Fountain of Life. Third Edition, 16mo.
cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Fair Balance. Three Essays. 12mo.
boards, 3s.

The Sinner's Justifying Righteousness. By
John Beart. Abridged. Fcap. 8vo. boards, 3s.



WORKS BY THE REV. W. JOWETT.

The Christian Visitor. Vol. I. Genesis to
Job. II. Psalms to Malachi. III. The Four Gospels.
IV. The Acts and Epistles. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, each 3s. 6d.

An Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. Fcap.
8vo. cloth, 2s.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

BY THE REV. W. JOWETT—*continued.*

Time and Temper : a Manual of Selections.

Fourth Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Helps to Pastoral Visitation. Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Scripture Characters. Adam to Daniel. 2

vols. fcap. 8vo. cloth, each 4s.

New Testament. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.



WORKS BY THE REV. W. B. MACKENZIE.

Bible Characters. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

———— In 2 vols. fcap. 8vo. cloth, each 3s.

Redeeming Love. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Married Life : its Duties, Trials, and Joys.
18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

Dwellings of the Righteous. 18mo. cloth,
1s. 6d.

Married Life, and Dwellings of the Righteous.
Bound together. Cloth, gilt, 3s.

Sixteen Sermons. 12mo. cloth, 6s.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY

WORKS BY MISS MAYO.

Lessons on Objects. Thirteenth Edition,
fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Model Lessons. Parts 1 and 2, fcap. 8vo.
cloth, each 2s. 6d.

Lessons on Shells. Second Edition, fcap.
8vo. cloth, with Ten Plates, 4s. 6d.

Lessons on the Miracles of our Blessed Lord.
Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Religious Instruction. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s.

WORKS BY THE RIGHT REV. C. P. M'FARLANE.

The Holy Catholic Church. 18mo. cloth,
1s. 6d.

Evidences of Christianity. Fcap. 8vo. cloth,
3s.

The Sinner's Justification before God. 18mo.
cloth, 1s. 6d.

Valedictory Offering. Five Sermons. Fcap.
8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Truth and the Life. Crown 8vo. cloth,
3s.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

WORKS BY THE REV. M. H. SEYMOUR.

Pilgrimage to Rome. With engravings.

Fourth Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome. Fifth

Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, 7s.

Evenings with the Romanists : with an

Introductory Chapter on the Moral Results of the
Romish System. Crown 8vo. cloth, 8s. 6d.

Certainty Unattainable in the Romish

Church. Crown 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.



WORKS BY THE REV. JOHN STEVENSON.

Christ on the Cross : an Exposition of the

22d Psalm. Twentieth Thousand, post 8vo. cloth, 7s. 6d.

The Lord our Shepherd : an Exposition of

the 23d Psalm. Twentieth Thousand, post 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Gratitude : an Exposition of the 103d

Psalm. Third Thousand, post 8vo. cloth, 6s.



WORKS PUBLISHED BY

BIOGRAPHIES.

All is Well. Memoir of Lieut. H. B.
Jenn. Fifth Thousand. foolscap 8vo. with
cloth, 5s. 6d.

Bickerstaff. Rev. Edward'. Life of.
Rev. T. R. Bika. Fourth Edition, 2 vols. fool-
scap. 14s. A larger Edition, 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1

Brainerd. Rev. D'. The Life of.
Rev. Jennie Pratt, B.D. Foolscap 8vo. cloth,

Buchanan. Rev. Dr'. Memoirs of. By
Parker, D.D. With Portrait. Fifth Edit
2 vols. cloth, 6s.

Cecil (Rev. R.). Life and Remai
Twelfth Edition. fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

— (Miss C.). Memoirs of Mrs. H
Crown 8vo. 7s.

Fox (Rev. H. W.). Memoir of. By th
G. Y. Fox. Fourth Edition. With Portrait
gravings. fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Franke (A. H.). Life of. Translated
the German. By S. Jackson. Fcap. 8vo. cloth

Graham (Miss M. J.). A Memoir of
the Rev. C. Bridges, M.A. Eighth Edition, f
cloth, 6s.

Hill (Rev. Rowland). The Life of.]
Rev. Edwin Sidney, M.A. Fourth Edition, f
cloth, 6s.

Johnson (Rev. W. A. B.). *Missionary at Sierra Leone : a Memoir.* With Preface by Rev. W. Jowett. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Martyn (Rev. H.). *A Memoir of.* By the Rev. John Sargent, M.A. With a Portrait. Seventeenth Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

— The Letters of the Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D. Fcap. 8vo. with engravings, 6s.

Milner (Dean). *The Life of.* By his Niece. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

More (Mrs. H.). *Memoirs of.* With a portrait. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

Newton (Rev. J.). *Memoirs of.* With portrait and engravings, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Payson (Rev. Dr.). *Life of.* Third Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Perfect Peace. *A Memorial of J. W. Howell, Esq.* By the Rev. D. Pitcairn. With Portrait. Twenty-fourth Thousand, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Bud of Promise. *Memoir of Eliza H. M. Græme.* By the Rev. D. Pitcairn. With Portrait. Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Richmond (the Rev. Legh, M.A.). *A Memoir of.* With Portrait. Twelfth Edition, fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Roberts (W. Esq.). *Memoir of.* Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY J. J. J. J.

Scholefield (Rev. Professor). Memoir by his Widow. With Notices of his Classical Works by the Rev. W. Selwyn, M.A. Canon of Ely. 8vo. cloth, 10s.

Scott (Rev. J.). The Life of the Rev. T. Scott. With a Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

A Memoir, Correspondence, and Remains of the Author of the "Listener," etc. With a Portrait. Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. 7s.

Vaughan's (Rev. Dr.) John de Wycliffe. 4to. cloth, with engravings, 16s.

West (Rev. J.). Memoir of Mrs. West of Chettle, Dorset. Third Edition, fcap. cloth, 4s. 6d.

Publishing every alternate Month, in fcap. 8vo. cloth, price 2s. 6d.

The Library of Christian Biography. Under the superintendence of the Rev. Robert Bickersteth, M.A. Canon of Salisbury, and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

An idea of the general plan of this Biography may be given by particularizing the following Memoirs, as probably forming the first Twelve Volumes of the Series:—William Cowper—Felix Neff—David Brainerd—John Newton—Archbishop Grindal—Bernard Gilpin—St. Augustine of Hippo—John Bradford—Dr. Payson—Prof. Franke of Halle—Hannah More—Martin Boos. The Volumes will generally contain from 250 to 300 pages of good Type and Paper, with Portraits wherever practicable, and averaging Half-a-Crown each. Subscribers entering for the Series, and paying their Subscriptions for the Year on entry, will be received at Twelve Shillings per annum.

* * The life of William Cowper is now ready, price 2s. 6d.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Agathos, and other Sunday Stories. By the
Bishop of Oxford. 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Agnes Morton. By the Author of "The
Bread of Deceit." 18mo. half-bound, 2s. 6d.

Amy and Rosalie : a Mother's Memorial of
two beloved children. Foolscep 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Anna, or Passages from the Life of a
Daughter at Home. Fifth Edition, foolscap 8vo. cloth,
3s. 6d.

Beggar Boy (The), from the German of the
Baroness Von Gumpertz. 16mo. boards, 1s.

Book for the Cottage. By the Author of
"Ministering Children." Second Edition, 18mo. cloth, 2s.

Bridges' (Rev. C.) Manual for the Young.
Royal 18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. 16mo. with 27
Wood Engravings, cloth, 4s.

Champneys' (Rev. W. W.) Images, 18mo.
with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

———— **Drops from the Deep Well,** 18mo.
cloth, 1s. 6d.

———— **Plain Sermons on the Liturgy.**
18mo. cloth, 2s.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY

Charlotte Elizabeth. The English Martyr-
ology. Two Vols. fcap. 8vo. with engravings, cloth, 12s.

——— **Happy Mute.** 18mo. sewed, 6d.;
cloth, 1s.

——— **Memoirs of John Britt.** 18mo.
cloth, 1s. 6d.

Child's (The) First Noun Book. 27 en-
gravings, 1s.

Choice Gatherings for Christian Children.
18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Christian Trials. By the Author of "The
Road of Deceit." 18mo. half-bound, 2s. 6d.

Confessions of Honor Delany. 16mo. sewed,
6d.

Conterill (Rev. J.). Youthful Piety Exem-
plified. Second Edition, cloth, 1s. 6d.

Dixon (J.). Church Catechism Illustrated.
18mo. Eighth Edition, roan, 2s. 6d.

Elizabeth Allen : or, The Faithful Servant.
By the Author of "Sophia de Lissan." 18mo. half-
bound, 2s. 6d.

Felix de Lisle. Second Edition, 16mo. cloth,
5s. 6d.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

Fresh Gatherings for Christian Children.

18mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Good Shepherd and His Little Lambs.

Square, with engravings, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Great and Good : Sketches of the Charac-

ters and Lives of Wilberforce, H. More, Edward Bick-
ersteth, James Davies, Elizabeth Fry, and Thomas
Chalmers. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, with engravings, 2s. 6d.

Happy Family ; or, Talents well Employed.

18mo. cloth, 1s.

Jamie Gordon ; or, The Orphan. By the

Author of " The Nun." Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

Life of a Baby : a strictly Authentic His-

tory. 16mo. four engravings, 6d.

Light of Life. By the Author of " Minis-

tering Children." 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Light through the Clouds ; or, Peace and

Joy in Believing. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Maggy Spencer. A Tale of Cottage Life.

16mo. boards, 1s.

Ministering Children. A Tale Dedicated to

Childhood. By the Author of " Book for the Cottage,"
&c. Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Memorials of Two Sisters. Fifth Edition,

fcap. 8vo. cloth, 4s. 6d.

WORKS PUBLISHED BY

Noah's Ark : the World, the Flood, and the Refuge. Square, with engravings, plain, 1s.; coloured and gilt, 2s.

Orphan's Friend. By the Author of "Sister Agnes." 18mo. cloth, 2s.

Our Native Land : a History of England for the Young. By the Author of "Scripture Instruction for the Least and Lowest." 2 vols. 18mo. cloth, 5s.

Payson's Pastor's Daughter. 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

Puddicombe (Julia). Last Words of the Martyrs. Second Edition, fcap. cloth, 2s. 6d.

——— **Little Mary.** Fourteenth Edition, 18mo. cloth, 1s. 6d.

——— **Grown Older.** 18mo. cloth, 2s.

School Girl in France. Fourth Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Sister Agnes, or the Captive Nun. A Picture of Conventual Life. By a Clergyman's Widow. 8vo. cloth, six engravings, 5s.

Stevenson (Rev. John). Perfect Love. Memorials of John and Elizabeth Wolfe. Second Edition, fcap. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

Sunday Afternoons in the Nursery, with engravings. 16mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

Syrian Noble ; or, Believe and be Healed.
With Engravings. 18mo. cloth, 3s.

Stories about Greece : for Young Students
in History. By Miss Ballantyne. Engravings. 18mo.
cloth, 3s.

Transplanted Flower ; or, Recollections of
Little Maria. 16mo. cloth, 1s.

Visit to Clarina. By the Author of " The
Lost Farm," etc. 18mo. cloth, 2s.

Ward's (Mrs.) Hester Fleming, the Good
Seed and its Certain Fruit. Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 3s. 6d.

—— Lizzy Dorian. A Plea for the
Soldier's Wife. Fcap. 8vo. boards, 1s. 6d.

Week. The First Day—Last Day—and
Week Completed. 16mo. boards, 1s. each.

Week (The), or the Duties of the Fourth
Commandment Illustrated. By Mrs. Cheap. Royal
32mo. with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

—— Farmer Goodall and his Friend.
Royal 32mo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

—— Bread of Deceit. Fifth Edition,
royal 32mo. with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

—— Memory's Records. Royal 32mo.
with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY.

—— The Commandment with Promise.
Royal 32mo. with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

—— Lessons from Nature. Royal 32mo.
with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

—— Going to Service. Royal 32mo. with
engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

—— My Station and its Duties. Royal
32mo. with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

—— The House of the Thief. Royal
32mo. with engravings, 2s. 6d.

—— The Guilty Tongue. Royal 32mo.
with engravings, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Wilberforce (Bp.). Agathos, and other Sunday
Stories. Sixteenth Edition. 18mo. Engravings
cloth, 2s. 6d.

The twenty-sixth thousand, price twopence.

POOR LITTLE H.

Its use and abuse ;

Addressed to its little Vowels, and the millions who use
or abuse them.

The sixth thousand, price twopence.

TRUE COURTESY.

A chapter for all.



•

•

•

•

•





